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A FLAMINGO CITY

RECORDING A RECENT EXPLORATION INTO A LITTLE-KNOWN FIELD OF ORNITHOLOGY

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WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR, THE FIRST TAKEN OF NESTING FLAMINGOS

THERE are larger birds than the flamingo, and birds with more brilliant plumage, but no other large bird is so brightly colored, and no other brightly colored bird is so large. In brief, size and beauty of plume united reach their maximum of development in this remarkable bird, while the open nature of its haunts and its gregariousness seem specially designed to display its marked characteristics of form and color to the most striking advantage.

When to these more superficial attractions is added the fact that little or nothing is known of the nesting habits of this singular bird, one may, in a measure, at least, realize the intense longing of the naturalist, not only to behold a flamingo city, — without question the most striking sight in the bird world, — but, at the same time, to lift the veil through which the flamingo's home life has been but dimly seen.

Flamingos are found in the warmer parts of both hemispheres. Two species exist in the Old World, four in the New. Of the latter the best-known and most widely distributed species is the American flamingo (*Phœnicopterus ruber*), ranging from the Bahamas and southern Florida to Brazil and the Galapagos. It is also more brightly colored than any of its congeners. It is probable that in no part of the area inhabited by this bird is it more abundant than in certain Bahama islands. Here the vast shallow lagoons and far-reaching "swashes" contain an inexhaustible store of the small spiral shell (*Cerithium*) upon which it appears to feed exclusively, and

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afford it a home where, in the absence of all other predaceous animals, man alone is its only enemy.

The Bahamas, therefore, are not only the best but the nearest ground in which the American naturalist may hope to study the flamingo during the season of reproduction. Indeed, it was in the Bahamas that C. J. Maynard, in 1884, and Sir Henry Blake, in 1887, first reported, from actual observation, the inaccuracy of the story that flamingos "straddle" their nests with their legs dangling on each side—a myth which, originating with Dampier, in 1699, had persisted for nearly two hundred years in default of more definite information. At about the same time Abel Chapman and Lord Lilford, through their explorations in Spain, relieved the European species from the awkward position it had held, in natural history literature, at least. None of these naturalists, however, appears to have established intimate relations with the flamingo. Their brief observations were made either from a distance or when the birds had been frightened from their nests. They were not so fortunate as to discover young flamingos, nor did they attempt to use the camera. To this day, therefore, our natural histories are either silent or inaccurate concerning the flamingos' domestic affairs.

It was in the spring of 1902 that I first went to the Bahamas in the interests of the American Museum of Natural History to form the acquaintance of flamingos. A plan long in mind then matured under exceptionally favorable circumstances. Joining forces with a former secretary of the governor of the islands, I was fortunately possessed of an ally whose position gave him unusual means of securing information and of reconnoitering such localities as seemed likely to yield the desired results. Nevertheless, our expedition, so far as our main purpose was concerned, was a failure. Flamingos we found in numbers, and even villages of the adobe nests that they had occupied only a year or two previously; but we did not discover an inhabited city. One of the deserted villages that we examined covered an area one hundred yards long by about thirty yards wide, and contained, approximately, two thousand of the little mud cones which the flamingo erects as a nest. The site selected was an exposed mud flat with virtually no vegetation nearer than four hundred yards. Seeing this frame, I knew I should never be content until I had also seen the picture it once held. Indeed, during the ensuing two years there was rarely a day when a vision of the glories of a flamingo city was not in more or less full possession of the field of

Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE FLAMINGO CAMP

Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

REAR VIEW OF THE BLIND USED FOR PHOTOGRAPHING THE FLAMINGOS, THE FRONT COVERED WITH PALMETTO LEAVES

my fancy, and although it is somewhat in advance of my story, I may say at once that my most vivid dream was but a shadow of the reality.

The following year found me a willing captive to the charms of California bird life, but a negro scout, a member of our party of the preceding year, was despatched to report on the movements of the flamingos, with a view to facilitating work the ensuing season. He was unsuccessful, but means to advance my project were offered by a correspondent in Nassau who placed me in communication with one of the twelve white inhabitants of the flamingos' island.

This gentleman proved a friend indeed. On the approach of the following nesting season, under his directions, scouts were again sent out. One after the other they became physically or mentally exhausted, until "Peter" alone was left to continue the search. Owing to his perseverance the home of the flamingos was finally found.

At once word was sent to me in southern Florida, and in a schooner-yacht, lent for the work in view, I started for the scene of action.

Three days should have brought us to port and Peter, but it was May 8, 1904, when we left Florida, and not till May 17 that we anchored off our Bahama haven. Surely no impatient naturalist was ever confronted with nine days filled with more adverse conditions. Calms, squalls, head winds, contrary currents, shoals, reefs, and coral heads—all fell to our lot, while at one time the whole expedition seemed threatened with an untimely end when a negro pilot ran us hard and fast aground on a lee shore at high tide. It was only a slightly higher tide and endless kedging that inch by inch drew the *Gloria* into deeper water.

Four days later we reached our destination, but had scarcely lowered our sails when we were attacked by a furious cyclonic rain-storm, which would have landed us on a neighboring coral reef had it not been for the seamanship of our captain, effectively seconded by three anchors and by fathoms of stout cable. As it was, Peter, now the most important member of our party, was capsized offshore in a small boat; but, thanks to the low tide and a friendly shoal, was spared to lead us to the retreat of the flamingos.

"THE BIRDS WERE NOW ALL IN THE AIR"

A rainfall of six inches in two hours, however, aroused grave doubts for the safety of these inhabitants of the always semi-flooded swash, and we tried to believe that the storm had not reached their portion of the island.

The following morning our voyage was resumed. With Peter at the bow or in the rigging, we threaded narrow channels and crossed broad flats, when tide and wind permitted, and at the end of three days took to our small boat to continue our journey in water too shallow for the schooner. Hours of rowing up endless, unmapped creeks, flowing through a depressing waste of marl and stubby mangroves, brought us at last so near the flamingos' home that we beached the boat and with lowered voices proceeded on foot through the mud and over the sharp coral rock.

"THE BIRDS ADVANCED WITH STATELY TREAD"

The rookery lay just the other side of a "coppet" of bushes and low trees. I approached it with an almost painful feeling of expectation. Was it possible that within a minute or two the vision of years would become a reality? Should I actually see a thousand or more red-feathered forms closely massed in one glowing bed of color, building their nests, incubating their eggs, or even feeding their young?

One whose first knowledge of the glories of flamingo life is, perhaps, suggested by this article probably cannot fully appreciate the abnormal mental condition of the naturalist whose instinctive desires have been sharpened by years of longing and endeavor; neither without a true understanding of the situation could one measure the unfathomable depths of my disappointment when, peering cautiously through the vegetation, I saw only the dreary swash stretching birdless before me.

"You ain't see no birds, sir?" replied Peter to my inquiry for the rookery; and his surprise at the absence of the "wastly numerous hostes" which he had reported as occupying this place only a week before almost equaled my discouragement in the face of this overwhelming failure.

Our fears were realized. The deluge of four days before had played havoc with the birds' homes. Hundreds of nests were submerged or washed away, and eggs were stranded on mud bars, half buried in oozy marl, or still floating on the water. The birds had disappeared.

It was useless to attempt further search in this quarter, and in view of the probability that other colonies of flamingos, if such existed, had suffered a similar disaster, work for the present was abandoned, and we sailed for Nassau to meet additions to our party and to replenish our supplies.

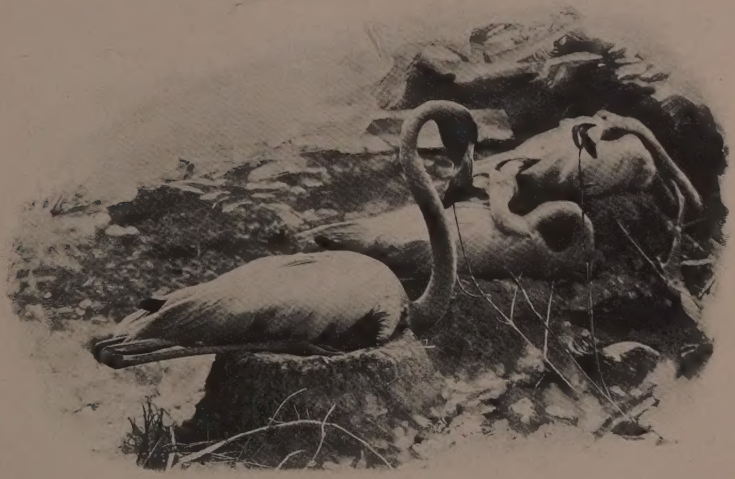
In the meantime Peter was despatched to the region visited in 1902, and great indeed was our joy on returning, two weeks later, to learn that the flamingos were nesting at this place in unusually large

"AS NOON APPROACHED, . . . THE BIRDS DISPOSED THEMSELVES FOR SLEEP"

numbers. Being on slightly higher ground, they had apparently not been affected by the storm of May 17, since eggs were already hatching.

Wings could not now have borne us to the scene rapidly enough. Professor Wheeler and Dr. Dahlgren, my associates from the Museum, were landed at a settlement where they could pursue their studies of marine life, while Mrs. Chapman and I set sail in the *Gloria* for the flamingos' metropolis.

schooner's two boats, which two of the crew and Peter rowed or poled against the wind, and dragged over muddy shoals and coral bars hour after hour. It was a trying day's work, and when, late in the afternoon, Peter said we had reached our destination, we were fully fifteen miles from the schooner. We did not seem to have arrived anywhere. All day we had been following broad, shallow creeks, which, meeting other creeks, widened at intervals into lagoons, while on every side



PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE THAT THE SITTING FLAMINGO DOES NOT "STRADDLE" THE NEST

The birds in the background are fighting

For the first time since leaving Florida, wind and tide favored us. A distance which on a former voyage had consumed four days was now covered in one, and the next morning we reached the nearest point to which the schooner could approach the rookery. Peter's assurance that it was "not too berry far" to the flamingos convinced us, in the light of past experiences, that they were distant at least ten miles, possibly more. It was not practicable, therefore, to go and return the same day, and, notwithstanding the frequent heavy rains and tempestuous squalls, it was determined to camp near the birds.

Without loss of time our outfit was embarked in the

the country spread away into the low, flat swash, neither land nor water, and utterly worthless for everything but flamingos. So when Peter announced that our journey was ended, we looked out over this hopeless country in search of a camp site, to find that the narrow, somewhat sandy shore of the creek was the only available place where one might pitch a tent. It is true that from each end of the tent a hand could be thrust into the water, but at least we had selected the highest available ground.

Even here it was discovered that the sand barely covered coral rock below. To drive a tent-pin effectively was out of the question, and our tent was

stayed to roots and bushes and to one of our boats, which was hauled out to windward as an anchor for both tent and fly. Incidentally, it proved a capital tank. The almost constant rains soon filled it, and we had an unlimited supply of fresh water during the eight days of our stay.

A camp was not made, however, until we had investigated the flamingo colony. This time, when asked for the whereabouts of the birds, Peter pointed to a thin, pink strip distant a mile or more across the swash! Flamingos, surely, but were they nesting? We lost no time in speculation, but started at once to investigate. Ten minutes' wading through shallow water brought us so near the now greatly enlarged pink band that with a glass the birds

could be seen unmistakably seated on their conical nests of mud, and with an utterly indescribable feeling of exultation we advanced rapidly to view at short range this wonder of wonders in bird life.

At a distance of about three hundred yards, the wind being from us toward the birds, we first heard the honking notes of alarm—a wave of deep sound. Soon the birds began to rise, standing on their nests, facing the wind, and waving their black-and-vermilion wings. As we came a little nearer, in stately fashion the birds began to move; uniformly, like a great body of troops, they stepped slowly forward, black pinions waving and trumpets sounding, and then, when we were still a hundred and fifty yards away, the leaders sprang into the air. File after file of the winged host followed. The very earth seemed to erupt birds, as flaming masses streamed heavenward. It was an appalling sight. One of the boatmen, with a gift for selecting graphic if inelegant terms, said it looked "like hell," and the description is apt enough to be set down without impropriety.

The birds were now all in the air. At the moment I should have said that there were at least four thousand of them, but a subsequent census of nests showed that this number should be halved. They flew only a short distance to windward, then, swinging, with set wings sailed over us, a rushing, fiery cloud. To my intense relief, they alighted in a lagoon bordering the western edge of the rookery.

Soon we were among an apparently innumerable lot of close-set mud nests, each with its single egg, or, rarely, newly hatched chick, doubtless the first young flamingo ever seen in its nest by a naturalist. While we were standing, half dazed by the whole experience, the army of birds which had gathered in the lagoon rose, and with harsh honkings bore down on us. The action was startling. The birds, in close array, came toward us without a waver, and for a moment one might well have believed they were about to attack; but, with a mighty roar of wings and clanging of horns, they passed overhead, turned, and on set wings shot back to the lagoon.

Fearing that birds ordinarily so shy might, in spite of the claims of parental instinct, desert their homes, we lost no time in preparing with branches a place near the border of the rookery in which my blind might be concealed the following day.

This blind, it should be explained, is composed of an umbrella which, opened within a long bag of light material, becomes, when attached by its handle to a rod driven in the ground, a circular tent affording perfect concealment for the bird-student and his camera. In conformance with Abbott Thayer's law of protective coloring, it has been dyed darkest at the top, whence it fades from leaf-green to a gray at the bottom, an arrangement which, compensating for the unequal distribution of skylight, brings top and bottom into a uniform tone, and makes the whole affair so inconspicuous that, when surrounded in part by branches, it is virtually invisible.

Into this blind I crawled the next morning. The birds had left their nests with the same orderly, impressive sequence of movements shown the preceding afternoon, and had gathered in close array in the lagoon bordering the egg-dotted rookery stretching out before me. Mrs. Chapman had gone back to camp.

The interesting question now was, Would the birds return to their nests, the nearest of which were about thirty feet from me, or would the blind arouse their

From a photograph by the author, colored under his direction by Bruce Horsfall

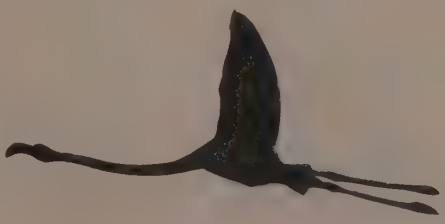
"THE BIRDS, LIKE A VAST CONGREGATION, WITH DIGNIFIED PRECISION OF MOVEMENT, GRAVELY AROSE"

"A DOZEN YELLOW-EYED BIRDS AT MY THRESHOLD"

suspicions? Twice they rose in a body and swept over the rookery, each time alighting again in the lagoon. It was a reconnaissance in force, with evidently satisfactory results. No signs of danger were detected in the rookery, and, in the absence of ability to count, the retreat of one figure across the swash was as reassuring as the approach of two figures had been alarming.

Without further delay, the birds returned to their homes. They came *on foot*, a great red cohort, marching steadily toward me. I felt like a spy in an enemy's camp. Might not at least one pair of the nearly four thousand eyes detect something unnatural in the newly grown bush almost within their city gates? No sign of alarm, however, was shown; without confusion, and as if trained to the evolution, the birds advanced with stately tread to their nests. There was a bowing of a forest of slender necks as each bird lightly touched its egg or nest with its bill; then, all talking loudly, they stood up on their nests; the black wings were waved for a moment, and bird after bird dropped forward upon its egg. After a vigorous, wriggling motion, designed evidently to bring the egg into close contact with the skin, the body was still, but the long neck and head were for a time in constant motion, preening, picking up material at the base of the nest, dabbling in a near-by puddle, or perhaps drinking from it, occasionally sparring with one of the three or four neighbors within reach, when, bill grasping bill, there ensued a brief and harmless test of strength.

In some instances a bird was seen adding to a nest in which an egg had already been deposited. Standing on the nest, it would drag up mud from the base with its bill, which was then used to press the fresh material into place. The feet were also of service in treading down the soft, marly clay.



"BLACK PINIONS WAVING AND TRUMPETS SOUNDING"

BROODING AND FEEDING A CHICK

The nests at this side of the rookery were below the average in size. Few of them reached a height of eight inches, while nests in the older part of this city of huts measured thirteen inches in height, with a diameter of fourteen inches at the top and twenty-two at the bottom. The depression forming the nest proper was never more than an inch in depth, and was without lining of any kind.

Apparently two factors enter into the flamingos' type of architecture: they must build where there is mud, and at the same time erect a structure high enough to protect its contents from any normal rise in the water due to tides or rainfall.

After watching a nesting colony of flamingos in the Bahamas for "nearly an hour," at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards, Sir Henry Blake stated that the females sat upon the nests while the males stood up together, evidently near by. My dissections, however, showed that both sexes incubate, while continued observation from the tent revealed the presence of only one bird of the pair in the rookery at the same time. The bird on the nest was relieved late in the afternoon and early in the morning. The one, therefore, which incubated during the day fed at night, and his or her place was taken by another which had been feeding during the day. Or, as Peter put it: "I do t'ink, sir, dat when de lady fillymingo leave de nest, den de gen'leman fillymingo take her place, sir; yes, sir."

A CHICK EATING ITS SHELL

Morning and evening, then, there was much activity in the rookery. Single birds, or files of as many as fifty, were almost constantly arriving and departing, coming from and radiating to every point of the compass.

Flamingos in flight resemble no other bird known to me. With legs and neck fully outstretched, and the comparatively small wings set half-way between bill and toes, they look as if they might fly backward or forward with equal ease. They progress more rapidly than a heron, and, when hurried, fly with a singular serpentine motion of the neck and body, as if they were crawling in the air.

As noon approached, one by one the birds disposed themselves for sleep. The long necks were arranged in sundry coils and curves, the heads tucked snugly beneath the feathers of the back, and, for the first time, there was silence in the red city. Suddenly—one could never tell whence it came—the honking alarm-note was given. Instantly, and with remarkable effect, the snake-like necks shot up all over the glowing

bed of color before me, transforming it into a writhing mass of flaming serpents; then, as the alarm-note continued and was taken up by a thousand throats, the birds, like a vast congregation, with dignified precision of movement, gravely arose, pressing their bills into the nests to assist themselves.

Under circumstances of this kind the birds rarely left their nests, and it was difficult to determine the cause of their alarm. Often, doubtless, it was baseless, but at times it was due to a circling turkey-buzzard, the gaunt ogre of flamingodom, which, in the absence of the parent birds, eats not only eggs but nestlings.

Possibly some slight sound from my tent, where, with ill-controlled excitement, I was making photograph after photograph, may have occasioned the deep-voiced, warning *huh-huh-huh*.

I had so often fruitlessly stalked these wary birds across the swash that I was tempted to step out from my blind and address a word of triumph to the assembled multitude; but so sudden an alarm might not only have caused the destruction of many eggs, but might have resulted in the birds deserting their homes. Consequently, several hours after entering the blind, Mrs. Chapman, by arrangement, returned, the birds retreated to the lagoon, and I left my hiding-place without their being the wiser.

Encouraged by this surprisingly successful attempt to study these wary birds at close range, I determined to enter the very heart of their city. Consequently, when, at our approach the following morning, the birds left their nests, the blind was hurriedly moved from its position at the border of the rookery to a point near its center, where a buttonwood-bush afforded it some concealment.

Nests were now within arm's-reach; the blind itself covered an abandoned one. It seemed wholly beyond the bounds of probability that the birds would take their places so near me; but, as before, the departure of my assistant was the signal to advance. The great red army, with clanging of horns, again approached, reached, and this time surrounded me. I was engulfed in color and clarionings. The wildest imagination could not have conceived of so thrilling an experience. Seated on the deserted nest, I myself seemed to have become a flamingo.

The blind, strange to say, aroused no suspicion. Without hesitation and with evident recognition of their home, the splendid creatures reoccupied their nests. For a time I feared detection. It was impossible to look from the blind in any direction without seeming to meet the glance of a dozen yellow-eyed birds at my threshold. Fortunately, the uproar of their united voices was so great that the various sounds made in the manipulation of my two cameras were barely audible even to my ears. With the wind in the right quarter, this honking chorus could be plainly heard at our camp. The adults utter three distinct calls, all goose-like in character. The usual note of the young bird is a whistling crow.

The birds of this portion of the rookery had evidently begun to nest at an earlier date than those in the section before visited. Many of the nests contained an egg from which the chick was emerging, and in others were young evidently several days old; while birds which had left the nest were running about with their parents.

On leaving the shell, and before the plumage was dry, some chicks had sufficient strength to respond to their evidently instinctive sense of fear. At my approach they crawled to the edge of the nest and dropped over to the ground or water below, though beyond this they could progress but little. Chicks a day old jumped nimbly from the nest and ran or swam rapidly away. On subsequent days it became necessary to enter my blind with caution, to avoid frightening the young in the near-by nests. At the best, some would leave their homes and scurry away, but they returned to the place of their birth apparently in response to a call uttered by the parent as it stood on or near the deserted nest. The little chick reached the top of the nest unaided by the parent bird, using its bill, feet, and wings in the effort. The thumb and index-finger are both provided with a somewhat recurved nail, which in this connection may be functional. The parents evidently recognized their own offspring, and when a youngster lost his way his nape was promptly pinched by every old bird within whose reach he came, a method which was effective in keeping him on the move until he found his own home.

The young stay in the nest until they are three or four days old. During this time they are brooded by the parents, one or the

From a photograph by the author, colored under his direction by Bruce Horsfall

"DROP BY DROP FROM THE TIP OF THE PARENT'S BILL"

other of which is always in attendance. With a bill as large as their nestling's body, it was of special interest to observe how the latter would be fed. The operation is clearly shown in an accompanying photograph. What in effect is regurgitated clam broth is taken drop by drop from the tip of the parent's bill. At times the bird, standing above its chick, leans over and feeds it, or, while brooding, a snowy head is pushed out from a vermilion wing, and with a swan-like movement the neck is gracefully curved as the food is administered.

This is the young bird's first meal. His next attempts at eating are of special interest. It will be observed that the bill in a newly hatched flamingo bears small resemblance to the singular, decurved organ of the adult. In the chick the bill is short and straight, with no hint of future curvature; and at this stage of its existence the bird feeds in a manner wholly unlike that employed by the old birds. It *picks up* its food. The second meal, then, consists of bits of the egg-shell whence the chick has lately emerged. This bone-forming matter evidently now takes the place of the *Cerithium* shells which the parents seem to find essential to their well-being.

When the bird is about three weeks old the bill first shows signs of convexity, and the bird now feeds after the singular manner of the adult, standing on its head, as it were, the maxilla, or upper half of the bill, being nearly parallel with the ground. Contrary to the rule among birds, the lower portion of the bill is immovable, but the upper portion, moving rapidly, forces little jets of water from each side of the base of the bill, washing out the sand and the mud through the strainers with which the sides of the bill are beset, and leaving the shells on which the bird subsists. Or, as Peter expressed it: "It seems to me, sir, when de fillymingo feed dat de upper lip do all de wuk, sir, when he *chomp*, *chomp*, *chomp*, and grabble in de mud."

Young flamingos taken from the rookery for further study subsequently gave an apparently instinctive exhibit of a characteristic habit of the adult bird when feeding. As I have said, the old birds live on a small spiral shell and its contents. This food is always obtained under water which may reach to the bird's body. When the shells are apparently embedded in the marl,

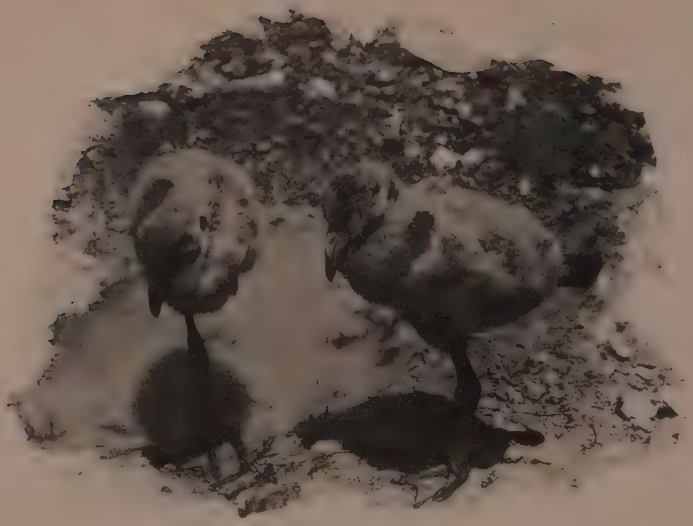
YOUNG FLAMINGOS FEEDING AFTER THE MANNER OF GROWN BIRDS

the feeding bird loosens them by a treading motion. It is the flamingos' one undignified action. Birds thus occupied seem to be engaged in some ridiculous kind of jig, which they dance with head and neck submerged.

Exactly the same performance was indulged in by the young birds, which, when given a pan of rice and water, soon danced the rice from off the bottom in order that it might be more readily secured.

The routine of camp life was now definitely established. The mornings were passed in the blind, the afternoons in the preparation of specimens, and the evenings were given to the interminable task of refilling plate-holders.

Daily squalls threatened to blow our poorly stayed tent into the creek, and continued rains rapidly decreased the extent of visible land about us. Nevertheless, we were not unduly inconvenienced by the weather.



YOUNG FLAMINGOS IN THE POSE OF GROWN BIRDS

The flamingos were less fortunate. The evidently excessive rainfall had flooded even the comparatively high ground on which their rookery was placed. Some nests were submerged (my own particular nest had already crumbled before the unaccustomed usage to which it had been subjected), and all were surrounded by water. The necessity of erecting a structure of some height was thus plainly demonstrated.

This second catastrophe to a nesting colony emphasized the adverse climatic conditions with which flamingos have to contend during the nesting season. Laying but one egg, it is probable that under favorable circumstances they can barely hold their own, and it is therefore to be deplored that man should be numbered among their enemies.

To my regret, our search for flamingos so widely advertised the location of the rookery among the negroes of the island that more than a dozen expeditions were planned to visit it for young birds.

Fresh meat is rarer than pink pearls in the outer Bahama islands. Young flamingos are excellent eating, and are, consequently, much sought after. As a result of this persecution on the nesting-ground, they are steadily diminishing in numbers, and the passage of a law designed to protect them is greatly to be desired.

Our camp site was now barely habitable, and it became obvious that if the rains continued we should soon be afloat. Confidence in the life-preserving qualities of our pneumatic mattresses permitted us to sleep undismayed by the *lap, lap* of waters at our threshold; but more valuable, almost, than life itself were our photographic plates and specimens, and it was therefore determined to break camp and return to the schooner. In spite of the disagreeable surroundings, the swash was left reluctantly. My work, however, was virtually ended. I had enjoyed an experience unparalleled in the annals of ornithology, had made twelve dozen photographs and pages of detailed notes, and had secured material adequate to represent the home life of flamingos in a group to be exhibited in the Museum which had intrusted me with this mission to a little-known country.

A BELATED CHRISTMAS

BY CARTER GOODLOE

WITH PICTURES BY HARRISON FISHER

"THAT 'S the ice-factory," said Weekes impressively to Miss Morgan. He waved his hand to where a corrugated iron roof, surmounting a whitewashed frame building, showed up distinctly, even at that distance, against the luxuriant green foliage about it.

"Ah!" said the girl, carelessly; and then she added enthusiastically, as she looked about her: "Oh, how tropical it all is! Look!—look! I think I saw a shark in the water!"

Weekes shook his head gloomily. "Oh, it 's tropical all right enough, and sharks are all very well in their way, but the important thing down here is the ice-factory."

The little *Tabasco* gave a few more sickening rolls, and then, sticking her nose in the water and making one final plunge, she shoved herself well over the bar and glided into smooth water and into full view of the little Isthmian town at the same time.

Carleton strolled up to where Weekes and Miss Morgan hung over the rail of the little steamer.

"That 's the ice-factory, Miss Morgan," he said genially, pointing with his stick to the now plainly visible whitewashed building.

"Yes," said the girl. "Are sharks—"

"Miss Morgan is more interested in sharks than in the ice-factory, Carleton," interrupted Weekes, sadly.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Carleton, turning an incredulous look on the young lady, who was now by way of being openly amused.

"It is n't possible, my dear Miss Morgan! Why, do you know what that means to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec? It means that you can have pineapple-ice a hundred miles up the Coatzacoalcos; that Francis can have frozen custard on the Solo-Suchil; that Warren can—"

Stanwix popped his head out of the cabin.

"That 's our ice-factory, Miss Morgan," he called out blithely. "The white building over there with the iron roof—no, you are looking too far to the left!" He emerged hastily from the cabin and joined the group at the side of the rail. "Over there, near the railroad," he said, solicitously rolling up a newspaper and adjusting it carefully to his eye. "Now follow that line—" Miss Morgan gave a heartless peal of laughter.

"You 're too late, my boy," said Carleton, with dignity. "We have pointed out the pride of our city to Miss Morgan, and she fails to appreciate it."

Stanwix lowered his improvised telescope and gazed sadly at the young girl.

"By Jove! What!—Well, if you don't appreciate the seriousness of our ice-factory, perhaps you will appreciate the seriousness of the medical examination about to take place. Here comes the doctor aboard, and I advise you, Miss Morgan, to cease your unseemly hilarity; for your color is very much heightened, and he might think you had a fever and put the ship in quarantine. He 's such an awful ass, you know."

The little doctor was scrambling over the side of the boat. At the same instant a steward made his way forward with a tray and glasses.

"What 's he going to do—put a thermometer in my mouth and feel my pulse?" inquired Miss Morgan.

"Yes; but the most arduous part of his

Drawn by Harrison Fisher. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'THAT 'S THE ICE-FACTORY, MISS MORGAN'"

duties consists in taking a drink first with the captain."

"I should n't mind him and his visits so much if he did n't fly that beastly little yellow flag," complained Carleton. "A most unhealthy color, I call it. And, by the way, there are your friends, the Fieldses, waving to you, Miss Morgan. By Jove, Mrs. Fields is a beauty! Think of a woman dressing and looking like that in these parts!"

"I always feel as if I had taken a little trip to the States after a glimpse of her," chimed in Weekes. "She keeps up the standard for the women down here, I can tell you. She 's a regular institution—she ought to be subsidized," he went on enthusiastically.

Miss Morgan looked at the two figures on the little wharf.

"Yes—that 's Claire and Ned, the dears!" And she waved her handkerchief and smiled in response to the wavings and smiles of the two on shore, after the delightfully senseless fashion of people who are doomed to stand and look at one another for hours before being able to meet.

This amiable interchange of the sign-language was kept up at frequent intervals until the doctor had scrambled over the boat's side again. A few moments later the *Tabasco* had steamed up to the wharf, and Miss Morgan and Mrs. Fields were clasped in each other's embrace.

"I never really thought you would come, Helen; it 's almost too good to believe," exclaimed the latter, with a sigh of relief.

"And why not?" asked the girl, with a laugh. "Indeed, I could hardly wait to get here."

"Well, it must seem like the jumping-off place to you; and when your steamer was two days late, I told Ned I was sure you were not coming." Mrs. Fields looked at her husband, who was standing by, waiting for a chance to speak to Miss Morgan.

"Indeed, she did," said that gentleman, fervently; "and she seemed to hold me accountable for it; and when the *Tres Rios* went up the river yesterday without us, and when I told her I should have to go to Orizaba on business for a week, she was *sure* you were not coming. In some occult way those facts seemed to be connected in her mind with your arrival. I am glad you have got here to disprove part of her prophecy, anyway."

"But he *has* got to go up to Orizaba, and the *Tres Rios did* go off and leave us," objected Mrs. Fields, gloomily. "And if it were not for Mr. Francis, I don't know how we should ever get back to the hacienda. Where is Mr. Francis, Ned?"

A fair-haired, blue-eyed young man in khaki riding-clothes, who had been standing some distance off, talking to the purser of the *Tabasco*, came up.

"Here I am, Mrs. Fields," he said.

"Please don't go as far away again, Mr. Francis," said that lady, plaintively. "It makes me nervous for you to be out of my sight; and, besides, I want to introduce you to Miss Morgan. Helen, this is Mr. John Francis, who is going to save our lives by taking us back to the hacienda in his naphtha-launch. Ned cheerfully deserts us, and we have only Mr. Francis to look to."

"Good heavens, Claire! You 'll make Helen think I do it on purpose. Do you imagine I enjoy going to Orizaba after *mozos*, and spending Christmas in a Mexican hotel by myself?" demanded Mr. Fields, indignantly.

Miss Morgan laughed. "I 'm sure you don't, Ned," she said soothingly.

"I knew you would see how it is, Helen. You and Claire will be all right, for Francis here is in the deuce of a hurry to get back to his hacienda, and will take you up the river like a shot. He 's got the fastest naphtha-launch on the Isthmus—or at least he always says so."

"Then we may expect to get to the hacienda for Christmas?" queried Miss Morgan, politely.

As Mr. Francis looked at the young girl smiling tentatively at him, a sudden regret for the well-known speed of his launch filled his breast. It would be rather jolly to have to loiter a bit on the way. One did not see girls like this one every day on the Isthmus, or every year even.

"We ought to get there by to-morrow night," he admitted reluctantly.

"Of course you can," put in Mr. Fields, briskly. "You girls must be ready to start for Minatitlan this afternoon; you can get there to-night, and, leaving early in the morning, you will reach Bella Vista to-morrow night. And don't be late starting, for Jack is in the biggest kind of a hurry to get up to his hacienda."

"Oh, that 's all right, Ned," put in Francis, hurriedly.

"Now, Jack, if you are going to let the girls bully you into fooling around and losing time, I shall try to get them up the river some other way," began Ned, solemnly.

"There is n't any other way," said Mr. Francis, with sudden cheerfulness.

"You see, he 's got a hundred and fifty mozos waiting to be told what to do on his place, and his reports to send to the company, and—"

"Shut up, old man, will you?" growled Francis. "You'll make the ladies think I 'm conferring an everlasting favor on them, when it 's quite the other way around. You 'd much better be attending to your own affairs. You 're in great luck to get a steamer back to Vera Cruz this afternoon, you know."

"As usual, your words are pearls of wisdom, my boy. I 'll go and engage a cabin on the *Tabasco* this blessed minute."

At four o'clock, when the little steamer went bobbing out over the bar again, Mr. Fields hung over the stern and waved a melancholy adieu to his wife and Miss Morgan, who stood beside Francis on the wharf.

They were off themselves a few minutes later, the *Esmeralda* cutting through the water in quite a wonderful way. Francis was at the wheel, guiding the little craft skilfully through the waves which rolled in big from the gulf, while Chico, the Indian *maquinista*, bent over the throbbing naphtha-engine.

"It 's all wrong," murmured Miss Morgan from where she sat comfortably installed with her back against the partition separating the cabin from the engine-room. Her position enabled her to take in a full view of the luxurious little cabin, with its mahogany woodwork and velvet cushions, as well as of the broad river fringed on both sides by dense foliage and great trees. "It 's all wrong. You 've lured me here under false pretenses, Claire. I thought I was leaving New York for a wild country where Indians and Isthmian tigers abounded, and where there was no faster mode of locomotion than a dugout canoe. Why, we might be skimming about off Narragansett or Bar Harbor! Look at these curtains and mahogany seats!"

"Oh, mahogany is cheap down here, Miss Morgan," said Francis, calling Chico to the wheel and sitting down opposite the young girl. "Why, I know a chap up on the Solo-Suchil whose house is built of mahogany, and when he wants a new table or chair—he 's clever with tools—he rips off a board or two and makes it."

Miss Morgan smiled divinely on the young man.

"That 's perfectly delicious. Think of actually being in a country where mahogany *grows!*"

"A great many tropical things besides mahogany grow here, Miss Morgan. And there are monkeys and parrots and macaws in the forests, you know; and as for dugout canoes, they are often resorted to—naphtha-launches being uncertain quantities," he added darkly.

"But not the *Esmeralda*," interrupted Mrs. Fields, triumphantly. "She never gets cranky. I 've heard you say so a hundred times yourself, Mr. Francis."

"Oh, ass—ass that I am, to have bragged about this boat from one end of the Isthmus to the other!" murmured Francis to himself.

"Nevertheless, I insist that the *Esmeralda* ought to be a dugout canoe," said Helen, smiling again on the stricken Francis. "But it is nice to know that there really are monkeys and parrots growing wild, so to speak, down here. Claire, you must tell me about everything."

"I 'm awfully stupid, dear; you had much better get Mr. Francis to tell you about this country—how many kinds of palms there are, and how many skins a coffee-cherry has, and all that sort of thing."

"Good gracious! I thought all palms were pretty much alike, and I did n't know that coffee grew like cherries. I thought it grew in nice little pods, like peas, and popped out when it was ripe."

Francis was trying gallantly to control a wild fit of mirth, and even Mrs. Fields smiled in sympathy.

"I am afraid, Helen, you are as ignorant as I was when I first came down here; and, unfortunately, as Mr. Francis has to leave us to-morrow, he won't have time to do much toward your education."

Jack's hilarity suddenly ceased. "Oh, fool, bungler, impossible idiot!" he murmured to himself again.

"I shall have to wait until Ned gets back, then," said Miss Morgan, serenely.

"Poor Ned! To think of his having to spend Christmas in Orizaba all by himself!

It won't be any comfort to be back at the hacienda for Christmas without him. I don't much care where I am." And Mrs. Fields sighed disconsolately as she spoke.

Helen was gazing serenely out over the river, entranced by the beautiful view. The setting sun touched her rough, dark hair with a burnished brightness and brought a pink flush to the oval cheek. Francis was sitting so that her clear profile was turned to him, and he thought that he had never seen a more high-bred or lovely face. And to think that he had carefully arranged to separate himself from this exquisite creature in twenty-four hours! Why had he insanely announced his haste to be back on his hacienda? Only fools discussed their business affairs with any and every one, and braggarts on the subject of naphtha-launches deserved to be cast into the lowest limbo.

While he silently anathematized himself the sun sank with chromolithographic brilliancy behind a gigantic palm standing out with artistic effect in the foreground of the landscape, and the short tropical twilight gave place to a delicious fragrant darkness faintly dispelled by the light of a brand-new moon and the glowing evening star.

As the moon gradually withdrew herself, Francis reluctantly ordered Chico back to his engine and took his place again at the wheel, preferring to steer. The course was becoming difficult. The river made so many and such sharp turns that sometimes the evening star threw a long, glittering track of light directly before them, and sometimes it shone far over the stern. Once in a while the distant cry of some strange tropical bird came to them from the river-banks.

Miss Morgan leaned her head comfortably back, her face now pale and lovely in the semi-darkness. The young man stole a glance at her every now and then over his shoulder as he steered. Mrs. Fields was lying down, quietly sleeping, so that it seemed to him as if he and this beautiful girl were alone on the broad river in the fragrant night, and he wished with all his heart that the journey might continue indefinitely.

It was with a distinct shock of disappointment that he saw the lights and the landing at Minatitlan; and as they stumbled up the rough, dark street of the little town, and he felt Helen's hand holding tightly to his arm for safety, he could hardly find epithets sufficiently complimentary to apply to himself for having arranged to bring this journey together so quickly to an end.

He took the ladies to the only hotel—the one three-story building the town boasted of—and arranged with Donna Juana, the proprietress, for supper and rooms for the night. Both Mrs. Fields and Helen being tired, the repast was of the briefest, although Jack would have liked it prolonged indefinitely, and the *mole* and *platinos*, and chocolate highly flavored with vanilla, had never before appealed so strongly to his appetite. As they parted at the door, Mrs. Fields inquired when they should be ready to start in the morning.

"Don't be afraid to say any unearthly hour. You know we have promised Ned to be good and not keep you waiting."

"I never knew Ned to be so stupendously energetic before," said Francis, gloomily. "My affairs are not so pressing as that. And—and, in fact, Chico tells me that there is some necessary cleaning of the engine to be done before we start, so that it will be impossible to get away before ten or eleven. I advise you to get a good night's rest."

"Delightful! I feel as if I could sleep for at least twelve hours, which will bring our breakfast-hour to just eight-thirty! We shall see you then."

"You will," said Francis, emphatically, to himself; "and if, in the meantime, I have n't found—" and he shook his head thoughtfully as he strolled off into the darkness with a cigar.

He was up betimes next morning, and seven o'clock found him walking briskly down the rocky street to the river, where he found the *Esmeralda* tied up and Chico aboard waiting orders from the *patron*. He swung himself in at the stern and seated himself near the maquinista, who was rubbing up the engine.

"Chico," he said meditatively, "I want a few words with you."

"Si, señor."

The few words developed into a conversation, during the course of which Chico showed many symptoms of astonishment but imperfectly concealed. At the end of ten minutes Francis arose.

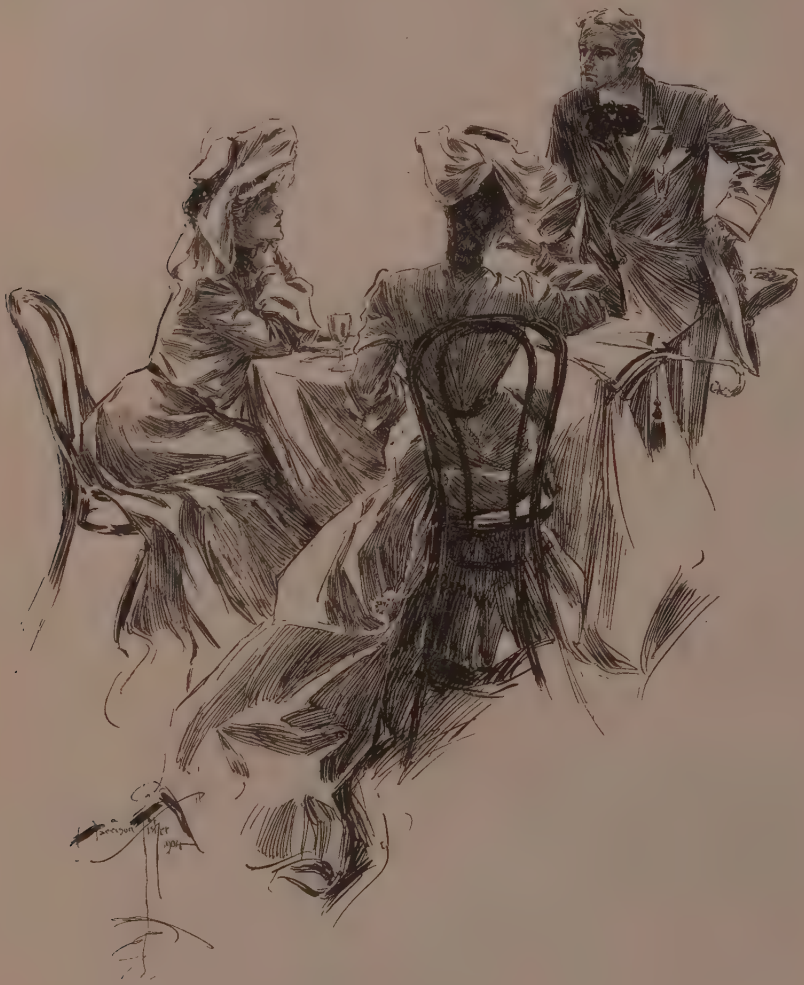
"You think you understand fully?"

"Como no, señor?" returned Chico,

with an unanswerable shrug. "God knows why the patron wishes so to act; but I understand what is required"; and he gazed with undiminished curiosity at Francis's back as far as he could see it retreating up the street.

Chico has been working on the engine, and —and there seems to be something wrong with her. I shall go down again after breakfast and see if I can't locate the trouble."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Fields, with a little cry of dismay.



Drawn by Harrison Fisher

"AN HOUR LATER FRANCIS MET THE LADIES IN THE LITTLE BREAKFAST-ROOM OF THE HOTEL"

An hour later Francis met the ladies in the little breakfast-room of the hotel with a troubled expression on his face.

"I am sorry to spoil your breakfast by bad news," he began at once; "but I have been down to see the boat this morning, and

"I thought the *Esmeralda* never got 'cranky,'" murmured Miss Morgan.

"'Pride goeth before a fall,' Miss Morgan; but I consider it distinctly unkind of you to twit me about the *Esmeralda's* unusual behavior," said Francis, sadly, as

he picked up his hat and started again for the river.

An hour or so later the ladies went down to see how matters were progressing with the *Esmeralda*. They stood on the bank, beneath their gay parasols, while they watched Francis work on the refractory engine. It was extremely warm, and he was an object of pity as he perspired and toiled over the evil-smelling, dirty naphtha-machine. Chico, near by, looked on with an expression of deepest disapproval.

"What a shame Ned is not here! He knows all about these naphtha-launches. Have n't we had three different makes ourselves? I am sure he could find out what is the matter with her."

"He doubtless could; but, you see, Ned is in Vera Cruz," said Francis, patiently. "That 's always the way—when you need a friend he 's generally not to be found."

"But there must be several men here who could help you. There 's Harry Arthur, or that Mr. Carpenter, or—"

"To tell you the truth, Mrs. Fields, I 'd rather not have any of those fellows fooling around the *Esmeralda's* engine," objected Francis, firmly. "I 'm sure they could n't discover her trouble, and I would just rather work the thing out myself. But you two must not stay down here out of pity for me. It 's much too hot. Do go up to the hotel, and I will join you as soon as possible."

In about fifteen minutes thereafter, the ladies having departed, Mr. John Francis carefully bathed his hands and his glowing face in the little toilet-room of the *Esmeralda*, and, lighting a cigar, stretched himself out on the cushions of the cabin in the shade of the awnings. At one o'clock he arose and, putting on his coat, sauntered up the street again. He found Mrs. Fields and Helen waiting for him on the corridor of the hotel.

"How goes it?" asked Mrs. Fields, anxiously, as he came up. "Shall we be able to start this afternoon?"

Francis shook his head mournfully. "I 'm afraid it 's a bad break, and I 'm awfully sorry if you are disappointed about not getting up to the hacienda for Christmas."

"Has she slipped an eccentric?" inquired Miss Morgan, sympathetically. "I don't know what that means; but a man once told me his steam-yacht had done that, and he seemed awfully worried over it."

"No; but it 's as bad. She 's broken two of her cylinder-rings, so that no explosion takes place in one of the cylinders. Chico will go to Coatzacoalcos this afternoon for new ones; but as this is a feast week, I fear that it will be at least four days before he can get them made and get back, and then it will take a day to adjust them. Are you really awfully disappointed not to reach the hacienda for Christmas?"

He looked so anxious and so abjectly troubled that Mrs. Fields hastened to reassure him.

"Without Ned, Christmas is the same as any other time to me. Besides, this town is quite picturesque, Helen; and if Mr. Francis will be your guide you may actually enjoy a week here."

"You are as good as you are beautiful, Mrs. Fields," said Francis, enthusiastically, bowing low; "and if you will only persuade Miss Morgan that your suggestion is a good one, I will be your devoted slave from this time forth."

"Miss Morgan is already persuaded," said that young lady, gazing interestedly at the little street, with its low, brilliantly colored houses, and out at the stretch of country visible beyond. "I want to see it all."

"You shall," said Mr. Francis. "We will begin this very afternoon."

And they did. He showed her every nook and corner of interest in the sleepy old Mexican town, every road and point of beauty near it; and on Christmas day, when the little place awoke to unwonted excitement and stir, from the first booming of cannon and ringing of church bells at five in the morning, to the fireworks and procession, headed by the municipal band playing the "Diana," in the afternoon, there was much to interest the newly arrived *gringo*. Francis himself interested her tremendously. It was a pleasurable surprise to find a college graduate and so good-looking a youth at the end of the world. She had never contemplated meeting a man like this—a man who knew some of her friends and who had led cotillions and played golf and umpired college baseball games—in that benighted land. And they had many opportunities for studying each other; for Mrs. Fields, having been to

Minatitlan frequently and not being athletically inclined, left them to go alone on most of their expeditions.

One of their favorite rambles was to a great grove of mangos that crowned a hill near the town. Here Francis would spread a *refajo* on the grass for Miss Morgan, and would read to her or tell her the ancient history of Minatitlan's mahogany-trade, which had once made it a most important place. Sometimes they were merely frivolous, and would pass whole afternoons in conversation, while Francis filled the girl's lap with great white gardenias or with the glossy leaves and fragrant buds of the orange-trees. In the evenings they would go to the Plaza to watch the dancing—the fandango to the monotonous thrumming of the *jaranas*, and the waltzes and *danzas*. The latter pleased the American girl tremendously.

"It is the poetry of motion. Just look at that olive-skinned Apollo waltzing around! Did you ever see any one dance more beautifully, Mr. Francis?"

"Humph!"

"And he is quite ravishingly beautiful, too."

"Great heavens! You cannot be serious." And he glared with extreme disapprobation after the lithe-limbed young Mexican circling gracefully around.

"What! Don't you like that dark type of good looks?" inquired Helen, sweetly. "I suppose your idea of a handsome man is—blond?" and she glanced casually at Francis's fair hair and blue eyes.

"Not at all," he answered hastily, and reddening perceptibly. "But—but I think these dark Mexicans are so deceitful-looking."

"Well, you know, 'all men are liars,'" said Miss Morgan, easily.

"That is true," said Francis, with sudden gloom; "even the best of us."

"And if a man is a liar, and therefore beneath contempt, what matters it whether he be blond or brunette?" went on Miss Morgan contemplatively and with stern impartiality.

"What matter, indeed?" echoed Francis, resignedly. "But I hope that my place in the category of the mendacious will not prevent your taking that horseback ride with me to-morrow."

The girl laughed. "I believe it has not yet been scientifically proved that the habit of untruthfulness affects one's horsemanship, and so I will go," she said.

It was on the return from this ride across a wonderful country in the fragrant dusk of early evening that the bolt fell which Francis had been dreading. Mrs. Fields met the riders as they dismounted at the steps of the corridor.

"I have just had a telegram from Ned," she said joyously. "He is leaving Vera Cruz and will be here to-morrow morning; and I am sure, Mr. Francis, he will be able to help you about the launch. Perhaps it was n't the rings, after all, and something else may be the matter. Whatever it is, I know Ned will be able to discover it."

Francis suppressed a groan. "Yes; Ned is very clever about naphtha-engines. I am sure he will know what is the matter with her."

"And perhaps he can help you fix it so we can start right up the river. But, after all, I shall be rather sorry to be off; we have had a pleasant-enough week, don't you think?" went on Mrs. Fields, regretfully.

Francis agreed with her, and would Miss Morgan go for a last stroll along the river-bank?

The young girl did not need much persuasion, and the two sauntered off together in the moonlight. In silence they went down the rocky little street to the river's edge, where the *Esmeralda* lay dark and still at her moorings. Helen looked at the little craft a moment.

"She 's the prettiest naphtha-launch I ever saw. And how strong and well built she looks! Who would believe that she could be so deceitful and cranky as to play us such a trick?" she said, with a sigh.

"Are you so sorry to have been kept here a week?" asked Francis in a low tone.

Miss Morgan turned her head and looked out over the river.

"I—I certainly have enjoyed being a prisoner at Minatitlan; but, just the same, the boat is a deceitful little wretch to go back on you in that way."

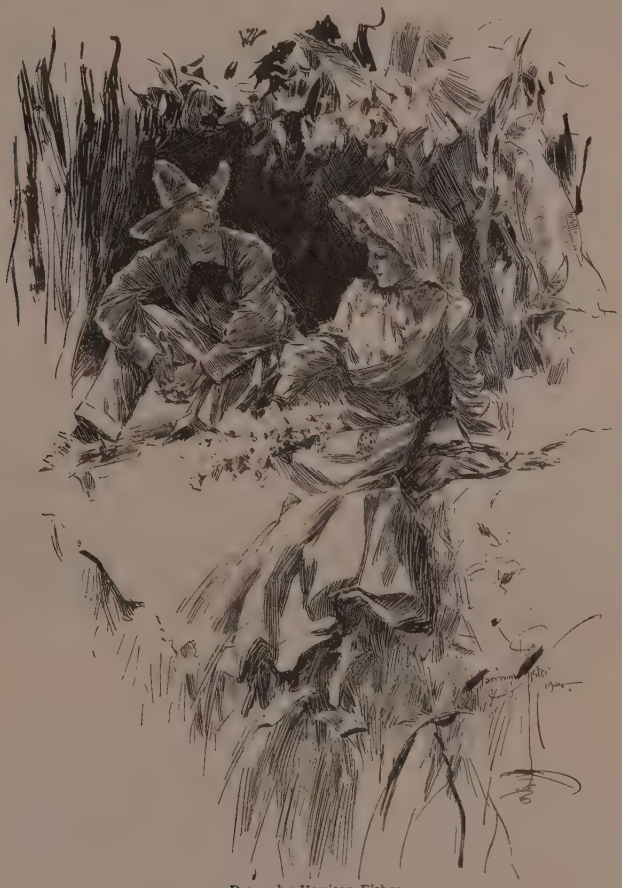
"Wait a minute, Miss Morgan! I feel doubly a villain now. The truth is, I have a confession to make to you—that is why I asked you to come out here with me. If it were not so wet I would get down on my knees to you," went on Francis, desperately.

"Is it so bad as that?" demanded Miss

Morgan, sternly. But something in his bowed head and contrite expression made a little smile come into the corners of her eyes. Francis, however, did not see this sign of grace, his gaze being bent humbly upon the ground.

"I think not."

The bowed head sank lower. "Not when it means everything to a poor sinner? Not when, by a little subterfuge, happiness and everything that goes to make life worth living can be secured?"



Drawn by Harrison Fisher

"ONE OF THEIR FAVORITE RAMBLES WAS TO A GREAT GROVE OF MANGOS"

"It is as bad as it can be," he said. "But 'all men are liars,' as you yourself remarked last night."

"That was a quotation, not my own personal opinion. Happily, I have known a great many truthful men."

"I wish I were one of them," said Francis, gloomily. "Unfortunately, I fear I am the greatest liar of your acquaintance. Miss Morgan, do you think a lie can ever be justified?"

Miss Morgan bit her lip and shot a tender, amused glance at the contrite youth before her. She could afford to do so, as his gaze was still fastened on his boots.

"Please explain yourself, Mr. Francis," she said haughtily.

"I might as well," said that young man, desperately; "for to-morrow Ned will be here, and deception will no longer be possible. Miss Morgan, what will you think

of me when I tell you that there is nothing the matter with the *Esmeralda?*"

"I don't understand. Do you mean that her cylinder-rings are not broken?"

"I do."

"And that Chico has not gone to Coatzacoalcos for new ones?"

"I do. I let him go to see his people in Jaltipam; and, luckily, he will be home to-night."

"And that you have kept us here, and prevented our having Christmas at the hacienda, simply for some purpose of your own?"

"I do. Can you forgive me?"

"I think not."

"But I have a good excuse—the best excuse a man can have for doing such a selfish, dishonorable, contemptible, insane thing. May I tell you what it is?"

Miss Morgan turned her back on the young man.

"How can I be sure that your excuse is a truthful one?"

"You have a right to be as severe as you wish," said Francis in a hollow voice; "but I swear on my honor that this is the truth, and nothing but the truth. I did it because I love you; because, before I had seen you, I had been such a stupendous idiot as to cut myself off from the possibility of being with you longer than twenty-four hours; and because, after I had once seen you, I determined to be with you longer if I had to resort to 'battle, murder, and sudden death.' I 'm not a bit ashamed of it. I 'm a hypocrite, among other things, pretending to be ashamed. I simply glory in having done it, and I would do it again, and a thousand times worse, to have the joy of these six days over again. I 'll make a clean breast of it to Ned to-morrow, and I will take you all up to Bella Vista as fast as the *Esmeralda* can make it, and I will give a Christmas present to every mozo on the hacienda, and we can have a belated Christmas ourselves, after all, if you will only say that you forgive me."

"But," objected Helen, faintly, "if I forgive you, that will be equivalent to saying that I accept your excuse."

Something in her voice made Francis look up. Not being able to see her face, he stepped around in front of her. He had expected to see wrath and contempt in that lovely countenance. Instead, he was met with a frightened little smile and a divine light in the dark eyes.

With an exclamation of delight, he took a step forward and gathered her impetuously in his arms.

"Won't you accept my excuse, Helen?"

"I—I suppose I shall have to, if you are sure it is the only one you have." She tried to look severe, but her voice trembled with happy laughter.

ART FOR THE SOUL'S SAKE

BY LEE WILSON DODD

NO cunning of mere craft can cozen long
In fresco, bust, or song.

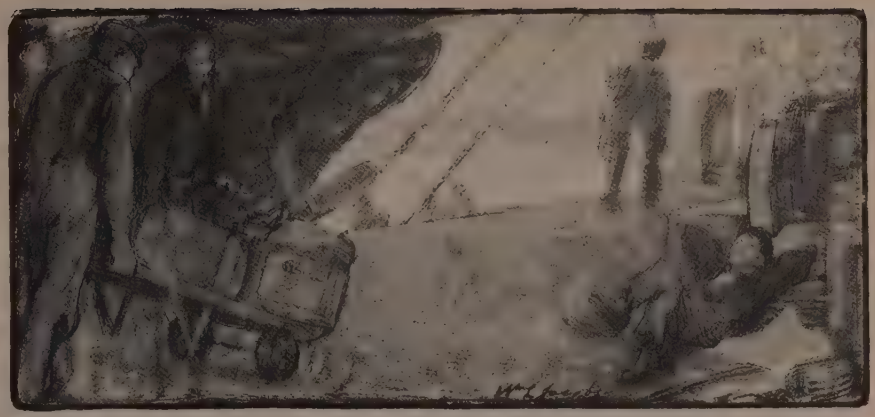
A world may praise; but when the rapture dies
May not the world despise?

Only the master workers shall endure,
Who wrought being sane and sure.

First the deep heart, the athlete mind—and then
The chisel, brush, and pen!

Color drawing by William L. Jacobs

"LOOKING UP, HE SAW, A SLENDER LITTLE GIRL IN A LONG TAN COAT AND A WHITE TAM-O'-SHANTER"



SANDY

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary"

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS

I

THE STOWAWAY

AN English mist was rolling lazily inland from the sea. It half enveloped the two great ocean liners that lay tugging at their moorings in the bay, and settled over the wharf with a grim determination to check, as far as possible, the traffic of the morning.

But the activity of the wharf, while impeded, was in no wise stopped. The bustle, rattle, and shouting were, in fact, augmented by the temporary interference. Everybody seemed in a hurry, and everybody seemed out of temper, save a boy who lay at full length on the quay and earnestly studied a weather-vane that was lazily trying to make up its mind which way to point.

He was ragged and brawny and picturesque. His hands, bronzed by the tan of sixteen summers, were clasped under his head, and his legs were crossed, one soleless shoe on high vaunting its nakedness in the face of an indifferent world. A sailor's blouse, two sizes too large, was held together at the neck by a bit of red cambric, and his trousers were anchored to their mooring by a heavy piece of yellow twine. The indolence of his position, however, was not indicative of the state of his mind; for under his weather-beaten old cap, perched sidewise on a tousled head, was a commotion of dreams and schemes, ambitions and plans, whose activities would have put to shame the busiest wharf in the world.

"It 's up to ye, Sandy Kilday!" he said, half aloud, with a bit of a brogue that flavored his speech as the salt flavors the sea air. "You don't want to be a bloomin' old weather-vane, a-changin' your mind every time the wind blows. Is it go, or stay?"

The answer, instead of coming, got sidetracked by the train of thought that descended upon him when he was actually face to face with his decision. All sorts of memories came rushing pell-mell through his brain. The cold and hungry ones were the most insistent, but he brushed them aside.

The one he clung to longest was the earliest and most shadowy of the lot. It was of a little white house on an Irish heath, and inside was the biggest fireplace in the world, where crimson flames went roaring up the big, dark chimney, and where witches and fairies held high carnival. There was a big chair on each side the hearth, and between them a tiny red rocker with flowers painted on the arms of it. That was the clearest of all. There were persons in the large chairs, one a silent Scotchman who, instinct told him, must have been his father, and the other —oh, tricky memory that faltered when he wanted it to be so clear!—was the maddest, merriest little mother that ever came back to haunt a lad. By holding tight to the memory he could see that her eyes were blue like his own, but her hair was black. He could hear the ring of her laugh as she told him Irish stories, and the soft drone of her voice as she sang him old Irish songs. It was she who told him about the fairies and witches that lived up behind the peat-flames. He remembered holding her hand and putting his cheek against it when the goblins came too near. Then the picture would go out, like a picture in a magic-lantern show, and sometimes Sandy could make it come back, and sometimes he could not.

After that came a succession of memories, but none of them held the silent father and the merry mother and the little white house on the heath. They were of new faces and new places, of temporary homes with relatives in Ireland and Scotland, of various schools and unceasing work. Then came the day, two years ago, when, goaded by some injustice, real or imagined, he had run away to England and struck out alone and empty-handed to care for himself. It had been a rough experience, and there were days that he was glad to forget; but through it all the taste of freedom had been sweet in his mouth.

For three weeks he had been hanging about the docks, picking up jobs here and there, accommodating any one who wanted to be accommodated, making many friends and little money. He had had no thought of embarking until the big English liner *Great Britain* arrived in port after breaking all records on her homeward passage. She was to start on her second trip today, and an hour later her rival, the steamship *America*, was to take her departure. The relative merits of the two vessels had been the talk of the wharf for days.

Sandy had made it a rule in life to be on hand when anything was happening. He had viewed cricket-matches from treetops, had answered the call of fire at midnight, and tramped ten miles to see the finish of a great regatta. But something was about to take place which seemed entirely beyond his attainment. Two hours passed before he solved the problem.

"Takin' the rest-cure, kid?" asked a passing sailor as he shied a stick at Sandy's shins.

Sandy stretched himself and smiled up at the sailor. It was a smile that waited for an answer and usually got it—a smile so brimming over with good-fellowship and confidence that it made a lover of a friend and a friend of an enemy.

"It 's a trip that I 'm thinkin' of takin'," he cried blithely as he jumped to his feet. "Here 's the shillin' I owe you, partner, and may the best luck ye 've had be the worst luck that 's comin'."

He tossed a coin to the sailor, and thrusting his hands in his pockets, executed a brief but brilliant *pas seul*, and then went whistling away down the wharf. He swung along right cheerily, his rags fluttering, his chin in the air, for the wind had settled in one direction, and the weather-vane and Sandy had both made up their minds.

The sailor looked after him fondly. "He 's a bloomin' good little chap," he said to a man near by. "Carries a civil tongue in his head for everybody."

The man grunted. "He 's too off and on," he said. "He 'll never come to naught."

Two days later, the *America*, cutting her way across the Atlantic, carried one more passenger than she registered. In the big life-boat swung above the hurricane-deck lay Sandy Kilday, snugly concealed by the heavy canvas covering.

He had managed to come aboard under cover of the friendly fog, and had boldly appropriated a life-boat and was doing light housekeeping. The apartment, to be sure, was rather small and dark, for the only light came through a tiny aperture where the canvas was tucked back. At this end Sandy attended to his domestic duties. Here were stored the fresh water and hardtack which the law requires every

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE SENT UP YELL AFTER YELL OF VICTORY FOR THE LAND OF HIS ADOPTION"

life-boat to carry in case of an emergency. Added to these was Sandy's private larder, consisting of several loaves of bread, a bag of apples, and some canned meat. The other end of the boat was utilized as a bedroom, a couple of life-preservers serving as the bed, and his own bundle of personal belongings doing duty as a pillow.

There were some drawbacks, naturally, especially to an energetic, restless youngster who had never been in one place so long before in his life. It was exceedingly inconvenient to have to lie down or crawl; but Sandy had been used to inconveniences all his life, and this was simply a difference in kind, not in degree. Besides, he could steal out at night and, by being very careful and still, manage to avoid the night watch.

The first night out a man and a girl had come up from the cabin deck and sat directly under his hiding-place. At first he was too much afraid of discovery to listen to what they were saying, but later his interest outweighed his fear. For they were evidently lovers, and Sandy was at that inflammable age when to hear mention of love is dangerous and to see a manifestation of it absolute contagion. When the great question came, his heart waited for the answer. Perhaps it was the added weight of his unspoken influence that turned the scale. She said yes. During the silence that followed, Sandy, unable to restrain his joy, threw his arms about a life-preserver and embraced it fervently.

When they were gone he crawled out to stretch his weary body. On the deck he found a book which they had left; it was a green book, and on the cover was a golden castle on a golden hill. All the rest of his life he loved a green book best, for

it was through this one that he found his way back again to that enchanted land that lay behind the peat-flames in the shadowy memory. Early in the morning he read it, with his head on the box of hardtack and his feet on the water-can. Twice he reluctantly tore himself from its pages and put it back where he had found it. No one came to claim it, and it lay there, with the golden castle shining in the sun. Sandy decided to take one more peep.

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE STEPPED UP ON A BOX AND BEGAN ELOQUENTLY TO ENUMERATE THE DIVERSE USES OF MICROSCOPES"

It was all about gallant knights and noble lords, of damsels passing fair, of tourneys and feasts and battles fierce and long. Story after story he devoured, until he came to the best one of all. It told of a beautiful damsel with a mantle richly furred, who was girt with a cumbrous sword which did her great sorrow; for she might not be delivered of it save by a knight who was of passing good name both of his lands and deeds. And after that all the great knights had striven in vain to draw the sword from its sheath, a poor knight, poorly arrayed, felt in his heart that he might essay it, but was abashed. At last, however, when the damsel was departing, he plucked up courage to ask if he might try; and when she hesitated he said: "Fair damsel, worthiness and good deeds are not only in arrayment, but manhood and worship are hid within man's person." Then the poor knight took the sword by the girdle and sheath and drew it out easily.

And it was not until then that Sandy knew that he had had no dinner, and that the sun had climbed over to the other side of the steamer, and that a continual cheering was coming up from the deck below. Cautiously he pulled back the canvas flap and emerged like the head of a turtle from his shell. The bright sunshine dazzled him for a moment, then he saw a sight that sent the dreams flying. There, just ahead, was

the *Great Britain* under full way, valiantly striving to hold her record against the oncoming steamer.

Sandy sat up and breathlessly watched the champion of the sea, her smoke-stacks black against the wide stretch of shining waters. The Union Jack was flying in insolent security from her flagstaff. There were many figures on deck, and her music was growing louder every minute. Inch by inch the *America* gained upon her, until they were bow and bow. The crowd below grew wilder, cheers went up from both steamers, the decks were white with the flutter of handkerchiefs.

Suddenly the band below struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner." Sandy gave one triumphant glance at the Stars and Stripes floating overhead, and in that moment became naturalized. He leaped to his feet in the boat, and tearing the blouse from his back, waved the tattered banner in the face of the vanquished *Great Britain*, as he sent up yell after yell of victory for the land of his adoption.

Then he was seized by the ankle and jerked roughly down upon the deck. Over him stood the deck steward.

"You 're a rum egg for that old boat to hatch out," he said. "I guess the cap'n will be wantin' to see you."

Sandy, thus peremptorily summoned from the height of patriotic frenzy, collapsed in terror. Had the deck steward not been familiar with stowaways, he doubtless would have been moved by the flood of eloquent persuasion which Sandy brought to bear.

As it was, he led him ruthlessly down the narrow steps, past the long line of curious passengers, then down again to the steerage deck, where he deposited him on a coil of rope and bade him stay there until he was sent for.

Here Sandy sat for the remainder of the afternoon, stared at from above and below, an object of lively curiosity. He bit his nails until the blood came, and struggled manfully to keep back the tears. He was cold, hungry, and disgraced, and his mind was full of sinister thoughts. Inch by inch he moved closer to the railing.

Suddenly something fell at his feet. It was an orange. Looking up, he saw a slender little girl in a long tan coat and a white tam-o'-shanter leaning over the railing. He only knew that her eyes were brown and that she was sorry for him, but it changed his world. He pulled off his cap, and sent her such an ardent smile of gratitude that she melted from the railing like a snowflake under the kiss of the sun.

Sandy ate the orange and took courage. Life had acquired a new interest.

II

ON SHIPBOARD

THE days that followed were not rose-strewn. Disgrace sat heavily upon the delinquent, and he did penance by foregoing the joys of society. Menial labor and the knowledge that he would not be allowed to land, but would be sent back by the first steamer, were made all the more unbearable by his first experience with illness. He had accepted his fate and prepared to die when the ship's surgeon found him.

The ship's surgeon was cruel enough to laugh, but he persuaded Sandy to come back to life. He was a small, white, round little man; and when he came rolling down the deck in his white linen suit, his face beaming from its white frame of close-cropped hair and beard, he was not unlike one of his own round white little pills, except that their sweetness stopped on the outside and his went clear through.

He discovered Sandy lying on his face in the passageway, his right hand still dutifully wielding the scrub-brush, but his spirit broken and his courage low.

"Hello!" he exclaimed briskly; "what 's your name?"

"Sandy Kilday."

"Scotch, eh?"

"Me name is. The rest of me 's Irish," groaned Sandy.

"Well, Sandy, my boy, that 's no way to scrub. Come out and get some air, and then go back and do it right."

He guided Sandy's dying footsteps to the deck and propped him against the railing. That was when he laughed.

"Not much of a sailor, eh?" he quizzed. "You 'll be all right soon; we have been getting the tail-end of a big nor'wester."

"A happy storm it must have been, sir, to wag its tail so gay," said Sandy, trying to smile.

The doctor clapped him on the back. "You 're better. Want something to eat?"

Sandy declined with violence. He explained his feelings with all the authority of a first experience, adding in conclusion: "It was Jonah I used to be after feelin' sorry for; it ain't now. It 's the whale."

The doctor prevailed upon him to drink some hot tea and eat a sandwich. It was a heroic effort, but Sandy would have done even more to prolong the friendly conversation.

"How many more days have we got, sir?"

"Five; but there 's the return trip for you."

Sandy's face flushed. "If they send me home, I 'll be comin' back!" he cried, clinging to the railing as the ship lurched forward. "I 'm goin' to be an American. I am goin'—" Further declarations as to his future policy were cut short.

From that time on the doctor took an interest in him. He even took up a collection of clothes for him among the officers. His professional services were no longer necessary, for Sandy enjoyed a speedy recovery from his maritime troubles.

"You are luckier than the rest," he said, one day, stopping on his rounds. "I never had so many steerage patients before."

The work was so heavy, in fact, that he obtained permission to get a boy to assist him. The happy duty devolved upon Sandy, who promptly embraced not only the opportunity, but the doctor and the profession as well. He entered into his new work with such energy and enthusiasm that by the end of the week he knew every man below the cabin deck. So expeditious did he become that he found many idle moments in which to cultivate acquaintances.

His chosen companion at these times was a boy in the steerage, selected not for congeniality, but for his unlimited knowledge of all things terrestrial, from the easiest way of making a fortune to the best way of spending it. He was a short, heavy-set fellow of some eighteen years. His hair grew straight up from an overhanging forehead, under which two small eyes seemed always to be furtively watching each other over the bridge of his flat snub nose. His lips met with difficulty across large, irregular teeth. Such was Ricks Wilson, the most unprepossessing soul on board the good ship *America*.

"You see, it 's this way," explained Ricks as the boys sat behind the smoke-stack and Sandy became initiated into the mysteries of a wonderful game called "craps." "I did n't have no more 'n you 've got. I lived down South, clean off the track of ever'thing. I puts my foot in my hand and went out and seen the world. I tramps up to New York, works my way over to England, tramps and peddles, and gits enough dough to pay my way back. Say, it 's bum slow over there. Why, they ain't even on to street-cars in London! I makes more in a week at home than I do in a month in England. Say, where you goin' at when we land?"

Sandy shook his head ruefully. "I got to go back," he said.

Ricks glanced around cautiously, then moved closer.

"You ain't that big a sucker, are you? Any feller that could n't hop the twig offen this old boat ain't much, that 's all I got to say."

"Oh, it 's not the gettin' away," said Sandy, more certain than ever, now that he was sure of an ally.

"Homesick?" asked Ricks, with a sneer.

Sandy gave a short laugh. "Home? Why, I ain't got any home. I 've just lived round since I was a young one. It 's a chance to get on that I 'm after."

"Well, what in thunder is takin' you back?"

"I don't know," said Sandy, "'cep'n' it ain't in me to give 'em the slip now I know 'em. Then there 's the doctor—"

"That old feather-bed? O Lord! He 's so good he gives me a pain. Goes round with his mouth hiked up in a smile, and I bet he 's as mean as the—"

Before Ricks could finish he found himself inextricably tangled in Sandy's arms and legs, while that irate youth sat upon him and pommeled him soundly.

"So it 's the good doctor ye 'd be after blasphemin' and abusin' and makin' game of! By the powers, ye 'll take it back! Speak one time more, and I 'll make you swaller the lyin' words, if I have to break every bone in your skin!"

There was an ugly look in Ricks's face as he threw the smaller boy off, but further trouble was prevented by the appearance of the second mate.

Sandy hurried away to his duties, but not without an anxious glance at the upper deck. He had never lost an oppor-

tunity, since that first day, of looking up; but this was the first time that he was glad she was not there. Only once had he caught sight of a white tam and a tan coat, and that was when they were being conducted hastily below by a sympathetic stewardess.

But Sandy needed no further food for his dreams than he already had. On sunny afternoons, when he had the time, he would seek a secluded corner of the deck, and stretching himself on the boards with the green book in his hand, would float in a sea of sentiment. The fact that he had decided to study medicine and become a ship's surgeon in no wise interfered with his fixed purpose of riding forth into the world on a cream-white charger in search of a damsel in distress.

So thrilled did he become with the vision that he fell to making rhymes, and was surprised to find that the same pair of eyes always rhymed with skies—and they were brown.

Sometimes, at night, a group would gather on the steerage deck and sing. A black-haired Italian, with shirt open at the throat, would strike a pose and fling out a wild serenade; or a fat, placid German would remove his pipe long enough to troll forth a mighty drinking-song. Whenever the air was a familiar one, the entire circle joined in the chorus. At such times Sandy was always on hand, singing with the loudest and telling his story with the best.

"Make de jolly little Irish one to sing by hisself!" called a woman one night from the edge of the crowd. The invitation was taken up and repeated on every side. Sandy, laughing and protesting, was pushed to the front. Being thus suddenly forced into prominence, he suffered an acute attack of stage fright.

"Chirp up there now and give us a tune!" cried some one behind him.

"Can't ye remember none?" asked another.

"Sure," said Sandy, laughing sheepishly; "but they all come wrong end first."

Some one had thrust an old guitar in his hands, and he stood nervously picking at the strings. He might have been standing there still had not the moon come to his rescue. It climbed slowly out of the sea and sent a shimmer of silver and gold over the water, across the deck, and into his eyes. He forgot himself and the crowd. The stream of mystical romance that flows through the veins of every true Irishman was never lacking in Sandy. His heart responded to the beautiful as surely as the echo answers the call.

He seized the guitar, and picking out the notes with clumsy, faltering fingers, began to sing:

"Ah! The moment was sad when my love and I parted,
Savourneen deelish, signan O!"

His boyish voice rang out clear and true, softening on the refrain to an indescribable tenderness that steeped the old song in the very essence of mystery and love.

"As I kiss'd off her tears, I was nigh broken-hearted!—
Savourneen deelish, signan O!"

He could remember his mother singing him to sleep by it, and the bright red of her lips as they framed the words:

"Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoulder;
Chill was her hand, no marble was colder;
I felt that again I should never behold her;
Savourneen deelish, signan O!"

As the song trembled to a close, a slight burst of applause came from the cabin deck. Sandy looked up, frowned, and bit his lip. He did not know why, but he was sorry he had sung.

The next morning the *America* sailed into New York harbor, band playing and flags flying. She was bringing home a record and a jubilant crew. On the upper decks passengers were making merry over what is probably the most joyful parting in the world. In the steerage all was bustle and confusion and anticipation of the disembarking.

Eagerly, wistfully watching it all, stood Sandy, as alert and distressed as a young hound restrained from the hunt. It is something to accept punishment gracefully, but to accept punishment when it can be avoided is nothing short of heroism. Sandy had to shut his eyes and grip the railing to keep from planning an escape. Spread before him in brave array across the water lay the promised land—and, like Moses, he was not to reach it.

"That 's the greatest city in America," said the ship's surgeon as he came up to

where he was standing. "What do you think of it?"

"I never seen one stand on end afore!" exclaimed Sandy, amazed.

"Would you like to go ashore long enough to look about?" asked the doctor, with a smile running around the fat folds of his cheeks.

"And would I?" asked Sandy, his eyes flying open. "It 's me word of honor I 'd give you that I 'd come back."

"The word of a stowaway, eh?" asked the doctor, still smiling.

In a moment Sandy's face was crimson. "Whatever I be, sir, I ain't a liar!"

The doctor pursed up his lips in comical dismay: "Not so hot, my man; not so hot! So you still want to be a doctor?"

Sandy cooled down sufficiently to say that it was the one ambition of his life.

"I know the physician in charge of the City Hospital here in New York. He 's a good fellow. He 'd put you through—give you work and put you in the way of going to the Medical School. You 'd like that?"

"But," cried Sandy, bewildered but hopeful, "I have to go back!"

The doctor shook his head. "No, you don't. I 've paid your passage."

Sandy waited a moment until the full import of the words was taken in, then he grabbed the stout little doctor and almost lifted him off his feet.

"Oh! But ain't you a brick!" he cried fervently, adding earnestly: "It ain't a present you 're makin' me, though! I 'll pay it back, so help me bob!"

At the pier the crowd of immigrants pushed and crowded impatiently as they waited for the cabin passengers to go ashore. Among them was Sandy, bareheaded and in motley garb, laughing and shoving with the best of them, hanging over the railing, and keeping up a fire of merriment at the expense of the crowd below. In his hand was a letter of recommendation to the physician in charge at the City Hospital, and in his inside pocket a ten-dollar bill was buttoned over a heart that had not a care in the world. In the great stream of life Sandy was one of the bubbles that are apt to come to the top.

"You better come down to Kentucky with me," urged Ricks Wilson, resuming an old argument. "I 'm goin' to peddle my way back home, then git a payin' job at the race-track."

"Was n't I tellin' ye that it was a doctor I 'm goin' to be?" asked Sandy, impatiently. Already Ricks's friendship was proving irksome.

On the gang-plank above him the passengers were leaving the ship. Some delay had arisen, and for a moment the procession halted. Suddenly Sandy caught his breath. There, just above him, stood "the damsel passing fair." Instead of the tam-o'-shanter she wore a big drooping hat of brown, which just matched the curls that were loosely tied at the back of her neck.

Sandy stood motionless and humbly adored her. He was a born lover, lavishing his affection, without distinction or calculation, upon whatever touched his heart. It surely was no harm just to stand aside and look. He liked the way she carried her head; he liked the way her eyes went up a little at the outer corners, and the round, soft curve of her chin. She was gazing steadfastly ahead of her down the gang-plank, so he ventured a step nearer and continued his observations. As he did so, he made a discovery. The soft white of her cheek was gradually becoming pinker and pinker; the color which began under her lace collar stole up and up until it reached her eyes, which still gazed determinedly before her.

Sandy admired it as a traveler admires a sunrise, and with as little idea of having caused it.

The line of passengers moved slowly forward, and his heart sank. Suddenly his eyes fell upon the little hand-bag which she carried. On one end, in small white letters, was: "Ruth Nelson, Kentucky, U. S. A." He watched her until she was lost to view, then he turned eagerly back into the crowd. Elbowing his way forward, he seized Ricks by the arm.

"Hi, there!" he cried; "I 've changed me mind. I 'm goin' with you to Kentucky!"

So this impetuous knight errant enlisted under the will-o'-the-wisp love, and started joyously forth upon his quest.

III

THE CURSE OF WEALTH

It is an oft-proved adage that for ten who can stand adversity there is but one who can stand prosperity. Sandy, alas! was no exception to any rule which went to prove

the frailty of human nature. The sudden acquisition of ten dollars cast him into a whirlpool of temptation from which he made little effort to escape.

"I ain't goin' on to-day," announced Ricks. "I 'm goin' to lay in my goods for peddlin'. I reckon you kin come along of me."

Sandy accepted a long and strong cigar, tilted his hat, and unconsciously caught Ricks's slouching gait as they went down the street. After all, it was rather pleasant to associate with sophistication.

"We 'll git on the outside of a little dinner," said Ricks; "and I 'll mosey round in the stores awhile, then I 'll take you to a show or two. It 's a mighty good thing for you that you got me along."

Sandy thought so too. He cheerfully stood treat for the rest of the day, and felt that it was small return for Ricks's condescension.

"How much you got left?" asked Ricks, that night, as they stopped under a street light to take stock.

Sandy held out a couple of dollars and a fifty-cent piece.

"Enough to put on the eyes of two and a half dead men," he said as he curiously eyed the strange money.

"One, two,—two and a half," counted Ricks.

"Shillings?" asked Sandy, amazed.

Ricks nodded.

"And have I blowed in all that to-day?"

"What of it?" asked Ricks. "I seen a bloke onct what lit his cigar with a bill like the one you had!"

"But the doctor said it was a two-pound note," insisted Sandy, incredulously. He did not realize the expense of a personally conducted tour of the Bowery.

"Well, it 's went," said Ricks, resignedly. "You can't count on settin' up biz with what 's left."

Sandy's brows clouded, and he shifted his position restlessly. "Now I ax yerself, Ricks, what 'u'd you do?" he said.

"Me? I don't give advice to nobody. But effen it was me I 'd know mighty quick what to do."

"What?" said Sandy, eagerly.

"Buy a dawg."

"A dog? I ain't goin' blind."

"Lor'! but you 're a softhorn," said Ricks, contemptuously. "I s'pose you 'd count on leadin' him round by a pink ribbon."

"Oh, you mean a fighter?"

"Sure. My last dawg could do ever'-thing in sight. She was so game she went after herself in a lookin'-glass and got kilt. Oh, they 's money in dawgs, and I knows how to make 'em win ever' time."

Sandy, tired as he was from the day's excitement, insisted upon going in search of one at once. He already had visions of becoming the proud owner of a canine champion who would put him immediately into the position of lighting his cigar with a two-pound note.

The first three weeks of their experience on the road went far to realize their expectations. The bulldog, which had been bought in partnership, proved a conquering hero. Through the long summer days the boys tramped over the country, peddling their wares, and by night they conducted sundry unlawful encounters wherever an opponent could be found.

Sandy enjoyed the peddling. It was astonishing what friendly sociability and confidential intimacy were established by the sale of blue suspenders and pink soap. He left a line of smiling testimonials in his wake.

But if the days were proving satisfactory, so much could not be said of the nights. Even the phenomenal luck that followed his dog failed to keep up his enthusiasm.

"You ain't a nachrul sport," complained Ricks. "That 's your trouble. When the last fight was on, you set on the fence and listened at a' ole idiot scrapin' a fiddle down in the valley."

Sandy made a feeble defense, but he knew in his soul it was so.

Affairs reached a climax one night in an old barn on the outskirts of a town. A fight was about to begin when Sandy discovered Ricks judiciously administering a sedative to the enemy's dog.

Then understanding dawned upon him, and his rage was elemental. With a valor that lacked the better part of discretion, he hurled himself through the crowd and fell upon Ricks.

An hour later, bruised, bloody, and vanquished, he stumbled along through the dreary night. Hot with rage and defeat, utterly ignorant of his whereabouts, his one friend turned foe, he was indeed in sorry plight.

He climbed over the fence and lay face downward in the long, cool grass, stretching his bruised and aching body along the ground. A gentle night wind rustled above him, and by and by a star peeped out, then another and another. Before he knew it, he was listening to the frogs and katydids, and wondering what they were talking about. He ceased to think about Ricks and his woes, and gave himself up to the delicious, drowsy peace that was all about him. For, child of nature that he was, he had turned to the only mother he knew.

IV

SIDE-TRACKED

THE next morning, at the nearest railroad-station, an irate cattleman was trying to hire some one to take charge of a car of live stock which was on its way to a great exposition in a neighboring city. The man he had counted on had not appeared, and the train was about due.

As he was turning away in desperation he felt a tug at his elbow. Looking around, he saw a queer figure with a countenance that resembled a first attempt at a charcoal sketch from life: one cheek was larger than the other, the mouth was sadly out of drawing, the eyes shone out from among the bruises like the sun from behind the clouds. But if the features were disfigured, the smile was none the less courageous.

Sandy had found a friendly sympathizer at a neighboring farm-house, had been given a good breakfast, had made his toilet, and was ready for the next round in the fight of life.

"I 'll be doin' yer job, sir, whatever it is," he said pleasantly.

The man eyed him with misgiving, but his need was urgent.

"All you have to do is to stay in the car and look after the cattle. My man will meet you when you reach the city. Do you think you can do it?"

"Just keep company with the cows?" cried Sandy. "Sure and I can!"

So the bargain was struck, and that night found him in the great city with a dollar in his pocket and a promise of work in the morning.

Tired and sore from the experiences of the night before, he sought a cheap lodging-house near by. A hook-nosed woman, carrying a smoking lamp, conducted him to a room under the eaves. It was small and suffocating. He involuntarily lifted his hands and touched the ceiling.

"It 's like a boilin' potato I feel," he said; "and the pot 's so little and the lid so tight!"

He went to the window, and taking out the nail that held down the sash, pushed it up. Below him lay the great, bustling city, cabs and cars in constant motion, long lines of blazing lights marking the thoroughfares, the thunder of trains in the big station, and above and below and through it all a dull monotonous roar, like the far-away unceasing cry of a hungry beast.

He sank on his knees by the window, and a restless, nervous look came into his eyes.

"It presses in, too," he thought. "It 's all crowdin' over me. I 'm just me by myself, all alone." A tear made a white course down his grimy cheek, then another and another. He brushed them impatiently away with the cap he still held in his hand.

Rising abruptly, he turned away from the window, and the hot air of the room again smote him. The smoking lamp had blackened the chimney, and as he bent to turn it down, he caught his reflection in a small mirror over the table. What the bruises and swelling had left undone the cheap mirror completed. He started back. Was that the boy he knew as himself? Was that Sandy Kilday who had come to America to seek his fortune? He stared in a sort of fascinated horror at that other boy in the mirror. Before he had been afraid to be by himself, now he was afraid of himself.

He seized his cap, and blowing out the lamp, plunged down four flights of steep narrow steps and out into the street. A number of people were crowding into a street-car marked "Exposition." Sandy, ever a straw in the current, joined them. Once more down among his fellow-men, he began to feel more comfortable. He cheerfully paid his entrance fee with one of the two silver coins in his pocket.

The first building he entered was the art gallery, and the first picture that caught his eye held him spellbound. He sat before it all the evening with fascinated eyes, devouring every detail and oblivious to the curious interest he was attracting; for the huge canvas represented the Knights of the Round Table, and he had at last found friends.

All the way back he thought about the picture; it was not until he reached his room that the former loneliness returned.

But even then it was not for long. A pair of yellow eyes peered around the window-sill, and a plaintive "meow" begged for admittance. It was plainly Providence that guided that thin and ill-treated kitten to Sandy's window. The welcome it received must have completely restored its shaken faith in human nature. Tired as he was, Sandy went out and bought some milk. He wanted to establish a firm friendship; for if he was to stay in this lonely city, he must have something to love, if only a prodigal kitten of doubtful pedigree.

During the long, hot days that followed Sandy worked faithfully at the depot. The regular hours and confinement seemed doubly irksome after the bohemian life on the road.

The Exposition was his salvation. No sacrifice seemed too great to enable him to get beyond that magic gate. For the "Knights of the Round Table" was but the beginning of miles and miles of wonderful pictures. He even bought a catalogue, and, prompted by a natural curiosity for anything that interested him, learned the names of the artists he liked best, and the bits of biography attached to each. He would recite these to the yellow kitten when he got back to his little hot-box of a room.

One night the art gallery was closed, and he went into another big building where a crowd of people were seated. At one end of it was a great pipe-organ, and after a while some one began to play. With his cap tightly grasped in both hands, he tip-toed down the center aisle and stood breathlessly drinking in the wonderful tones that seemed to be coming from his own heart.

"Get out of the way, boy," said an usher. "You are blocking the aisle."

A queer-appearing lady who looked like a man touched his elbow.

"Here 's a seat," she said in a deep voice.

"Thank you, sir," said Sandy, absently.

He scarcely knew whether he was sitting or standing. He only wanted to be let alone, so that he could listen to those strange, beautiful sounds that made a shiver of joy go down his back. Art had had her day; it was Music's turn.

When the last number had been played, he turned to the queer lady:

"Do they do it every night?"

She smiled at his enthusiasm: "Wednesdays and Saturdays."

"Say," said Sandy, confidentially, "if you come first do you save me a seat, and I 'll do the same by you."

From that time on he decided to be a musician, and he lived on two scanty meals a day in order to attend the concerts.

But this exalted scheme of high thinking and plain living soon became irksome. One day, when his loneliness weighed most heavily upon him, he was sent with a message out to the switch-station. As he tramped back along the track he spied a familiar figure ahead of him. There was no mistaking that short, slouching body with the peddler's pack strapped on its back. With a cry of joy, Sandy bounded after Ricks Wilson. He actually hugged him in his joy to be once more with some one he knew.

Ricks glanced uneasily at the scar above his eye.

Sandy clapped his hand over it and laughed. "It 's all right, Ricks; a miss is as good as a mile. I ain't mad any more. It 's straight home with me you are goin'; and if we can get the two feet of you into me bit of a room, we 'll have a dinner that 's fit for a king."

On the way they laid in a supply of provisions, Sandy even going to the expense of a bottle of beer for Ricks.

The yellow kitten arched her back and showed general signs of hostility when the stranger was introduced. But her unfriendly demonstrations were ignored. Ricks was the honored guest, and Sandy extended to him the full hospitality of the establishment.

"Put your pack on the floor and yerself in the chair, and I 'll get ye filled up in the blink of an eyelash. Don't be mindin' the cat, Ricks. She 's just lettin' on she don't take to you. She give me the wink on the sly."

Ricks, expanding under the influence of food and drink, became eloquent. He recounted courageous adventures of the past, and outlined marvelous schemes for the future, by which he was going to make a short cut to fame and glory.

When it was time for him to go, Sandy heaved a sigh of regret. For two hours he had been beguiled by Ricks's romances, and now he had to go back to the hum-

drum duties at the depot, and receive a sound rating for his belated appearance.

"Which way might you be goin', Ricks?" he asked wistfully.

"Same place I started fer," said Ricks. "Kentucky."

The will-o'-the-wisp, which had been hiding his light, suddenly swung it full in the eyes of Sandy. Once more he saw the little maid of his dreams, and once more he threw discretion to the winds and followed the vision.

Hastily collecting his few possessions, he rolled them into a bundle, and slipping the surprised kitten into his pocket, he gladly followed Ricks once more out into the broad green meadows, along the white and shining roads that lead over the hills to Kentucky.

V

SANDY RETIRES FROM BUSINESS

"THIS here is too blame slow fer me," said Ricks, one chilly night in late September, as he and Sandy huddled against a haystack and settled up their weekly accounts.

"Fifty-five cents! Now ain't that a' o'nery dab? Here 's a quarter fer you and thirty cents fer me; that 's as even as you kin split it."

"It 's the microscopes that 'll be sellin'," said Sandy, hopefully, as he pulled his coat collar about his ears and shivered. "The man as sold 'em to me said they was a great bargain entirely. He thought there was money in 'em."

"For him," said Ricks, contemptuously. "It 's like the man what gulled us on the penknives. I lay to git even with him, all right."

"But he give us the night's lodgin' and some breakfast," said Sandy.

Ricks took a long drink from a short bottle, then holding it before him, he said impressively: "A feller could do me ninety-nine good turns, and if he done me one bad one it would wipe 'em all out. I got to git even with anybody what does me dirty, if it takes me all my life."

"But don't you forget to remember?"

"Not me. I ain't that kind."

Sandy leaned wearily against the haystack and tried to shelter himself from the wind. A continued diet of bread and water had made him sensitive to the changes in the weather.

"This here grub is kinder hard on yer head-rails," said Ricks, trying to bite through a piece of stale bread. A baker had let them have three loaves for a dime because they were old and hard.

Sandy cast a longing look at Ricks's short bottle. It seemed to remedy so many ills, heat or cold, thirst or hunger. But the strict principles applied during his tender years made him hesitate.

"I wish we had n't lost the kitten," he said, feeling the need of a more cheerful companion.

"I 'm a-goin' to git another dawg," announced Ricks. "I 'm sick of this here doin's."

"Ain't we goin' to be turfmen?" asked Sandy, who had listened by the hour to thrilling accounts of life on the track, and had accepted Ricks's ambition as his own.

"Not on twenty cents per week," growled Ricks.

Sandy's heart sank; he knew what a new dog meant. He burrowed in the hay and tried to sleep, but there was a queer pain that seemed to catch hold of his breath whenever he breathed down deep.

It rained the next day, and they tramped disconsolately through village after village.

They had oil-cloth covers for their baskets, but their own backs were soaked to the skin.

Toward evening they came to the top of a hill, from which they could look directly down upon a large town lying comfortably in the crook of a river's elbow. The rain had stopped, and the belated sun, struggling through the clouds, made up for lost time by reflecting itself in every curve of the winding stream, in every puddle along the road, and in every pane of glass that faced the west.

"That 's a nobby hoss," said Ricks, pointing down the hill. "What 's the matter with the feller?"

A slight, delicate-looking young man was lying in the road, between the horse and the fence. As the boys came up he stirred and tried to rise.

"He 's off his nut," said Ricks, starting to pass on; but Sandy stopped.

"Get a fall?" he asked.

The strange boy shook his head. "I guess I fainted. I must have ridden too hard. I 'll be all right in a minute." He leaned his head against a tree and closed his eyes.

Sandy eyed him curiously, taking in all

the details of his riding-costume down to the short whip with the silver mounting.

"I say, Ricks," he called to his companion, who was inspecting the horse, "can't we do somethin' for him?"

Ricks reluctantly produced the short bottle.

"I 'm all right," insisted the boy, "if you 'll just give me a lift to the saddle." But his eager eyes followed the bottle, and before Ricks had returned it to his pocket he held out his hand. "I believe I will take a drink if you don't mind." He drained the contents and then handed a coin to Ricks.

"Now, if you 'll help me," continued the stranger. "There! Thank you very much."

"Say, what town is this, anyway?" asked Ricks.

"Clayton," said the boy, trying to keep his horse from backing.

"Looks like somethin' was doin'," said Ricks.

"Circus, I believe."

"Then I don't blame your nag for wantin' to go back!" cried Sandy. "Come on, Ricks; let 's take in the show!"

Half-way down the hill he turned. "Have n't we seen that fellow before, Ricks?"

"Not as I knows of. He looked kinder pale and shaky, but you bet yer life he knowed how to hit the bottle."

"He was sick," urged Sandy.

"An' thirsty," added Ricks, with a smile of superior wisdom.

The circus seemed such a timely opportunity to do business that they decided to rent a stand that night and sell their wares on the street corner. Ricks went on into town to arrange matters, while Sandy stopped in a grocery to buy their supper. His interest in the show had been of short duration. He felt listless and tired, something seemed to be buzzing continually in his head, and he shivered in his damp clothes. In the grocery he sat on a barrel and leaned his head against the wall.

"What you shivering about?" asked the fat woman behind the counter, as she tied up his small package.

"I feel like me skeleton was doin' a jig inside of me," said Sandy through chattering teeth.

"Looks to me like you got a chill," said the fat woman. "You wait here, and I 'll go git you some hot coffee."

She disappeared in the rear of the store, and soon returned with a small coffee-pot and a cup and saucer. Sandy drank two cups and a half, then he asked the price.

"Price?" repeated the woman, indignantly. "I reckon you don't know which side of the Ohio River you 're on!"

Sandy made up in gratitude what she declined in cash, and started on his way. At the corner of Main street and the bridge he found Ricks, who had rented a stand and was already arranging his wares. Sandy knelt on the sidewalk and unpacked his basket.

"Only three bars of soap and seventy-five microscopes!" he exclaimed ruefully. "Let 's be layin' fine stress on the microscopes, Ricks."

"You do the jawin', Sandy. I ain't much on givin' 'em the talk," said Ricks. "Chuck a jolly at 'em and keep 'em hangin' round."

As dark came on, trade began. The three bars of soap were sold, and a purple necktie. Sandy saw that public taste must be guided in the proper direction. He stepped up on a box and began eloquently to enumerate the diverse uses of microscopes.

At each end of the stand a flaring torch lighted up the scene. The light fell on the careless, laughing faces in front, on Ricks Wilson, black-browed and suspicious, in the rear, and it fell full on Sandy, who stood on high and harangued the crowd. It fell on his broad, straight shoulders and on his shining tumbled hair; but it was not the light of the torch that gave the brightness to his eyes and the flush to his cheek. His head was throbbing, but he felt a curious sense of elation. He felt that he could stand there and talk the rest of his life. He made the crowd listen, he made it laugh, he made it buy. He told stories and sang songs, he coaxed and persuaded, until only a few microscopes were left and the old cigar-box was heavy with silver.

"Step right up and take a look at a fly's leg! Every one ought to have a microscope in his home. When you get hard up it will make a dime look like a dollar, and a dollar like a five-dollar gold piece. Step right up! I ain't kiddin' you. Five cents for two looks, and fifteen for the microscope."

Suddenly he faltered. At the edge of the crowd he had recognized two faces. They were sensitive slender faces, strangely alike in feature and unlike in expression.

The young horseman of the afternoon was impatiently pushing his way through the crowd, while close behind him was a dainty girl with brown eyes slightly lifted at the outer corners, who held back in laughing wonder to watch the scene.

"Ricks," said Sandy, lowering his voice unsteadily, "is this Kentucky?"

"Yep; we crossed the line to-day."

"I can't talk no more," said Sandy. "You 'll have to be doin' it. I 'm sick."

It was not only the fever that was burning in his veins, and making him bury his hot head in his hands and wish he had never been born. It was shame and humiliation, and all because of the look on the face of the girl at the edge of the crowd. He sat in the shadow of the big box and fought his fight. The coffee and the excitement no longer kept him up; he was faint, and his breath came short. Above him he heard Ricks's rasping voice still talking to the few customers who were left. He knew, without glancing up, just how Ricks looked when he said the words; he knew how his teeth pushed his lips back, and how his restless little eyes watched everything at once. A sudden fierce repulsion swept over him for peddling, for Ricks, for himself.

"And to think," he whispered, with a sob in his throat, "that I can't ever speak to a girl like that!"

Ricks, jubilant over the success of the evening, decided to follow the circus, which was to be in the next town on the following day.

"It ain't fur," he said. "We kin push on to-night and be ready to open early in the morning."

Sandy, miserable in body and spirit, mechanically obeyed instructions. His head was getting queerer all the time, and he could not remember whether it was day or night. About a mile from Clayton he sank down by the road.

"Say, Ricks," he said abruptly; "I 'm after quittin' peddlin'."

"What you goin' to do?"

"I 'm goin' to school."

If Sandy had announced his intention of putting on baby clothes and being wheeled in a perambulator, Ricks could not have been more astonished.

"What fer?" he asked in genuine doubt.

"'Cause I want to be the right sort," burst out Sandy, passionately. "This ain't the way you get to be the right sort."

Ricks surveyed him contemptuously. "Look-a here, are you comin' along of me or not?"

"I can't," said Sandy, weakly.

Ricks shifted his pack, and with never a parting word or a backward look he left his business partner of three months lying by the roadside, and tramped away in the darkness.

Sandy started up to follow him; he tried to call, but he had no strength. He lay with his face on the road and talked. He knew there was nobody to listen, but still he kept on, softly talking about microscopes and pink soap, crying out again and again that he could n't ever speak to a girl like that.

After a long while somebody came. At first he thought he must have gone back to the land behind the peat-flames, for it was a great black witch who bent over him, and he instinctively felt about in the grass for the tender, soft hand which he used to press against his cheek. He found instead the hand of the witch herself, and he drew back in terror.

"Fer de Lawd sake, honey, what 's de matter wif you?" asked a kindly voice. Sandy opened his eyes. A tall old negro woman bent over him, her head tied up in a turban, and a shawl about her shoulders.

"Did you git runned over?" she asked, peering down at him anxiously.

Sandy tried to explain, but it was all the old mixture of soap and microscopes and never being able to speak to her. He knew he was talking at random, but he could not say the things he thought.

"Where 'd you come from, boy?"

"Curragh Chase, Limerick," murmured Sandy.

"'Fore de Lawd, he 's done been cunjered!" cried the old woman, aghast. "I 'll git it outen of you, chile. You jus' come home wif yer Aunt Melvy; she 'll take keer of you. Put yer arm on my shoulder; dat 's right. Don't you mind where you gwine at. I got yer bundle. It ain't fur. Hit 's dat little house a-hangin' on de side of de hill. Dey calls it 'Who 'd 'a' Thought It,' 'ca'se you nebber would 'a' thought of puttin' a house dere. Dat 's right; lean on yer mammy. I 'll git dem old cunjers outen you."

Thus encouraged and supported, Sandy

stumbled on through the dark, up a hillside that seemed never to end, across a bridge, then into a tiny log cabin, where he dropped exhausted.

Off and on during the night he knew that there was a fire in the room, and that strange things were happening to him. But it was all so queer and unnatural that he did not know where the dreams left off and the real began. He was vaguely conscious of his left foot being tied to the right bedpost, of a lock of his hair being cut off and burned on the hearth, and of a low monotonous chant that seemed to rise and fall with the flicker of the flames. And when he cried out with the pain in his sleep, a kindly black face bent over him, and the chant changed into a soothing murmur:

"Nebber you min', sonny; Aunt Melvy gwine git dem cunjers out. She gwine stay by you. You hol' on to her han', an' go to sleep; she 'll git dem old cunjers out."

(To be continued)

THE NEW METHOD OF PURIFYING WATER

BY GILBERT H. GROSVENOR

MAN would seem to have at last discovered an effective weapon against typhoid fever, Asiatic cholera, and similar merciless scourges which invade our intestinal and digestive organs through polluted water. It is yet too soon to declare positively that we shall exterminate these dread diseases, but we have good reason to believe that we shall be able to drive them out of cities and towns, and camps and prisons, and wherever men are living herded close together. The weapon is not of steel or iron, but copper, the most convenient form being the common compound of copper and sulphur known as blue vitriol, copper sulphate. Every school laboratory contains some beautiful blue crystals of copper sulphate. Every schoolboy for generations has dabbled with these blue crystals, or has watched his teacher use them for ordinary class-room experiments. And yet who would have imagined that a pinch of these crystals dissolved in the water-tank in the attic, or in the cistern or well, would kill any typhoid germs that might be lurking there; that its use would insure healthful drinking-water in a crowded military camp; that it would exterminate malaria- and yellow-fever-carrying mosquitos in stagnant pools and swamps by destroying the vegetable organisms on which the mosquito larvæ feed; that it would, in a few hours, make the water of an evil-smelling and foul-looking city reservoir, containing billions of gallons of water, clean and sweet; and that the amount of copper that accomplishes all this is so small that while it kills the bacteria in the water it does not make the drinking-water poisonous or injurious to the human system?

It has been known for a long time that copper destroys bacteria, but the metal has not been much used heretofore for the purpose, because scientists have generally believed that the dose required to kill the bacteria must be very concentrated—so concentrated, in fact, that it would poison the water. Dr. George T. Moore has now announced, with the authority of the United States government behind him,[1] that he has discovered how to get the good effect of copper without any dangerous result; that he has a way of using copper so diluted that it cannot hurt a baby, and yet so active that it will destroy virulent cholera and typhoid bacilli in four or five hours.

Few announcements in recent years have been more important and will bring greater health and happiness to mankind. At least half the population of civilized

[1] Bulletin No. 64, Bureau of Plant Industry; B. T. Galloway, chief; Albert F. Woods, chief pathologist and physiologist.

countries depends on stored water. The suffering and disease that are inevitable when our city water-supplies become contaminated are only too well known. We remember all too vividly the horrors of the Ithaca and Butler epidemics of typhoid. A remedy against the repetition of such ghastly experiences will be one of the greatest blessings science can bestow.

Dr. Moore was graduated at Harvard in 1895. For several years past he has been a member of the brilliant scientific corps of the Department of Agriculture, being the director of the Laboratory of Plant Physiology in the office of the chief pathologist and physiologist, Bureau of Plant Industry. He is the same man who perfected a means of inoculating sterile ground and making it bring forth fruit in abundance.[1]

One of the most difficult problems with which our cities and towns have to contend is how to keep the water in the reservoirs pure and sweet. With the water in a new reservoir there is, of course, little trouble, but when the reservoir becomes several years old, the battle begins. However vigilant and careful the water-engineer may have been to keep out all impurities, the water begins to smell, and soon stinks and tastes horribly. The horses refuse it in the watering-troughs; the people not only cannot drink it, but cannot even wash in it. The smell varies with the season and locality. It may be of the dried-fish, pig-pen, rotten-eggs, cucumber, geranium, or crushed-violet variety. There is not a section of the United States which does not, at some time of the year, have trouble with its water. At times the odor has been so bad that the authorities have dragged the bottom for a dead body, or they have been obliged to shut off the water for months at a time. I quote the following accounts at random from among the hundreds of complaints sent to the Department of Agriculture by city officials.

From Massachusetts: "The odor was so bad that it would be almost impossible to take it as far as the mouth to taste it. Horses refused it at the street watering-troughs, and dogs fled from it."

From New York: "Strong, fishy odor and taste, also odor of smartweed. Popular complaint was dead fish in water-mains. Very rank. Water smelled bad, particularly when warmed. Tasted bad, but not injurious to health. Looked better than tasted or smelled."

From New Jersey: "Have seen *Uroglena* so abundant that an odor could be plainly detected one third of a mile away."

From Indiana: "The growth increased to such an extent that we were compelled to cement the bottom and five feet up the sides. It was as dense as a field of clover in June.

"Taste was said by the people to be woody or fishy, like rotten wood or decayed fish. At one time the report got out that the body of a missing man had been found in the reservoir."

From Kentucky: "The odor was so strong that we had to discontinue sprinkling the streets and lawns."

From Montana: "We have spent $1,000,000 during the last five years in trying to keep our reservoir clean, but, nevertheless, the water is so bad that we have had to shut off the supply each year from June to December."

Naturally the public become indignant and much alarmed for their health, and a great hue and cry is raised about the bad management of their officers; whereas, as a matter of fact, the engineers are not to blame. The smell is caused by vegetable matter in the water (algæ), which enters in some inexplicable way and thrives in quiescent water. Hundreds of water-supply systems in the United States have been rendered unfit for use by this cause alone.

The Department of Agriculture and State and municipal authorities have tried many different expedients to get rid of the algæ. Sometimes the authorities have spent thousands of dollars building a roof over the reservoir, as the algæ will not grow in the dark; but in the case of very large reservoirs the enormous cost prohibits a roof. They have pumped air into the reservoir; they have tried to filter out the algæ, to take them out by skimming, to precipitate them with alum; or they have emptied the reservoir, cleaned it, and put in a cement bottom,—all of no avail. One city employed a man to spend his whole time in skimming its reservoir, but the fishy smell grew worse all the time. One city in New England asked permission of its State legislature to abandon its $2,750,000 reservoir and to build another costing about $4,000,-

[1] See THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for October, 1904, page 831.

000, in an attempt to keep out algæ. Another spent millions of dollars in the removal of earth and the substitution of gravel at the bottom of an immense new reservoir.

These facts will give the reader some idea of the great nuisance, discomfort, and expense caused by algæ in water-supply systems in the United States. European cities have similar experiences. Recently Dr. Moore determined to attack the problem from a new standpoint,—from a physiological aspect,—and to try to discover a substance which, because of its extreme toxic effect upon the algæ, would absolutely prevent their growth in the reservoirs.

WHAT ARE ALGÆ?

PROBABLY few people know what algæ are. They must not be confused with the eel-grass, pickerel-weed, water-plantains, etc., which are commonly found in reservoirs and are most apt to attract attention. Unlike algæ, these plants have a definite stem, with roots and leaves, and usually produce flowers. Then there is the duck-meat, or *Lemna*, often seen floating on the surface. But these are not algæ, and are not responsible for the bad odors and taste of water.

Algæ are flowerless plants, or cryptogams. Though almost invariably found in water or in very damp places, they have been little studied, because they have no economic value, but it is among these aquatic forms that botanists locate the ancestors of the entire vegetable kingdom. Here we find the largest plants known in nature, at least so far as length is concerned, a Pacific coast form being unquestionably from seven hundred to eight hundred feet in length, while others have been reported from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred feet long. The algæ also include the largest single-celled plants at present recognized, some of the tubular forms often extending for several feet without a distinct cross-wall, while others (those of isodiametric shape) are as large as a golf-ball. Familiar salt-water algæ are the brown kelps and wracks so common along the northern coast, as well as the smaller, more delicate red forms which have been so popular in the adornment of Christmas cards, calendars, etc.

There are hundreds of species of fresh-water algæ, but only about a dozen varieties which give trouble in our water-supply reservoirs. The thick, spongy layer that gathers on stagnant pools and is popularly called frog-spawn or pond-scum is one kind of algæ, but, as a rule, the algæ which cause the bad taste and smell of water-supply systems are the minute and almost invisible forms of which perhaps the best known are the blue-green algæ. Though the individual plants are invisible to the naked eye, there are so many thousands of them in each cubic centimeter of water in a polluted reservoir (as many as 50,000 to the cubic centimeter have been counted) that the water has a greenish, slimy look and gives everything a disagreeable green stain. Each tiny organism secretes a bit of sharp and penetrating oil; when this oil is liberated by the death and decay of the cell, or the breaking of the oil-sacs, the stench begins. The usual color of the algæ is blue-green, but it may be olive, yellow, and brown, chocolate or purplish red. Algæ are of very simple structure and of many designs, varying from a wheel to a glass marble or a necklace. Some of the designs are beautiful when magnified three hundred or five hundred times.

For instance, a *Uroglena* colony, the most common and troublesome form of algæ found in New England and in the North Atlantic States, when magnified, looks like a colorless glass marble with a lot of small greenish dots scattered over it. Each green dot is an individual cell; each has a pair of whiskers of unequal length sticking out from the surface. These whiskers are constantly lashing about and thus keep the ball revolving and swimming through the water. If the water is absolutely quiet, the *Uroglena* colonies are not offensive; but as soon as the water becomes disturbed by pumping or by being drawn off, the tiny sacs of oil are broken and the foul smell begins.

The rapidity with which the algæ multiply under favorable conditions is marvelous. Most of them consist of a single cell, and multiply by merely dividing into two cells like the parent.

Dr. Moore obtained specimens of algæ from all parts of the country and in his laboratory tried the effects of different substances on them. His aim was to discover a substance that would poison the algæ and yet that would not harm the water and that would be cheap. Free

chlorin and sulphur dioxid at dilutions of 1 to 1000 or 10,000 destroy many forms of algæ, but both substances are very injurious to animal life. Silver is exceedingly effective, but its cost is prohibitive. Mercury and lead are, of course, out of the question, and zinc requires too high a concentration to be practicable. It is not necessary to describe in detail the many substances tried and found wanting. Suffice it to say that Dr. Moore found that copper sulphate, familiarly known as blue vitriol, possessed exactly the virtues he required. Tests showed that a very little of this substance will destroy all algæ organisms in a small tank in a few hours and absolutely prevent their recurrence; it dissolves so easily and thoroughly in water that every bit of the copper which does the poisoning is freed to act immediately. This compound proved, in fact, such a willing and facile distributer of the copper, as weak solutions as 1 part copper to 10,000,000 or 50,000,000 parts of water being powerful enough to kill most of the algæ forms, that Dr. Moore thought it might be used to relieve the farmers of Virginia and other Southern States who were complaining that their beds of water-cress were being smothered by a species of algæ. The cress sells in winter for from $10 to $20 a barrel, and formerly had been a profitable crop. By dissolving small quantities of the copper sulphate among the cress-beds,—1 part copper to 50,000,000 parts water,—he poisoned the algæ weeds and brought about their complete disappearance. But the cress was unharmed. By one of the mysterious conditions of nature, the copper, spreading through the water, attacked and destroyed one vegetable organism, the algæ, but was powerless to affect another vegetable organism, the cress.

At this time there came to Chief Pathologist Woods's notice the trouble of a small town in Kentucky. At much expense, several years before, the town had built an elaborate water-supply system, but it had continual difficulty with the water. Dr. Moore visited the reservoir and found the water packed with anabæna organisms, as many as 7000 filaments to the cubic centimeter. A colony of anabæna when enlarged several hundred times look like a bracelet of small green stones with larger yellow stones set in at intervals. The water smelled like a pig-pen, and tasted to match, and was of a slimy, greenish color. The reservoir was not a large one, being of about 25,000,000 gallons capacity—just what was wanted for the first test. As the algæ were so dense, he decided to give the rather strong dose of 1 to 4,000,000. The experiment was made in July, 1903.

The only apparatus required was some coarse sacks and a rowboat. About 200 pounds of the blue vitriol were placed in the sacks and hung from the stern of the boat. Then the boat was rowed up and down, backward and forward across the reservoir for several hours, covering every part of the surface in order that the copper should be evenly distributed. The crystals were soon dissolved, and the party returned to the shore. Dr. Moore knew that the small amount of copper used was so thoroughly distributed that it could not make the water dangerous to drink; but would it be strong enough to destroy the foul-smelling plants in the water? At first the smell grew worse, but he was not particularly alarmed, as he had expected that the commotion made in the water would break up many of the tiny oil-sacs and liberate the oil. At the end of twenty-four hours the greenish color began to disappear; at the end of forty-eight hours the green was entirely gone and the surface was clear, but the water had a light-brown tinge due to the dead organisms held in suspension. At the end of the third day the water was clear, sweet, and completely cured of the disagreeable smell and taste. Tests showed that there was not an anabæna left. To make sure that the copper had not poisoned the water, Dr. Moore tested it a few hours after the dose was applied and found no trace of the copper remaining.

It cost $12.50 to purify the reservoir, the only item of expense being the blue vitriol, which costs about six or seven cents a pound. The town, which had been spending thousands of dollars each year ineffectually, has had no further trouble.

After this successful experiment Dr. Moore attacked larger reservoirs, with equal success. In the fall of 1903 he sterilized a basin of 600,000,000 gallons in Massachusetts, formerly a part of the water-supply system of Boston. At that time the water contained 10,000 organisms to the cubic centimeter. After the treatment he could not discover a single organism. This year only from 30 to 60 to the centimeter

were found, and a very slight dose has killed these. The largest reservoirs in the world can be treated in the same way. When a very large surface has to be covered, it is better to use several boats, or perhaps a small launch, in order that every part of the reservoir may be evenly treated. The treatment costs from 50 to 60 cents per million gallons. July is the best month to kill algæ: the organisms are then, so to speak, most relaxed, as they have not yet formed their spores and hardened themselves for the winter. All algæ are not equally sensitive to the solution, so that the strength of the dose varies with the different species.

Of course some people will object to this method of purifying their drinking-water. They do not like copper in their drinking-water, and they do not like to think of the dead algæ remaining in it. I wonder if these objectors know that one can of peas contains more copper than 330 gallons of water that have been sterilized by the 1 to 1,000,000 solution, the strongest dose ever used to get rid of algæ. As a matter of fact, the copper goes out of solution very quickly. Part of it is absorbed by the algæ; part of it unites with the carbonate or hydrate in the water, also forming an insoluble precipitate. Sometimes it is advisable, when the water is in constant use and people are exceptionally timid, or if there is an excessive amount of organic acid in the water, to add lime to help precipitate the copper; this precaution is, however, rarely necessary, as almost all water is able to absorb instantly the minute amount of copper in the dose. Those who do not like the idea of the dead algæ remaining in the reservoir should consider that most of the dead organisms by combining with the copper become insoluble and sink to the bottom, where they are as harmless as the sands on the river-bottom; or they form scum on the surface, which may be skimmed off. Even without treatment the dead organisms would be there, and many more of them at the end of the season.

The most common evil afflicting the towns had thus been cured, but another remained, not so prevalent, but far more dangerous and dreaded. The water may gush from the tap with sparkling purity and of delicious softness of taste and yet be saturated with insidious microscopic germs dealing disease and death broadcast. Somebody living in the watershed which feeds the reservoir has typhoid fever. He contaminates the spring on his farm; the spring carries the germs down the stream and into the city reservoir; soon millions of colonies of typhoid bacilli are thriving apace in the reservoir, waiting to be forwarded in the water-pipes to every family in the town. Such has been the origin of nearly all great urban epidemics of typhoid.

The sensitiveness of the little algæ organisms to the faintest trace of copper had been so repeatedly demonstrated that it occurred to Dr. Moore that possibly the same treatment might destroy disease bacteria—typhoid, cholera—in our city water-supplies. All bacteria are vegetable organisms. They are closely related to algæ, but are much more minute and simpler than the algæ which cause offense in reservoirs.

A magnified typhoid bacillus looks like a colorless little rod with a lot of hairs sticking out all over it. The hairs act as fins and propel it about. A typhoid bacillus in twenty-four hours will multiply into millions of bacilli. It can exist for months in a cake of ice, and then when the ice melts becomes active and dangerous again.

The germs were subjected to copper-sulphate solutions of varying concentrations, under varying temperatures and for varying lengths of time. Tests made in test-tubes and in large tanks proved that the most virulent colonies of typhoid and cholera germs can be exterminated in four or five hours at room temperature, which is about the temperature of a reservoir in summer, by using a solution of 1 part copper to 100,000 parts of water. The solution is tasteless, colorless, and harmless. But this was not conclusive. In test-tubes and tanks we make our own conditions: we have definite and known equations which we are not apt to meet in a large reservoir holding millions of gallons.

It was therefore with considerable uncertainty that Dr. Moore attempted, in answer to the appeal of a city in the Middle West whose water had become infected with typhoid, to sterilize its reservoir with the copper sulphate. But the dose—1 part copper to 100,000 parts water—proved as effective as in his tanks and checked the threatened epidemic. Though so extraor-

dinarily fatal to the germs, the amount of copper used was so little that when dissolved in the reservoir it was colorless and could not be discerned by the most sensitive taster. Other large reservoirs have been cleared of typhoid germs in the same way, so that *we can assert positively that hereafter people living in towns and cities can be protected from the scourge of disease-infected water by the copper treatment.* The cost of the treatment is ridiculously small, ranging from fifty cents to three dollars per million gallons. Usually a much weaker dose than 1 to 100,000 is effective.

The public must not make the mistake of imagining that the copper treatment for destroying disease bacteria in water-supply systems is designed to replace or supersede slow-sand and other efficient means of filtration now employed. It is intended to supplement these methods. Filtration is usually effective, but many times cannot be used. The method is so expensive that the vast majority of towns are obliged to do without it. Again, there are many times when the polluted water of a reservoir must be purified at once. An epidemic is at hand, and there is no time for slow filtration. Then it is that Dr. Moore's discovery helps us. By his method, in a few hours we can thoroughly sterilize the water, destroying every dangerous germ in it, and the process is so cheap that every small town can afford to adopt it. Heretofore no satisfactory and yet harmless method has been known that would be effective in the course of a very few hours and the cost of which was within the reach of every community. Boiling the water will, of course, always be the most thorough means of killing bacteria, but not one family in one hundred will take this trouble.

After we have once sterilized a typhoid-infected reservoir, how can we prevent the water from being invaded by more germs coming down the stream whence the first came? is the natural question of the reader at this point. We might repeat our dose every few hours, or, better yet, we might suspend large sheets of copper at the intake of the reservoir. The toxic action of the copper sheets would be strong enough to prevent any live typhoid germs from getting in. Of course the sheets would have to be kept clean: any slimy coating on their surface would interfere with the toxic action of the metal.

This leads up to a most interesting problem, the possibility of safely sterilizing water by keeping it in copper vessels. Dr. Moore has found that water, after standing from six to eight hours at room temperature in a clean copper vessel, becomes safe to drink even though it may have contained cholera and typhoid germs. It remains to be seen whether the application of these facts to conditions in the tropics, where cholera is abundant, will be of any value. It would seem that the construction of canteens and other water-vessels from copper might serve as an additional safeguard, if not an actual preventive of this disease, and would prove of considerable value where distillation or efficient filtration apparatus is not at hand.

How much copper a man can take into his system without injury is a disputed question. Some physicians, notably Dr. Kobert, have concluded after elaborate and careful experiments that a man of average weight can consume 1 gram of copper daily without injurious effect. Others have said half a gram daily. This seems to Dr. Moore much too high an estimate, and to be on the safe side he has assumed in his experiments that a grown person can take into his system without hurt two hundredths (.02) of a gram daily. This estimate is universally recognized as conservative. Physicians when prescribing copper frequently give much more than this in a day.

A man would have to drink two gallons, or fifty table-glasses, of water treated to kill typhoid or cholera germs, in order to take into his system two hundredths of a gram of copper, which all admit every one could take daily without the slightest harm. This supposes that the person drinks the water the very minute after the copper is applied. If he waited an hour or more he would have to drink much more than this, for the copper disappears very rapidly, and in a few days has entirely vanished. To get an ordinary physician's dose he would have to drink perhaps fifty gallons of water treated for typhoid or cholera germs. A Japanese, who is the greatest water-drinker of the world, drinks about one gallon of water a day, but this is much more than the average Westerner drinks.

Copper is commonly believed a virulent poison, and there is a deep-rooted popular prejudice against using it in any way by

which it could get into our bodies; and yet how many people, I wonder, know that their daily food contains considerable quantities of the metal? They may be shocked to learn that canned goods, which are so popular, and fish, meat, vegetables, fruits, contain many times more copper than a gallon of water treated for typhoid germs; that even a loaf of bread or a cake of chocolate contains more copper than a gallon of water so treated. But who ever hears of children being poisoned by copper in their bread or chocolate?

One of the most common means by which typhoid fever is spread, typhoid-laden milk, can be almost entirely prevented by using copper sulphate. Milk is usually infected by being kept in pans or glasses which have been washed in infected water, or by being diluted with infected water. If the water used for these purposes is first sterilized by copper sulphate, there is very little probability of the milk being contaminated. But while we can probably prevent typhoid bacteria from getting into milk, we cannot hope to destroy the bacteria by the copper solution if they once get in. The albuminous matter and the fat in the milk prevent the free solution of the copper and fetters its toxicity. A very strong dose of copper, 1 to 300 or 500, must be used to kill typhoid germs in milk, and so much copper makes the milk unpalatable.

Drawn by William Oberhardt. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE OLD METHOD OF CLEANING A RESERVOIR

Since the announcement by the Department of Agriculture of the copper cure many curious cases from the past have come to light tending to confirm this discovery. A physician in Indianapolis has told how, when the last cholera epidemic invaded that city many years ago, the authorities unexpectedly quenched it by using blue vitriol. All the disinfectants which they then believed effective had been exhausted in fighting the cholera, and they were at their wits' end what to do. Some one suggested that they might try the piles of copper sulphate on the dumping-ground.

Drawn by William Oberhardt. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

NEW METHOD—DISSOLVING THE BLUE VITRIOL

To appease the clamors of the public by appearing to do something, they seized upon the waste heaps and washed the streets, houses, and everything with solutions of the copper. The disease disappeared inexplicably, and they had been unable to give a satisfactory explanation until now. The chairman of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts has recalled the fact that during the last visitation of cholera in Massachusetts all the employees of the Revere Copper Works seemed immune. Friends and relatives were constantly falling, but not a single employee of the copper works fell sick. Living in and breathing a copper atmosphere appeared to render the workmen invulnerable to the epidemic. In fact, coppersmiths generally believe themselves immune from disease. A Georgia physician has asserted that appendicitis and other diseases which our fathers never heard of are, in reality, germ diseases, and that they have become so prevalent of late because of the passing away of the old-time copper tea-kettle. This last seems a little far-fetched, however. A traveler from China reports that he has always wondered till now why certain Chinese villages are not swept away by the cholera epidemics; he now knows that they are saved by the copper vessels in which the villagers keep their drinking-water and with which nothing can make them part. He had often tried to purchase some of these copper vessels, but no price would induce a villager to sell his. The Chinaman had a superstition that his prosperity and life depended on his keeping the pot.

The Health Board of New York has reported its experiments to ascertain how currency spreads disease. Microscopic examination of coins and paper showed that almost every silver and gold coin and paper bill carries from hand to hand swarms of germs, *but not a single disease germ was found on any copper coin.* The freedom of the copper coins from germs seemed so remarkable, particularly since we should expect them to be the dirtiest, as they are apt to pass through the dirtiest hands, that the board smeared diphtheria cultures over some of the copper cents and watched the effect. In a few hours the germs were dead, proving that the copper cents possessed some inherent quality which made them shed germs as ducks shed water. Cases have also been reported of typhoid patients who have been cured when all else failed by rectal injections of copper solution.

Inexperienced persons are warned not to use the copper treatment. Like medicine, it is beneficial when properly used, but if applied by some one who does not know the exact conditions of the water, the result may be disastrous. A microscopic analysis is always necessary in order to learn

the number and character of the organisms in the water, and whether the water is hard or soft, etc., so that the dose may be calculated to meet the necessities of the case.

The Department of Agriculture gladly furnishes proper authorities with information and assistance. Under its direction the copper treatment has been used in about fifty different places throughout the country, in each case with invariable success. Among the cities that have already profited by the discovery are Elmira and Cambridge, New York; Butte, Montana; Baltimore, Maryland; and Winchester, Kentucky.

So great, however, is the popular prejudice against copper that many of the towns do not wish their names mentioned, realizing the tempest that would arise among the people were it known that copper had been used to purify the water. "I 'd rather take my chances with typhoid-infected water than with water purified by putting copper into it," is the common cry. This present wide-spread dread of copper is due to the conviction that the least trace of copper poisons the human system. And yet our grandfathers used copper dishes and copper kettles, and they not only appear not to have been poisoned by such use, but to have been more free from intestinal troubles than are the present generation. We have fallen out of the habit of using copper vessels largely because enamel ware has come into the market and is so much cheaper. But all this is not to the point, for the copper put into the water to destroy the algæ or to kill the typhoid germs disappears long before the water reaches the mouths of the people.

In the earlier part of this article I quoted from some of the complaints sent to the Department of Agriculture by cities having trouble with water. Among those who have tried the new discovery, the water-engineer of Baltimore reported in August last on the treatment of part of the water-supply of that city as follows:

> I am glad to say that the result has been an unqualified success. . . . As for any deleterious effect from the use of the sulphate, the city chemist reported to me that an analysis of 500 cubic centimeters of the water one hundred and twenty hours after treatment showed no trace of copper. A close observation was made by a keeper at the lake, and so far as observed up to to-day, eleven days after treatment, the only fish killed by the sulphate have been 5 small catfish, 2 small mullets, and 1 small carp.

The superintendent of the Water Company of Butte, Montana, which for nearly ten years had been obliged every year to cut out of service its largest reservoir from June to December, wrote in July of this year:

> The trouble from vegetable organisms in our reservoirs dates back to 1890, and we have gone to enormous expense trying to eradicate the evil. You can well imagine we feel very grateful to the department for doing in two weeks, at an expense of less than $200, what we have been trying to do for the past fourteen years at a cost of many thousands of dollars. . . . On Sunday, July 24 [1904], the water in the reservoir being absolutely pure for the first time in the month of July, it was turned on to the city mains . . . The copper practically disappeared from the water after twenty-four hours, and no traces were found after forty-eight hours.

The Department of Agriculture has in its service many men who, like Dr. Moore, are striving to solve problems which will contribute to the welfare and happiness of mankind. Beyond a meager salary and the gratitude of the people, they receive nothing in return for their discoveries made in the public laboratories, at the public expense.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

DRAWN BY ALFONS MUCHA

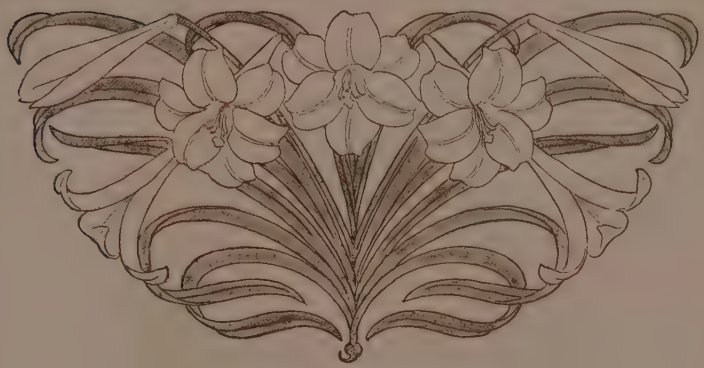
TO A LITTLE CHILD

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Come, let us kiss you, Newly Seven,
Seven times and once to grow on,
For the new year may not go on
Till the lucky kiss be given,
Child of Heaven, newly seven.

Your eyes, so confidently blue,
They were the mother's eyes before you,
And the gay spirit looking through,
It was the mother's soul that bore you;
Therefore, Seven, we adore you.

Her beauty was the gift of Heaven,
And yours, child, too, is godly-given,
For it doth seem to me that even
Thus Jesus looked when he was seven.

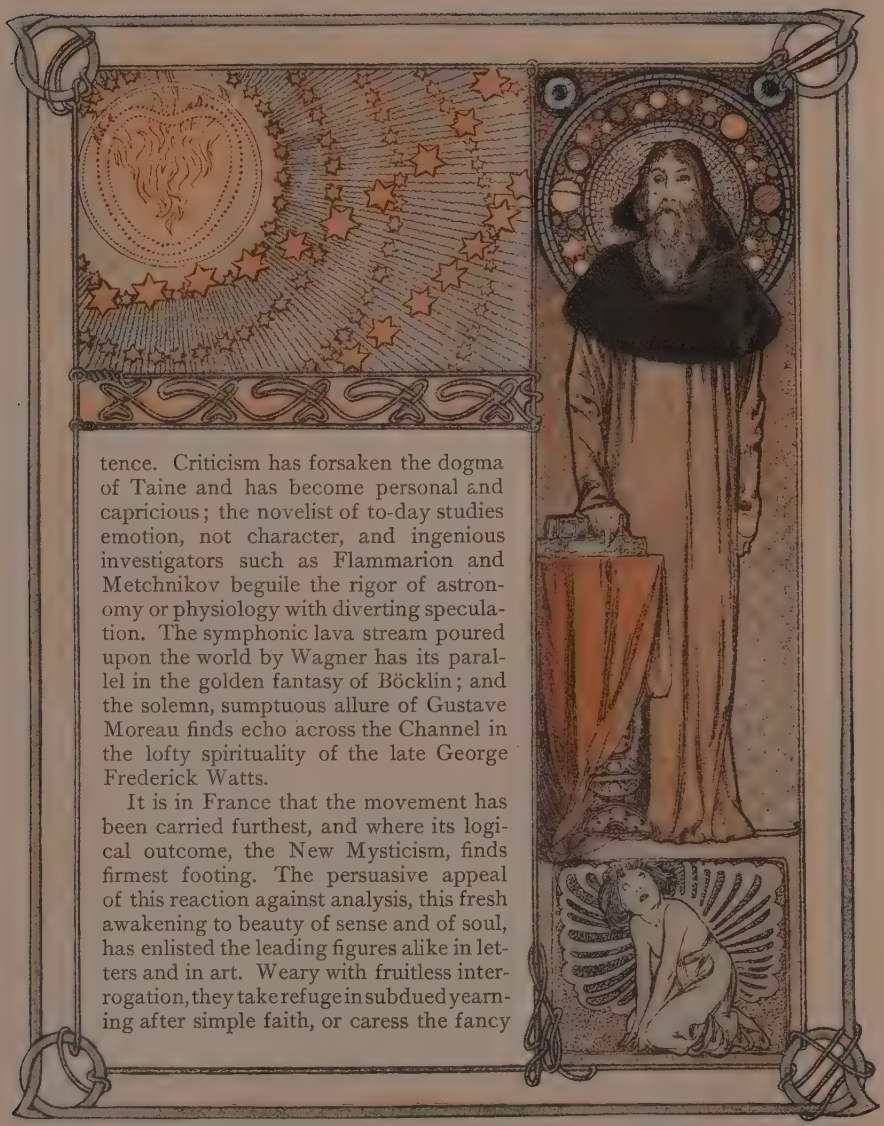


ALFONS MUCHA AND THE NEW MYSTICISM

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

NOTHING is more characteristic of the modern spirit than its complete surrender to the claims of what is vaguely called idealism. The ironic outbursts of Nietzsche, the fervid sensualism of d'Annunzio, the rhetoric of Rostand, and the eager soul-questioning of Maeterlinck, are all protests against the encroachments of science and the increasing materialism of contemporary exis-

Lithograph by Mucha from "Ilsée, Princesse de Tripoli" (H. Piazza & Cie., Paris). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson



tence. Criticism has forsaken the dogma of Taine and has become personal and capricious; the novelist of to-day studies emotion, not character, and ingenious investigators such as Flammarion and Metchnikov beguile the rigor of astronomy or physiology with diverting speculation. The symphonic lava stream poured upon the world by Wagner has its parallel in the golden fantasy of Böcklin; and the solemn, sumptuous allure of Gustave Moreau finds echo across the Channel in the lofty spirituality of the late George Frederick Watts.

It is in France that the movement has been carried furthest, and where its logical outcome, the New Mysticism, finds firmest footing. The persuasive appeal of this reaction against analysis, this fresh awakening to beauty of sense and of soul, has enlisted the leading figures alike in letters and in art. Weary with fruitless interrogation, they take refuge in subdued yearning after simple faith, or caress the fancy

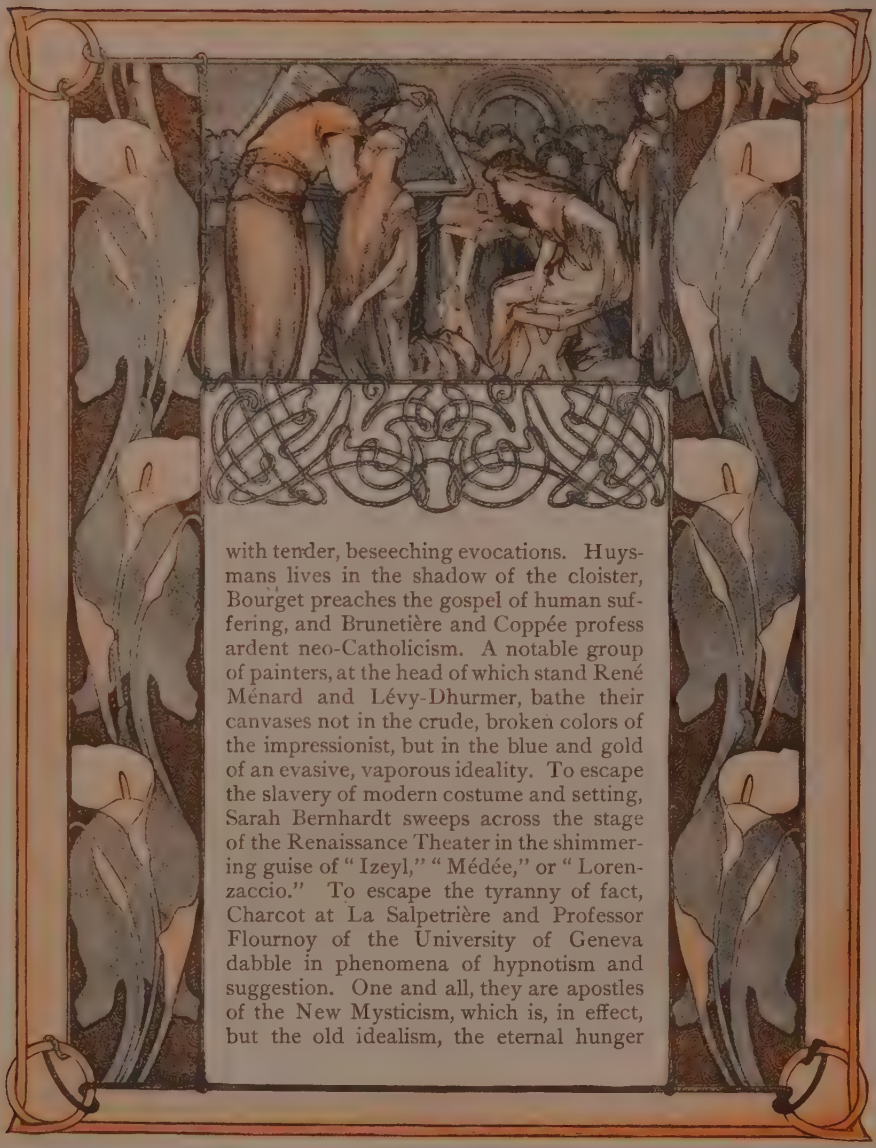
Lithograph by Mucha from "Ilsée, Princesse de Tripoli" (H. Piazza & Cie., Paris). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

Composition by Mucha from "Le Pater" (H. Piazza & Cie., Paris). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"HALLOWED BE THY NAME"

Composition by Mucha from "Le Pater" (H. Piazza & Cie., Paris). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THY KINGDOM COME"



with tender, beseeching evocations. Huysmans lives in the shadow of the cloister, Bourget preaches the gospel of human suffering, and Brunetière and Coppée profess ardent neo-Catholicism. A notable group of painters, at the head of which stand René Ménard and Lévy-Dhurmer, bathe their canvases not in the crude, broken colors of the impressionist, but in the blue and gold of an evasive, vaporous ideality. To escape the slavery of modern costume and setting, Sarah Bernhardt sweeps across the stage of the Renaissance Theater in the shimmering guise of "Izeyl," "Médée," or "Lorenzaccio." To escape the tyranny of fact, Charcot at La Salpetrière and Professor Flournoy of the University of Geneva dabble in phenomena of hypnotism and suggestion. One and all, they are apostles of the New Mysticism, which is, in effect, but the old idealism, the eternal hunger

Lithograph by Mucha from "Ilsée, Princesse de Tripoli" (H. Piazza & Cie., Paris). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

after that which is not, and which may never be.

The esthetic aspect of the movement seems typified in the person of Alfons Mucha. First through his posters and later through his religious paintings, Mucha allied himself with the prevailing tendency, and became, finally, one of its chief exponents. His rightful home is Byzantium, not Paris, nor even Prague. He is less himself in the Luxembourg and the Tuileries than in the gardens of Semiramis or the palace of Scheherazade. The supple flow of his line, his profuse use of ornament, and his passionate lyricism, all coincided with current taste. Like novelist and playwright, he harked back to Italy and to Greece for themes heroic or amorous. Like them, he, too, was a lover of Princesses Lointaines. From the hour his "Gismonda" was paneled on the walls of Paris, Mucha enjoyed undiminished vogue, and for ten years has steadily increased his claim to consideration.

This gifted spirit, who is by turns painter, poet, and musician, is a Tsech, having been born in 1860, at Ivancica, in Moravia. Some beneficent Valkyrie surely blessed him with the flame of art, for his earliest impressions were of form and of color. Before he could speak or walk, he remembers lying in a huge cradle and gazing at the glittering lights of the family Christmas tree. He grew up a bright-eyed, curly-haired youngster possessed of irrepressible vivacity and a pronounced taste for drawing. The child was frequently left in charge of his grandmother Maly, who delighted in his work and often rewarded his efforts with judicious gifts of sweetmeats. His mother, however, wished him to become a priest, so he was sent at the age of ten to Brünn, the capital, where for a time he was a choir-boy in the Metropolitan Cathedral. Yet he clung despairingly to the idea of being a painter, and sixteen saw him at the College of Brünn, caring more for his drawing-lessons than for all the other classes combined. He shared his room with a student poorer even than himself, and from about the middle of each month, when their pockets were empty, they were often in sorry straits for food. Practically all they had was a huge round loaf of black bread and a can of pork grease which the room-mate's peasant family was in the habit of sending. Mucha, being the draftsman, would scientifically mark off with chalk in advance the exact amount of bread to be eaten each day, and the pork grease served as butter.

The youth's love for art was so persistent, and his ability so exceptional, that his master, Zeleny, a kindly, bearded old man, who always arrayed himself in a long cloak and high boots, advised sending certain of his sketches to the Academy of Fine Arts at Prague. Lhota, the Director of the Academy, proved, however, an incorrigible pessimist, and admonished the aspirant to renounce art and become a government clerk. Doubting, but not disheartened, Mucha now set out for Vienna, where he worked some months on the decorations for the new Ring Theater, and finally drifted, penniless, to Nikolsburg. Here he remained a year or more, executing portrait sketches of the townsfolk for five florins each; and here he made the acquaintance of Count Khuen of Emmahof, who became his patron and enabled him to complete his studies in Munich and in Paris.

In order to maintain social prestige, he stopped at "The Lion," Nikolsburg's leading inn. Being both witty and musical, he was invited about considerably, despite the fact that his wardrobe was perilously shabby. At one period his single pair of trousers was in such a hazardous condition that his only expedient was to wear his topcoat throughout the evening, on the plea of suffering from chills. After several public appearances under these conditions, he was surprised one morning to receive a visit from the leading tailor of the town, who took his measure for a pair of trousers and politely but firmly declined any suggestion of payment. Mucha subsequently appeared in the trousers, and was complimented on their color, cut, etc. It was not until nearly twenty years later, when he had become a famous artist, that the sequel came in the form of a letter from Berger, one of the townsmen, asking whether he recalled the incident, and adding that the trousers had been a spontaneous gift from the young ladies of Nikolsburg.

Though knowing almost nothing of mural painting, he resided for several months at Grussbach, decorating Count Khuen's new château. It is true that he afterward studied for a time with Herterichs in Munich, and with Boulanger, Lefebvre, and Lau-

rens in Paris; but none of these experiences offered him anything of lasting consequence. He has always been what he is to-day, a sensitive, instinctive creator of beauty. He studies nature only, and adds to nature a gracious, inventive fancy and a caressing ideality wholly his own.

The two years in Munich, where he was a joyous, irresponsible leader among the Tsech colony, which included Vacha, Brozik, and Marolda, were followed by a sharper contact with reality and by the sting of bitterness and poverty. Shortly after he arrived in Paris, Count Khuen withdrew his patronage, and Mucha, pen-

Lithograph by Mucha from "Ilsée, Princesse de Tripoli" (H. Piazza & Cie., Paris). Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

niless and knowing French but imperfectly, was thrown on his own resources. He lived for a while in the Avenue du Maine, and later in the Rue de la Grande Chaumière, dreaming resplendent dreams and glad to do anything he could in the way of illustration. Vacha was his companion during this struggle, which was not over until Colin commissioned him to illustrate Seignobos's "Histoire d'Allemagne" in collaboration with Rochegrosse. His position was definitely conquered when Bernhardt inspired him to execute "Camille," "La Samaritaine," and a score or more posters incomparable for their suavity of line and their rich, subdued coloration. Yet it is not these hieratic creatures, crowned with the jewels of Theodora and exhaling the perfume of languorous enchantment, that best reflect Mucha's art or best embody his message. His glimpses into the realm of legend and into the mystery of the spirit-world reveal a deeper insight and a surer technical mastery. In only one poster, "Médée," did he offer a hint of that tense dramatic force and that dignity of treatment which characterize the pathetic abandon of "Ivo and Anitza" and the haunting power of his "Pater Noster."

A profound student of history, and familiar from childhood with the myths of southeastern Europe, it is natural that Mucha's decorations for the pavilion of Bosnia and Herzegovina at the Paris Exposition should have been executed more as a labor of love than in a perfunctory, official manner. In order to refresh his memory of costume and of forms floral or architectural, he made an extended tour of the country; but the charm of these compositions lay not in their actuality, but in their flowing scenic grace and their inevitable grouping and arrangement. Two books which Mucha has since illustrated, "Ilsée, Princesse de Tripoli," by Robert de Flers, and "Cloches de Noël et de Pâques," by the new Academician, Émile Gebhardt, rank among his best work, but they both give place to "Le Pater," which, thus far, represents his highest attainment.

The youthful acolyte in the cathedral at Brünn has remained a fervent Catholic, and his art as well as his religion reflect that colorful Christianity which Cyril and Methodius brought long since from Constantinople and Thessalonica. There are echoes of the Slavonic ritual, of the dim beauty of *ikoni*, in his compositions whether sacred or secular, and this element, coupled with an active interest in the occult, gives a sacerdotal, Asiatic tinge to panel, poster, or painting. It had been Mucha's dream for many years to combine these tendencies into a form both esthetic and devotional, and this he was finally able to accomplish in "Le Pater." For obvious reasons he chose the "Lord's Prayer" as being typical in character and universal in appeal. The work is simply a textual and pictorial paraphrase of each successive apostrophe, and rises, particularly in its visual imagery, to an exalted plane of achievement. God is here no longer the benign or wrathful Father, but a mysterious Being whose shadow fills the earth. Nature is personified as a luminous, adolescent giant, and Love descends from heaven in the guise of woman. So long had Mucha dwelt on the general plan of this work, and so vivid and insistent were his conceptions, that the seven principal panels were all executed in the course of a single summer spent at Bréry, in the Juras, not far from Geneva. And yet the zealous austerity of this phase of Mucha's art has not been attended with any loss in simple directness of expression, as proved by the delicately spiritual beauty and charm of the child's head shown on page 216.

In his studio at 6 Rue du Val-de-Grâce, which with its tapestries and swinging censer suggests a secular sanctuary, Alfons Mucha is now working on a series of decorations for the Assumptionist Church of the Virgin in Jerusalem, and also on certain compositions depicting symbolically "The Seven Deadly Sins." He has renounced the poster, and is devoting his maturer powers to subjects possessing more enduring significance. The roses and clematis which lead toward the studio door, and the blossoms clustering in jars about the room itself, show his abiding love for flowers. The cartoons for the church in Jerusalem typify his perpetual theme—the glorification of woman. His art is a sumptuous art, floral, astral, feminine; it reflects with tender nonchalance the fluid beauty of form and the delicately veiled secrets of the soul. It personifies in its every accent the New Mysticism. It has flashed out of a rich, sensuous past, and it beckons toward a dim, enigmatic future.

A MISFIT CHRISTMAS

A MONOLOGUE: SPOKEN BY SONNY'S FATHER

BY RUTH McENERY STUART

Author of "Napoleon Jackson," "The River's Children," etc.

WELL, well, well! Ef there ain't the doctor! At the steps befo' I discovered him! That 's what I get for standin' on step-ladders at my time o' life. Ef you 'd 'a' been a brigand you 'd 'a' had me, doc—both hands up.

I was tempted o' the heathen by these big Japanese persimmons. Here, lay these on the banister-rail for me, doc—an' look out! Don't taste 'em, 'lessen you want yo' mouth fixed to whistle. That puckerin' trick runs in the family.

Yas, they 're handsome, but gimme the little ol' woods persimmon, seedy an' wrinkled an' sugared by the frost, character lines all over its face—same as a good ol' Christian.

Merry Christmas, old friend!—ef it is three days after.

This first shake is for "Merry Christmas," an' this is for thanks for yo' Christmas gif'. It did seem to be about the only one thet amounted—no, I won't say that, neither. They was all well-meant an' kind, an' I 've been o' the edge of cryin' all day, thess to think—although—

But come along into my room an' see the things. Oh, yas; I reckon it was a sort of "ovation" to celebrate my seventy-fifth Christmas this-a-way an' to make it a surprise party, at that.

It seems thet Mary Elizabeth, Sonny's wife, give out along in the summer thet this was to be my seventy-fifth Christmas, an' invited accordin'ly—all the village an' country-side. She jest give it out promiscuous, tellin' everybody thet the only person thet *was n't* to know about it was me—*on pain of not havin' it.* That was what you might call a stroke of ingeniousness. They ain't a person in the county thet would miss havin' an unusual thing like that, an' so the secret was pretty safe-t.

She never wrote no invitations. She 'd thess tell every person she met to instruct the next one. So nobody's feelin's was hurted. She declares she never hinted about presents; but it must 've been in her voice an' her intimations unbeknownst to herself, for not a mother's son or daughter come empty-handed. 'Sh-h-h! I notice the sewin'-machine has stopped an' she might— But I tell you here—'sh!—I say, I tell you, doc, *I can't turn around in my own room.* An' sech ridic— I tell you, *I never was so miserable in my life.*

Oh, of course, they 's exceptions. There 's yo' present, f'r instance. Sech a pocket-knife as that—why, it 's a heredity! I 've got it down in my will a'ready—that is to say, I 've got it codiciled to my namesake. What you say? Oh, no; I would n't have no child named Deuteronomy, the way Sonny an' I was. He an' Mary Elizabeth, why, they offered it through excess of devotional feelin'. I see you recall the circumstance now. He 's named after a certain auburn-haired doctor—an' yet, as I say, he 's my namesake—named something else, for my sake. We jes call 'im doc for short.

Yas, he 'll get that knife, though I hope to season it a little an' get the blades wore down some before he receives it.

It was real white in you to send sech a thing as that. A person might 'a' supposed thet you 'd 'a' sent a fresh box o' porous plasters, or maybe a bottle o' lithia tab—

Why, no; of co'se I did n't fear it. How could I—an' be surprised? But ef I had

been anticipatin' the party, I 'd 'a' thought o' the drug-sto' show-case, an' they ain't never anything appetizin' in it to me. You cert'n'y deserve credit not even to select sech a thing as a hammock or a head-rest, although ef you had, I 'd never 'a' questioned it.

Yes, I got a few head-rests, some stuffed with hops an' some with balsam, an' one poor neck-roll perfumed with something turrible—asafetida, I reckon. I 've laid that out to sun. Mary Elizabeth says they 're good to ward off whoopin'-cough, an' I told her I 'd rather have the whoopin'-cough than it.

Oh, yas; the party was fine, an', as I said, they was a lump in my throat from the arrival of the first visitor, although it was Moreland Howe, an' you know I never hankered after Moreland. I reckon the reason my throat lumped up so at him comin' was the thought thet *even* Moreland had come to wish me joy. You see, he give my emotions a back lick—an' it 's thess like 'im.

He brought me that ridic'lous thing hangin' from the swingin' lamp over my readin'-table in the hall here. What you say? "What is it?" God knows, doctor, an' he ain't told me. I suspicion it 's thess a sort o' *eye-ketcher*,—to be looked at,—although I 'd ruther look at almost anything I know. It 's a thing thet, ef a person was anyways nervous, would either help him or hender him. He might find ease in tryin' to count the red an' purple worsted tassels, or the flies thet light on 'em; but ef he did, seem to me he would come to realize thet there was holes in the perforated paper thet could n't be counted, an'—well, I don't like to discuss it. It 's the kind o' thing *she* or *I* never liked—not thet I 've ever seen its exact match.

The only use *she* ever had for perforated paper was to make crosses for pulpit book-marks—an' I 've made 'em myself whilst she 'd be darnin', thess startin' with one row o' between-holes an' cuttin' each one bigger until the desired size was reached, an' then pastin' 'em one on top o' the other, accordin' to size, so 's the middle would rise up like sculpture. Then they 're fastened on to the ends of ribbins to hang out in view o' the congregation. Now, there 's a useful thing—an' suitable.

You know, Moreland was engaged to be married once-t, an' I suspicion thet this dangle is one of his engagement presents thet he 's had laid away. I 've got a conspiracy in my mind thet 'll rid me of it—in time. I 'm goin' to tech it over keerfully with the attraction off o' fly-paper, quick as spring opens, an' when Moreland sees how they 've ruined it, why, I 'll drop it in the stove—*with regrets.*

He 's dropped in twice-t a'ready sence it 's hung there, thess to enjoy it, although he ain't crossed this threshold before but once-t in three year.

I tell you, doctor, they 's nothin' thet stimulates friendship like givin'. Receivin' is cheap compared to it, as the Bible declares—in other words, of course.

Yes, but we were mighty sorry you could n't come to the party, doctor; an' ef it had been anything but another birthday occasion thet kep' you away, we 'd 'a' made a row about it. Of course the babies, bless their hearts! they must have all the attention thet they can't demand.

I tell you, things are a heap more equalized in this world than short-sighted mortals can discern.

You ain't seen the bulk o' the things yet, doctor. Wait a minute tel I have time to put on my hypocritical smile an' I 'll take you in. We 'll be ap' to meet Mary Elizabeth, an' I owe it to her particularly to be as deceitful an' act as cheerful as I can over it; in fact, I owe it to all them thet took part in it.

I would n't mind it so much ef I could shet my room door an' get into bed an' see the interior landscape thet I 'm used to, but—

'Sh-h-h! I hear her slippers. She 's heared you an' she 's comin' out. Here 's doc, daughter. An' I 'm thess takin' 'im in to view my purties.

So now, I s'pose my popularity is in a manner proved, as you say, an' it 's all mighty fine an' gratifyin'. But after I 've lived with my constituency for a while, so to speak, I 'm goin' to get you to separate 'em, Mary Elizabeth, an' let the whole house feel it. No, don't say a word! It 's got to be done. Do you think I 'm that selfish thet I 'd appropriate all the combined popularity of daughter an' son *an'* gran'children!

The truth is, doc, this has got to be a turrible popular house sence Sonny has been elected school director an' little Marthy is old enough to have a choice o'

hair-ribbins. An' Mary Elizabeth she always was popular. An' I see she 's lookin' at her watch: we 're keepin' 'er too long. I s'pose a watch gets looked in the face the first week of its ownership often enough to lose countenance forever except it knew it would have plenty of retirement, later on. Most ladies' watches lead lives of leisure.

Yas, I give it to her. I think every lady should have a good gold watch an' chain, ef for nothin' else on account o' the children rememberin' "ma with her watch an' chain." An' the various daguerreotypes looks well with 'em. It 's a part o' gentility, a lady's watch is, whether it 's kep' wound up or not.

An' in case o' breakin' up a home, a watch looks well on the inventory. Little Marthy—her grandma's namesake—of course she 's got *hers*, an' it ain't no mean timepiece, neither. It 's got a live purple amethyst on one side, an' the chain goes around twice-t—an' ef the day comes when she wants to take my old picture out o' the case an' put in a younger man's, I 'll be that much better pleased to know thet joy stays with us, along with time.

I wonder ef that ain't a purty fair joke, doctor, for a seventy-fiver—settin' among his troubles, too.

I 'm glad she slipped away. She 's sech a modest little thing—went thess as soon as I referred to her popularity. I would n't 'a' wanted her to stay an' look over my presents with you. It 'd 'a' made me tongue-tied. Come along, doc. That 's right. You lif' *that* an' I 'll pull *this* back whilst I shet the door with my foot.

I tried to open that door yesterday from my bed the way I 've always done, but by the time I 'd got the things out o' the way they was n't anything left to use but my teeth, an' ruther than resk my plate on that glass door-knob I got up an' h'isted a few things on to the bed—an' the rebellion thet came into my heart I 'd like to forget. I 've doubted the doctrine of total depravity all my life, as you know, but maybe it 's so, after all—in my case, at least. I reckon, like as not, all doctrines is true, more or less, in some lights, or else so many people would n't see their ways to believin' 'em.

The way I 've sinned over these presents has filled me with regretful remorse.

Look out! Don't step! Wait a minute! Some o' the children has wound it up. I hear it whir. Here it comes from under the bed. We must 've shook the floor. What do you think o' that, now? Sir? Why, it 's said to be a seed-counter. Jim Bowers brought it. He says thet when it travels that-a-way it 's prowlin' for food an' it craves peas an' beans to count.

What 's that you say? "Did I give it any?" No, I did n't. Not a one. I was too nettled to give Jim that satisfaction. I know it 's some dod-blasted patent thet he 's been took in with, an' he thought thet bein' as I was in my second childhood, I 'd be tickled over it—an' I got contrary.

I really would n't care so much ef the thing was n't so all-fired big. It takes up as much floor-room as a chair, an' I 'm compelled to keep it in sight for a while. Who in thunder wants seeds counted, even ef the fool thing could do it? It 's more like a toe-snatcher, to me; an' I intend to have it chained to the table-leg, a safe-t distance from my bed. I never did like the idee of havin' my bare feet nabbed in the dark.

Our littlest he 's mighty mischievious, an' no doubt he heared me an' you start to come in, an' he 's sneaked in an' wound up— Look out there! I say he 's been in here an' wound up things. That ain't nothin' but a mechanical rooster, but you don't want to step on it. See him stretch his neck an'—did you ever hear anything so ridic'lous! I s'pose I must ac' mighty childish for people to fetch me sech presents. An' yet, I ruther like that rooster. It tickles me to see the way he exerts hisself.

Hold on, doc! That 's on the bureau an' it can't do you no harm. Yas, he 's wound 'em all up, the little scamp, an' like as not he 's watchin' us from somewheres.

Thess to think, doc, thet we was boys once-t. It 's the fullest-to-the-brim of happiness of all the cups of life, boyhood is, I do believe.

Don't start! Thet 's thess a donkey savin's-bank, an' it 'll "yee-haw!" that-a-way now tel a nickel 's dropped in its slotted ear. He 's the family favoryte of all the presents, an' he 's heavy with money a'ready. What 's that you say? "He 'll bray tel he runs down"? But he don't never run down—not within the limit of human endurance.

They say they 're the best money-savers on the market. They 're so ridic'lous, 'most anybody 'll spend a little change to

see 'em perform. The feller showed his genius in makin' the deposit go to hushin' 'em. He knew thet once-t he got started, a man would give his last cent to silence him. Did you ever hear so much sound out of sech a little— An' his last bray is as loud as his first.

Here, drop this in his ear, for gracious' sakes, so we can talk.

Oh, them? They 're picture-frames constructed out o' chicken-bones.

I s'pose maybe they 's jestice in this museum, but they don't seem to be mercy.

It seems thet a lady down in Ozan has been givin' lessons in makin' 'em. Yas, chicken-bones steeped in diamond dyes; an' they say they 's seven kinds o' flowers an' four fruits represented. I ain't studied 'em out yet, but I can see they 've used drumsticks for buds, mostly. An' the neck-j'ints, unj'inted, they 're wide-open perrarer-flowers.

The heads is seed-pods, an' so is the popes'-noses; an' I have an idee thet the chrysanthe'ums an' asters is constructed mainly of ribs. Of course it 'd take a number, but on a farm—

Why, yas; I s'pose it is purty—uncommon purty—considerin'; but in things of beauty I don't like to have to consider, an' the thing don't appetize me worth a cent.

Them gum-ball frames, now, an' the sycamores an' pine-cones do very well. But when it comes to framin' my relations, I sort o' like to put my hand in my pocket an' do 'em store-jestice. An' these nature-frames they ketch dust an' harbor spiders considerable.

Between you an' me, I don't intend to give them graveyard chicken-frames house room more 'n thess so long, an' the only real use I can think to put 'em to is a raffle; so I 'll donate 'em to the next county fair to be raffled for expenses. You see, they 'd be suitable for the flower, fruit, *an'* fowl departments, an' they pleg me, thess knowin' they 're here.

Mary Elizabeth she ain't give no opinion of 'em yet, an' she may consider 'em suitable to frame a couple o' stuffed birds she 's got; an' ef she does, why, she 's welcome. She 'd likely gild hers to match the pine-cone frame round her mother. She 's got it trimmed with a piece of her ma's favoryte silk dress, fastened in one corner by a little pin she used to wear. She considers suitableness in everything, Mary Elizabeth does.

These slippers I 've got on was her present. She worked the initials, an' they 're lined with a scrap o' one o' wife's old wool dresses, an' I like to know it.

That new readin'-lamp? Why, Sonny he give me that. The old one was good enough a-plenty, but it seems thet these new ones have special organdy burners—or no, I reckon it was the old one thet had the organdy burner, an' this one is to wear a mantle, he says. Either one reminds me of *her*,—either the organdy or the mantle,—an', of course, I need the best light now for my night chapter o' the gospel. The little feller—why, he made the stand it sets on, an' the mats was crocheted by the girls. Oh, I got lots of nice suitable things, an' I appreciate everything, nice or not, exceptin' that seed-counter, an' I never will be reconciled to bein' made cheap of. I hate a fool, even when it 's inanimate.

Yas, that 's a map o' the world. Henry Burgess brought that. Yas, it does seem a nice thing, an' I said so, too, an' I 'm glad I did befo' I saw the date on it. After that, I 'd 'a' been compelled either to pervaricate or to fail in politeness, an' it 's always easier to fall on a piller than into a brier-patch.

I 've looked for places I know on it, but it 's either non-committal or I 'm not observant enough. They don't seem to be no Philippine Islands on it whatsoever, but like as not they was n't thought much of then an' they 're secreted somewhere.

I always did like the look of a wall-map,—when I go into an office or court-house,—but I doubt whether I 'll ever fully relish this on my own wall. A clock thet won't keep truthful time always plegs me, an' this threatens me the same way.

Oh, no; that ain't to say a toy, exac'ly—that nigger doll on the mantel. It 's a pincushion; an' the heathen Chinee, why, he 's a holder of shavin'-paper; an' the stuffed cat it 's a foot-rest. I notice it 's mouse-e't at the corners, so the con*no*'ziers ain't deceived.

I see somethin' has stole the hickory-nut head o' the toothpick lady a'ready, an' I suspect it 's the flyin'-squirrel I caught sniffin' at her yesterday.

An' that pile o' ribbins? Oh, they 've come off o' all the things. That was the first thing I done, rippin' them off. They 'd

ketch in my hands so an' gimme gooseskin the len'th o' my spine.

I 've passed them over to Mary Elizabeth, an' she 'll likely work 'em into crazy-patches or hair-ribbins for the girls.

That? Excuse me whistlin'. That 's *whisky*, doctor. An' who do you reckon sent it? Who but Miss Sophia Falena Simpkins, the twin—an' they both teetotalers! Shows their confidence in me. "How old is it?" Well, she allowed it was as old as they are, an' of co'se that stopped my inquiry, but it 's old enough to be treated with respect an' not abuse. Yas, that four-in-hand necktie it was tied on its neck—from the other twin. Yas, it 's the reverend stuff, an' that thimble-sized, hat-shaped glass over the cork seems to stand for their maidenly consciences, an' I won't never violate the hint.

That shoe-an'-slipper holder with all the nests in it was sent in by our chapter of the King's Daughters, each daughter contributin' one nest, as I understand it; an' it 's ornamental on the wall, although my one contribution looks middlin' lonesome in it. Of co'se I always have on either my slippers or my boots, an' when I get into bed it 's unhandy to cross the room thess to put my boots up in style.

The first night it hung there the children all come an' put in their shoes for the night, but that was awkward. They 'd have to come an' go bare-feeted. Yas, the motter is suitable enough. "Rest for tired soles" is about as inoffensive as a motter could well be. An' so is this, on one o' the umbrella-holders, "Wait tel the clouds roll by," although it seems a sort o' misfit for an umbrella. "When it rains it pours" would be more to my mind. Yas, I've got three. "Little drops of water," this one seems to have on it; an' this one says—I never can read them German-tex' letters. What 's that you say? "Expansion for protection only"? It 's well to be highly educated like you, doctor. I would n't 'a' made that out in a week. But do you know it sounds sort o' deep-seated, like as ef more was meant than you see at first? I wonder ef it could refer to politics, some way. "Expansion for protection only." It cert'n'y sounds political.

Yas, they did fetch a ridic'lous lot o' pen-wipers, for a person o' my sedate habits. I never did fly to the pen much. You see, when a present is more or less obligatory, why, a pen-wiper is an easy way out. Almost any shape repeated an' tacked in the middle with some sort o' centerpiece, like an odd button, rises into prominence with the look of a present.

Of co'se I *have* written letters, from time to time, in days past. I was countin', only last Sunday, the letters I 've written in my life, an', includin' my proposal-letter, which I wrote an' handed to her personal, on account o' the paralysis of my tongue—I say, countin' that, I 've wrote seven letters all told; an' I regret to say, one of the seven was writ in anger, an' two in apology for it, so thet they 's only four real creditable letters to my credit, an' one o' the four was n't to say extry friendly, although it sounded well.

That was the one I wrote to Sally Ann, time her first husband, Teddy Brooks, died. Poor Teddy could easy 'a' been kep' livin' along a few years more, ef not permanent, ef he 'd been looked after an' excused from so much motherly cradle service. Of co'se I knew Sally Ann, an' thet she was nachelly a public performer, an' would be readin' 'er letters of consolation out loud to whoever dropped in, an' I composed it accordin'. An' so she did, for she wrote me thet my note of condolence was the most eloquent of all she got—"so everybody said."

I don't suppose Sally Ann ever took a moment's comfort in seclusion in her life, no more 'n a weather-vane. Poor Sally!

But talkin' about this excessive circulation of presents thet 's come into fashion these last years, I don't approve of it, doctor; an' you know it ain't thet I 'm stingy about doin' my part. I 'll give a present, ef need be, an' I 'll even command the grace to take one,—I seem to 've proved that,—but it 's the principle of the thing thet troubles my mind.

Some of our best-raised girls has got flighty that-a-way after goin' to boa'din'-school, where they learn a heap more 'n Latin verbs an' finishin' behavior. Not thet I don't appreciate what they do acquire. It seems to lift 'em into a higher region of ladyhood, I know, an' it 's a thing you can't locate. Wife had a year at Hilltop Academy, an' I always thought she showed it, even in the way she 'd gether eggs in 'er apron, or keep still tel another person quit speakin'. But of co'se they 's boa'din'-schools *an'* boa'din'-schools, an'

them thet fosters idle hands I don't approve of; an' the fact that a parent may be able to pay for it ain't got nothin' to do with the divine responsibility as I see it. The idee of an earthly parent bein' willin' to put up big money to have his own flesh an' blood incapacited for misfortune!

Oh, yas; they give me considerable books. They 've complimented my education to that extent. This "pronouncin'-Testament," for instance, I seized with delight, hopin' to get the real patriarchal pronunciations. I wanted to see if sech jokes as "Milk-easy-Dick" an' "Knee-high-miah" and "Build-dad-the-shoe-height" was legitimate frivolity, but I ain't had no luck so far. I sort o' wonder what kind of a man would aspire to write a Bible-pronouncer. You know sence Sonny 's taken to writin' books, an' we 've had an author's readin' here, I always seem to discern a person behind every volume.

Yas; they 're usin' several of Sonny's nature-books in the schools, now, an' he has mo' orders 'n he can fill, but he won't never hurry. You know he never did. He 'll study over a thing tel he 's satisfied with it, before any temptation would induce him to write about it. That 's why he gets sech high prices for what he does. It don't have to be contradicted, an' no pleasure of the imagination will make him lead a dumb beast into behavior thet 's too diplomatic or complicated.

He 's done some jocular experimentin', —set eggs under inappropriate beasts an' sech as that,—but he ain't had no luck. All our beasts-of-a-hair seem to flock together same as birds of a feather. He 'lows thet he 's often seen expressions on our dog's face thet looked as ef he might be capable of intrigue or religious exaltation, but Sonny ain't felt justifiable in ascribin' motives thess on his facial indications—not even when it 's backed by the expression of his tail.

You ain't goin'? Well, I know how it is, an' I 'm a friend to all the sick, so I won't keep you. Yo' visit has done me good, doctor. I always did love to hear you talk. We agree an' disagree thess enough for sugar an' spice. Oh, yas; it 's been a merry Christmas; no doubt about that. An' the fun ain't fully over, either. I 'll amuse myself with the presents thet 's been adjudged suitable to my mind, when time hangs too heavy. I thought last night thet some time I 'd empty that bottle o' iron-pills I never took—I 'd empty 'em into the seed-counter when it was on some of its travels; an' ef it knew the difference an' spurned to count 'em, I 'd try to have some respect for its intellect.

Good-by, doc, an' a merry Christmas!

Surely, say it again: "Merry Christmas!" That lasts here tel we can say "Happy New Year!" They say our Christmas laughter was heared clair acrost Chinquepin Creek, an' ol' Mis' Gibbs, settin' there paralyzed in her chair, she laughed with us whilst she enjoyed the basket-dinner Mary Elizabeth sent her.

Yas, them are her cardin'-combs. She could n't come to the surprise party, so she sent them to me. Her hands refuse to hold 'em any longer, an' she allowed no doubt thet I might while away my last moments that-a-way. But of co'se she did n't know me. I may be old an' childish, but even ef I was to turn baby again, I 'd be a boy-baby. Yas, I know I could use 'em, but I won't. It 's true I made Bible book-marks, but they was for a man to preach by, an' a housewifey woman set beside me, sewin' whilst I made 'em. That was enough to difference me. Why, ef I was to get so sedated down thet I could set up here an' do feminyne work, I 'd be belittled, an' no man can stand that.

Well, good-by, ef you must. Here, ol' friend, gimme yo' hand an' lemme hold it still thess a minute. So much of our earthly hand-shakin' is thess touch an' go—an' I like to realize a friend's hand once-t in a while.

An' now I 've got it, I want to keep it whilst I say somethin'. Settin' here these long hours sence this blessed Christmas day, which, after all my jocular analyzin', has moved me to tears, I 've had a *thought* —a thought which has give me comfort, an' I 'm goin' to pass it on to you.

Settin' here, amongst my misfit presents, yesterday, mad one minute an' chokin' with laughter an' throat-lumps the next, I suddenly seemed to hear a line o' the old hymn, "My Christmas will last all the year," an' then I was thankful thet my 'Piscopal experience had furnished me a ready answer to that: "Good Lord, deliver us!"

An' then, with my funny-bone fairly trimblin' an' my risible eye on the fly-

catcher, the sweetest thought come to me —like a white bird out of a wind-storm.

Harassed as I was with all these presents, I could n't seem to contemplate a continuous Christmas of peace, noways, when suddenly I seemed to see the words befo' me, differently spelled. Instid of "e-n-t-s" I saw "e-n-c-e," an' right befo' my speritual vision I saw, like sky-writin', "The Christmas Presence"—thess so.

Maybe it won't strike you, but it was a great thought to me, doctor, an' "Christmas all the year" had a new sound to my ears.

Think of that, doctor—of livin' along in the azurine blue, beholdin' the face of the Little One of the manger by the near light of the Bethlehem star! Or maybe seein' the Beloved leanin' on a piller of clouds, illuminin' our listenin' faces with the gleam of his countenance whilst he 'd maybe repeat the Sermon on the Mount from the book of his eternal memory. Think of what an author's readin' that would be—an' what an audience!

An' it 's this Christmas Presence thet inspires all our lovin' thoughts here below, whether we discern it or not.

An' what we 'll get on the other side 'll be *realization*—a clair vision with all the mists of doubt dissolved.

This is the thought thet come to me yesterday, doctor, out o' the cyclone of playful good will thet got me so rattled. An' it 's come to stay.

An' with it, how sweet it will be to set an' wait, with a smile to welcome the endurin' Christmas thet 'll last "all the year" an' forever.

LIEBEREICH'S CHRISTMAS

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG

Author of "Madame Butterfly," etc.

THE HOUSE THAT HE AND EMMY BUILT

"HE 'D be better off," said Mrs. Schwalm, referring to the possible death of old Liebereich.

"You don't mean you 'd be?" grinned Hermann Schlimm.

He had drifted into Mrs. Krantz's kitchen, among the women, after the funeral. No one gave him any attention.

Old Liebereich's wife had just been buried, and they were met to pay Mrs. Krantz their respects. She had been the "next-door neighbor" through Mrs. Liebereich's illness.

There was some strawberry preserve presently, and some "field tea."

Then Mrs. Krantz said to Mrs. Schwalm:

"You had better go now."

Mrs. Schwalm was "next door" on the other side. She would now housekeep for old Liebereich for a week. Then Mrs. Engwein, who lived next to Mrs. Krantz, would take her turn, and so on while old Liebereich lived—which it was thought would not be long. For no one ever went to "the poorhouse" or "the home" from this German vicinage.

These things were so well understood that they were not even discussed at this gathering. But there was a well-defined understanding that the brief management of old Liebereich would be difficult. Mrs. Schwalm rose to go.

"He won't fold his breeches unless you make him," warned Mrs. Krantz.

"And I 've heared," said another, "that he never hangs 'em on the back of a cheer if he kin put 'em on the floor."

Old Liebereich had an odious reputation for this sort of thing.

"You know Emmy she spoiled him."

"If *he* did n't do things *she* done 'em."

"That 's a good way to spoil 'em!"

Mrs. Krantz warned again:

"You got to keep the clock on him all the time, or it 's no use. At six he 's got to eat his supper. You 'll have to push him right in his cheer, and see that he gits things in his mouth. If you don't, you 'll have to clean 'em off the floor. Seven, to bed with him. Yisterday he says to me, says he: 'I ain't no dog-gone baby! Lemme alone! I kin git to bed myself.' But I had him asleep by that time."

Mrs. Schwalm sighed. It was plain that she was going to a house of trouble. But it was her duty, and she would do it, as they all would.

I do not know at what point, precisely, along the pike, east and west from old Liebereich, the "next-door neighbor" obligation ceased. It was very far. Nevertheless, before the year which succeeded the death of his wife had passed, its courtesies had been exhausted. Each neighbor had served two turns, and each had murmured dismally at the prospect of a third. Finally, they all joined in discussing out-and-out rebellion against custom and Liebereich.

Indeed, one morning the doctor, whose business it was to keep the people up to their duties, found an interregnum. He brought Mrs. Krantz from her house to old Liebereich's as one does a detected criminal.

"I 've had three turns a'ready," she defended.

"The man has had no breakfast," said the doctor. "He must eat while he lives!"

"Well, he 'd be better off, and so would we, if he was—"

The doctor stopped her with a solemn uplifted finger:

"'Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

She thought it made no difference that she gave grudgingly. But old Liebereich felt the touch of impatience. And he saw that she swept the dirt into a corner, stood the broom where it did not belong, and left the stale water in his pitcher.

"You git out!" he quavered senilely. "I kin housekeep for myself!"

"Git your other leg in your breeches, or I 'll—"

He did it so suddenly, in his fright, that Mrs. Krantz's humor returned, and she laughed. She was dressing him. He broke out afresh at this evidence of safety:

"I built this here house before I was twenty-one or you was born—I did. My mother she says, says she: 'Bill, soon it will be a man in the house. Don't you think you 'd better git the house? You and Emmy 's mighty thick.' I took the hint. And, on the morning I got twenty-one, here I was! And, begosh, there"—he pointed to the other side of the fireplace—"was Emmy! She and me done it all—together. She drawed the plan. You see them bricks that ain't the right color? Emmy laid 'em! Yessir! With her little hands—and a trowel—and mortar! They are all right except the color. I says, says I, 'Take 'em right out!' But she threw the mortar on me, and it went in my hair and eyes, and she had to wash it out—that 's why they was never changed. And I 'm glad they was n't. Whenever I look at 'em—one of 'em 's a little loose—I kin see my Emmy laying 'em! Well, you never seen nothing as nice, I 'll bet you, as Emmy laying bricks! Old Gaertner made the bricks—out there where the boys swim now. That was all clay once. None of the ground clods like you git in bricks nowadays! It 's too long for you to remember, I expect. You not more 'n sixty-five or so." Then his mind flew back to the cause of his rebellion, and he was all the more angry that he had forgotten it in thinking of Emmy. "And now you want to boss me! I won't stand it. Git out! You 're just a spring chicken."

"You shut up!" cried Mrs. Krantz.

At this anathema he gasped in fresh fear.

"Betsy," he said humbly when he could speak, "you 're too young to talk to me like that!"

"I 'm going on seventy!" snapped Mrs. Krantz; which boast was untrue.

"So?"

Old Liebereich caught the insincerity and turned to inspect her.

"'T ain't so!" he said, with old-fashioned passion against a lie. "You think you kin shut me up that-a-way and I 'll go to bed easy! You git right out!"

"If you don't take keer I will!" cried the exasperated housekeeper. "Let 's see what the Lord says!"

She closed her eyes and put a finger on a text of the Bible which lay open there, meaning, if it were favorable, to take him at his word and leave the consequences to heaven.

But what she read was:

"Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

II

EMMY AND HE WERE NEVER APART

When seven o'clock came, old Liebereich, unrebuked, still reviled her and her housekeeping. For the Scriptures had spoken and the woman knew her duty. She did it. And not a word delayed or hastened by an instant old Liebereich's relentless progress to bed.

Even when he was there he said:

"You can't keep no house! My Emmy kin beat you all! Look at that!"

It was an andiron which had become dull.

"When my Emmy gits back you kin go to grass!"

But the last word was mumbled in the delicious sleep Mrs. Krantz had brought him.

Then Mrs. Krantz humbly polished the dulled andiron, cleaned the dirt out of the corners, restored the broom to its rightful corner, folded old Liebereich's trousers and hung them over the back of a chair, lighted the lamp, shaded it, looked again at that scriptural text, as if to ask whether every cross had been borne, then went out, to return at five in the morning. For old Liebereich was permitted to sleep late. He was no trouble when he slept.

Now, while old Liebereich sleeps, I shall tell you some things you ought to know. In the idiom of the vicinage he was considered "funny," which means only queer. Happiness had made him so, they said. His most constant and odious boast was that he had loved his wife for eighty years. It began, he said, when he was four and she was born.

And old Liebereich did not know that she was dead. Something had dulled his faculties when they told him she would die, and now he believed (as they told him, so that he would not "bother" them) that she was at her sister's in Maryland to get well, and would be home soon. So the curious jerk of his head toward the door by the fireplace meant only that he was vigilant for his wife's return. The neighbors thought it part of his aberration.

But even the little intelligence he retained made out this return to have been logically too long delayed. It was no longer "very soon," as they had at first told him; it was scarcely "soon," as they had at last told him.

And Christmas was coming!

"Do you think she will be here for Christmas?" he asked each one of them.

They assured him of this.

"Then I 'll hang up the old stockings and su'prise her!"

Here, again, I must explain that they had always cherished the element of surprise in their Christmas giving.

You will have seen that old Liebereich was living too long for his neighbors. I must be careful how I put their sentiments into words, so that no injustice be done them. I think I had better say that it began to seem to them like effrontery for him to live on. They said oftener now and with greater unction that he would be better off. And they answered Hermann Schlimm's query (in the second paragraph of this story), when he repeated it, with accumulating anger now.

But you are not to suppose that old Liebereich was made unhappy by the least knowledge of this. On the contrary, nothing of it reached him. He found another reason for their brusqueness. They were simply *women*—and unlike Emmy.

One day, Mrs. Schwalm, wearily responding to his questions about his wife, asked him why he did not write to her. This at least, she thought cunningly, would consume time and give death added opportunity.

Now, in all his thoughts there had never been that one.

"Why, you see," he said, "Emmy and me was never apart for a day. It was no need to write. And," he went on, "I ain't no scholar. But—say—you got any ink?"

The letter was a secret office which he attended to himself. It took many days. But he was very happy afterward, and delivered it to Mrs. Schwalm and Mrs. Krantz, who were to get a stamp and mail it.

"What we going to do with it?" whispered Mrs. Schwalm. "Burn it?"

"No. Open it."

However, Mrs. Schwalm, who was known to be sentimental, opposed this.

"But it 's got to be answered."

This was so. Mrs. Krantz cumulated her arguments.

"He 'll ask for the answer a dozen times a day till you 're crazy!"

"Well, anyhow, let 's wait a little. He may die any day," was the way Mrs. Schwalm temporized.

"You 're interfering with the Lord's business!" chided the curious Mrs. Krantz finally.

III

"VERGISSNICHTMEIN"

So, while they went away with his letter which was never to be mailed, old Liebereich sat by the fire in the fireplace which he had built, and rocked gently, and sang old German songs, and would not go to bed, but fell asleep there. And even in his sleep he was found singing:

"Blau ist ein Blümlein
Das heiszt Vergissnichtmein—"

None of us will ever agree with those old German wives, I think. How could old Liebereich ever be better off — how could any one—than singing old German songs by the fire and waiting for the coming of his wife—and Christmas?

And he got an answer to his letter. It told him very briefly not to worry, that she would be home at Christmas. It was signed "Emmy."

For the wives had said among themselves that God would understand. Just as if they understood God! If He should take him, all would be well. If not, He would find a way.

It was because they thought God would understand that they had opened that pitiful letter of old Liebereich's. He spoke of his loneliness; how he had waited for her without complaint; how, now, he could wait no longer. At the end he told her, with the imperiousness of a husband, that she *must* come home. They read this; they saw the childish blots; they knew where his half-palsied hands had missed the line, then recovered it; finally they read the boyish signature—with dry eyes.

Then they wrote that reply.

I hope that neither you nor I could have done this with dry eyes.

But the night before Christmas arrived, and old Liebereich's wife had not come. Nevertheless, he had no doubt. No one had ever lied to him except Mrs. Krantz. And he had never lied. And here was her letter. There was her name!

They came in and found him reading the letter.

"My Emmy never fooled me yit," he told them exultingly. "She 'll come. Only she 's late a little."

He put the letter in their eyes.

"Don't it say she 'll be home *at* Christmas?"

And I hope that neither you nor I have ever had that happen to us—such a letter thrust into our eyes!

When they whispered among themselves he grew cunning and pretended to sing while he listened. What he heard made him think that she was already come, but was in hiding to surprise him. Something was to happen the moment he went to sleep. And he fancied that they meant to bring her in at that moment. Well, he liked that. No surprise he had ever planned himself was quite so fine. *Emmy* was to be his Christmas gift!

But what they had spoken about was the paleness of his old face, and how he had recently "failed." For he could not sleep now, or eat, for watching and waiting.

And old Liebereich carried his cunning on to a desperate end. He pretended to be prodigiously sleepy. Yet when they would have hustled him off to bed he suddenly and savagely rebelled, stamped his feet, and put them out of the house in a specious fury they could not withstand.

"I kin put myself to bed," he cried happily after them. "I ain't no dog-gone baby. I won't be bossed in my own house!"

But the moment he had closed the door upon them he laughed.

And when he pulled down the blinds he did not know that he shut out their peeping eyes.

But it had made him tired.

IV

THE NIGHT-SHIRT WITH THE FEATHER-STITCHING OF BLUE

HE unlocked the door by the fireplace, presently, and lighted two new candles. Then he got from the bottom drawer the night-shirt with the blue feather-stitching about the collar, and put it on. His trousers lay on the floor.

"Now," he laughed defiantly, "what will Mrs. Schwalm say! Let her say it!"

For you must know that such things as this adorned night-shirt had been banished to the bottom drawer, since his commandeering, as far too frivolous for his years. You will also observe that old Liebereich expected Mrs. Schwalm to see him in this garment and to rebuke him. But it was about this that he was so very reckless. For at the moment of its discovery his wife would have arrived, and then, in his own words, they might all go to grass!

But this obliges me to speak of old Liebereich's cunning plan, or, which perhaps is better, to let him tell it for you as he now told it to himself in the kitchen of the house he and Emmy had built.

"They 'll bring her in that door by the fireplace, all dressed for Christmas. And they 'll all be crowding in behind her to see what I 'll do. Well, they 'll see! Oh, they 'll see! I wish it would be early morning and the sun come through the door. I expect I kin wait that much longer. And mebby the bells 'll ring. They 'll sneak her right up to my bed, and then they 'll holler: 'Merry Christmas, Liebereich! Wake up!'

"But I 'll fool 'em. I 'll hug Emmy right afore 'em all, and let 'em know that I 've fooled 'em! And I 'll laugh at Mrs. Schwalm. So will Emmy. And after that—" Now what *could* there be after that! "After that we 'll just be happy. That 's all."

Meanwhile he tidied the room as it had never been tidied before, and then fixed his thick white hair about his face in the fashion which Emmy liked.

At last he held up both candles and looked at himself in the mirror, and there were pink spots on his cheek-bones, and the bit of blue about his neck went very well with his faded eyes. Old Liebereich wagged his head with the satisfaction of a dandy at what he saw.

Suddenly he started away from the mirror, then back to it. Then he laughed.

"I thought it was you, Emmy. And you looked like that first day when you saw your face in it. Sixteen. I would n't like you to come back looking sixteen, and me eighty-four. No, I ain't quite ready for you yit, Emmy; I must get clean sheets. But we ain't far apart now no more!"

He went close to the mirror to whisper this. He still was not sure that he did not see her there.

And I hope that you and I have "seen things" in the mirror, though, perhaps, we are not eighty-four and have no Emmy.

Then he went on getting ready for her till he was very tired—more tired, he thought, than he had ever been.

Outside Mrs. Schwalm was whispering to Mrs. Krantz:

"No, they ain't far apart! He 's mighty funny to-night. He is seeing things."

At last he was ready to hang up their stockings on the brass nails which had been put into the mantel for this purpose when the house was built.

And, for something to surprise her, he took from behind that loose brick a gold coin. It had the date of 1825 on it. There was a hole in it, and through the hole a narrow blue ribbon.

But now he stopped and his heart heaved.

"It was to cut the baby's teeth on."

After a while:

"We was going to call him Billy if he was a boy—Emmy if she was a girl."

Again:

"But there never was no baby."

And then, at last:

"But there never was no baby."

He put the coin in the toe of Emmy's stocking and went to bed and closed his eyes—to watch. And his last words were:

"Tired—tired—tired—Emmy!"

He dozed and made himself wake so often, and nothing had happened, that he grew afraid and much more tired. And the red went out of his cheeks, and he could feel his face becoming very cold.

He dozed a long time, at last without waking.

Then they outside, seeing this, came in, all those neighbors, stealthily, whispering and going toward his bed. Some one brought a candle and held it so close to his eyes that it scorched and tortured him. But he did not quiver. He woke; he was tremendously terrified by their stealth, but he did not understand at all—he who had never had such thoughts as theirs.

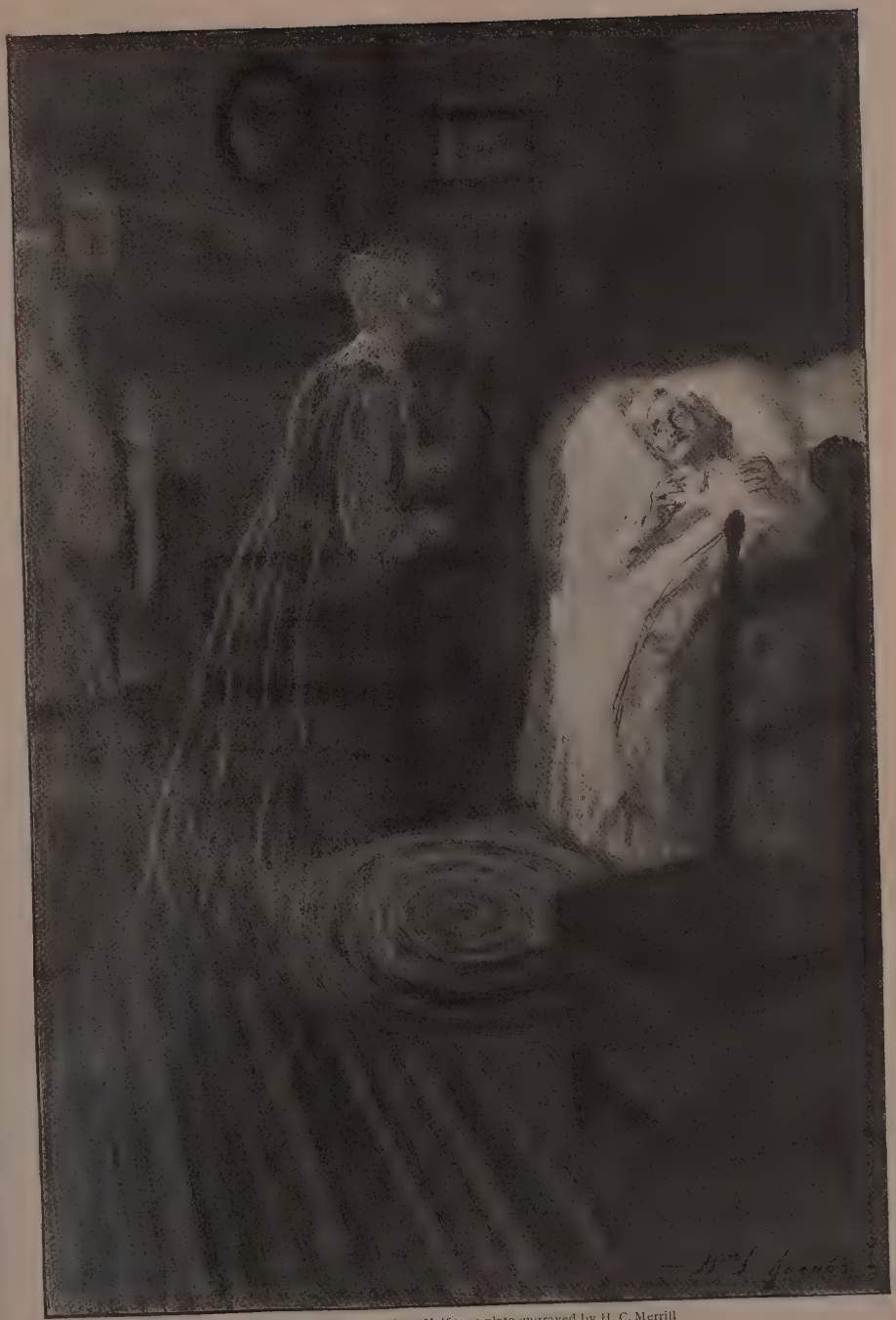
"He is better off," said one of them.

"He died easy," said another.

Then, suddenly, old Liebereich understood. Still he did not quiver. But his heart was bursting.

"I don't know about that," said a wary one.

Some one took Liebereich's hand from under the covers.



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"EVERYTHING WAS QUITE AS HE HAD FANCIED IT"

"'Sh! He 's only asleep," the voice whispered.

Another sighed a disappointment.

"Touch his feet," said one.

This was done, and the same verdict reached. He was not yet dead.

"He still thinks she 'll come!"

There was a laugh somewhere.

"Look at the night-shirt!"

"How long is she dead now?"

They left him then, and he could breathe a moment. They put into his stocking some things they had brought—simple things—at the last a spiral of pink-and-white candy.

But there was no laughter—only silence. Once more they were doing their duty. And once more—for only the second time in his long life—old Liebereich understood.

"It ain't much," said a pitying one.

"It 's enough," said another, crossly.

The last one said—to comfort both:

"He 'll never know no better."

Then they came and looked at him again.

"Yes—only asleep."

Another voice said:

"In the morning, I expect. Often they sleep away."

A doubting young woman said:

"Mebby it just happened now and he ain't cold yet."

But her elders, who had seen death often, only frowned.

Then they went out.

Old Liebereich lay very still. He was icy cold. The feet and hands they had touched would not get warm. He felt yet their cold hands. Two tears stole down his cheeks. His heart was still filled to bursting. Yet he lay quite still. Presently something like content came and stayed, and smoothed the sorrow from his face, and made it beautiful.

V

THE SECOND OPENING OF THE DOOR

THEN, without the least warning, the door opened again, directly in his eyes, and everything was quite as he had fancied it. Like a picture in its frame, there stood his wife dressed for Christmas. And she was well and happy—by the smiles on her face. And the morning had come, as he had wished; for, as the door opened, the sun behind her smote away the darkness, and it seemed as if she had come down to him on those sheaves of glittering javelins. And yes, closely crowding behind her came the very people he knew would come, filling all the door and making a background for his picture. Such a background! He forgave them all at once. For he must have dreamed those other things. And, more,—and better still,—the bells of the little town were jangling out their Christmas madrigal. (You know how dear the bells are to Germans!)

And old Liebereich, too, did everything just as he had planned it. He lay quietly in his bed until they shouted, "Merry Christmas, Liebereich! Wake up!" Then he rose and took his wife in his arms and laughed at them,—in the very faces of them all!—and told them how cunningly he had fooled them. Precisely as he had planned.

And he had two recollections of the moment. One was that Mrs. Schwalm *smiled* when she saw the blue feather-stitched night-shirt; the other was that his wife was the prettiest of them all. After that came the vast happiness—all as he had planned.

For all of this, from the second opening of that door, old Liebereich had only dreamed. But, quite as they had said, he would never know better, for he never woke.

And when the neighbors indeed came through that door again in the morning, with guilt upon them, with stealth, wondering whether he were dead, while it was yet dark, holding candles once more to his eyes, old Liebereich met them with such a beautiful, smiling face that, one and all, they dropped to their knees. And their eyes were not dry.

And I am no longer sure of that philosophy, a few pages past, where we agreed that nothing could be better than to wait for old Liebereich's wife—and Christmas.

Or maybe the German wives are right, and he is better off?

For perhaps he hears sweeter music than the Christmas bells; perhaps there is a more glorious light than the morning sun in that doorway; perhaps the background of his picture is crowded with fairer faces than those of his former neighbors. God knows! Perhaps immortal youth has, in truth, come. Perhaps he does, indeed, embrace his wife. Else what is the use of heaven? God knows!

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS

FIFTEENTH OF THE SERIES

MADONNA AND CHILD

BY

ALONZO CANO

From the original painting in the Cathedral of Seville. See "Open Letters"

MADONNA AND CHILD. BY ALONZO CANO

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: FIFTEENTH OF THE SERIES)

Three Preludes of Chopin

Interpreted by Sigismond Ivanowski

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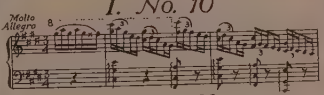

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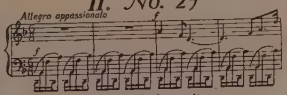

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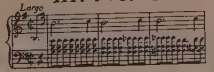


F. C. GORDON

Drawn by Sigismond Ivanowski. Halftone plate engraved by H. Davidson

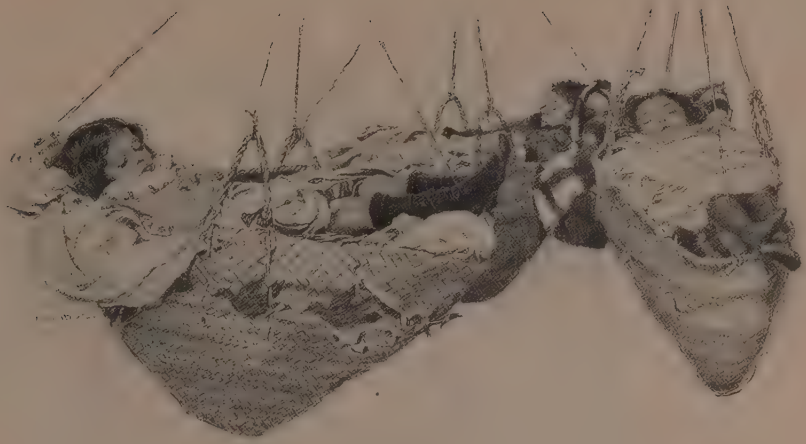
MOLTO ALLEGRO

Drawn by Sigismond Ivanowski. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ALLEGRO APPASSIONATO

Drawn by Sigismund Ivanowski. Halftone plate engraved by H. Davidson

LARGO



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE CAMEL OF JESUS"

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE EGYPTIAN COLONY IN NEW YORK

BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

SITTING cross-legged on a low divan in their home, a warehouse loft, Raq' and his wife Layala discussed their melancholy prospects. It was a cold morning in mid-December. They had been living on ever shorter rations for the last few weeks, and were secure only in the possession of a shelter in this chill, dark place piled with merchandise. Three children, black-eyed midgets, were just now happily asleep, each occupying an embroidered coffee-bag hung from the rafters with spice-ropes. Like birdlings in a nest they lay, lulled by the gentle motion to and fro and the subdued creak of the ropes.

This corner of the loft was tented by a large rug over several beams, keeping the cold air from the precious-laden burlap sacks, that were decorated with symbols of trade or animal figures in crimson, greens, and gold.

Raq' rose from the divan, folded his muscular lean arms, and stared through the cobwebbed window at the snowflakes in Washington street. His wife rose also and placed her hand on his shoulder with speechless affection. As finely erect and wide-backed as he, she had big girlish eyes and tender lips that gave the effect of sympathetic converse when their owner was most silent.

"It is not ourselves, beloved," he said at length; "but I have long desired that our fledglings should be christened. That is it. They have borne long enough the names bestowed by the French explorer while we were digging near Karnak."

"Yes, and the festivities promised for Christmas day. But we shall certainly be

better off next year. Hast thou asked for work at the café?"

"I go all through the colony. There is nothing. The compatriots give me fair words. Can I cook? Can I embroider or weave shawls? Wallah! I am a digger by profession. I have my certificate from the French explorer. It is no use."

"I have heard there are toil bureaus," murmured Layala, patting his shoulder.

"Those I have tried also, and found they were conducted by robbers. I have answered the little sayings for 'Men Wanted' in the newspapers. They do not understand my speech, nor I theirs. I show them the certificate from the explorer. They swear. I swear."

"Ah," she sighed. "It is a country and a season when the white rain comes down and the northern khamsin bites the ears."

"Do not lose heart, my beloved," he exclaimed, kissing her smooth, rounded neck. "I am not discouraged, either. There are big deserts here also, I know,—hot and beautiful deserts not far off. Likewise there must be buried cities where work is plenty. Dost not remember the American explorer who said this land was even more ancient than Egypt,—exaggerating, it is true,—and there were olden cities sunk in mounds and cliffs?"

"It may be so, and yet it is hard to discover their whereabouts."

"I am determined to find them! The compass has but four points. I will ask the scribe, our friend Hanno."

"He may enlighten us, being wise and venerable," she assented.

Hanno at this moment chanced to enter. He was stoop-shouldered from his writing labor, but had a patriarchal air imparted by his bushy white beard that reached to his girdle. A poor man himself, he was the only friend of the family, and had long been nominated as godfather in the christening of the children. His friendship had procured them this home in the warehouse loft, nominally as caretakers.

There was a long confab with the old man, who doubted that any buried cities existed within two thousand miles of New York. Something in that line might be found in Mexico, or perhaps Arizona; but the explorers did not care much for them.

"Wallah-el-Azeem—by the Most Excellent God!" cried Raq', doggedly, "I have heard there are deep holes in the ground quite near."

"These are mines for the hard charcoal," replied Hanno, smoothing his beard. "The Americans dig much in the earth. Not to excavate works of art and inscriptions. They dig only for the useful."

"So! Then what has become of the past inhabitants of the land? Tell me, O scribe, what has become of their pyramids and temples? They are not above the earth. They must be under it."

"Does he not reason beautifully?" exclaimed Layala, with a sparkle in her girlish eyes, dusky hazel of hue.

"Truth and reason are not always bedfellows," quoth the old man. "The ancient inhabitants dwelt in tents, leaving naught to posterity but a few stone implements. They were a trifling red people; they did not build for eternity."

"Oh," said Layala, nonplussed. She reflected briefly. "The Americans are ever tearing up the streets. They are piercing the city with tunnels. Why is that?"

"It is, as I said, something useful."

"Bes! No more argument," interrupted Raq', picking up his woolen cloak, that had been modified from a second-hand ulster. "I know there is a buried city not far away. It is across the water, and a man told me about it, though darkly. I shall go there to-day and ask for work, showing the French explorer's certificate."

"If thy mind is settled, may God prosper thee," said Hanno, after a moment's silence. "And I will gladly translate the certificate into two languages so that it may avail with foreigners."

"Two languages!" exclaimed Layala, clapping her hands.

Raq' was eager to set off. While the scribe made a speedy translation into elegant Arabic and halting English, he smoked a few whiffs of the chibouk and told his wife to guard well the fledglings and not to be alarmed if he should not return for three days. She embraced him and stealthily put a handful of piroks, hot from the oven, in the pocket of his cloak.

The talisman with which Raq' departed on his quest, being translated in other than the scribe's version, read as follows:

Karnak, 1318th year of the Hejira.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I certify that the bearer, Raq', has been in my employ ten

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"POSTURES OF WOE"

moons, and has proved himself honest, modest, diligent, and virtuous. He is more than a digger —he has the soul of an artist, lavishing a lover's tenderness upon the desiccated relics of his ancestors. His pickax has never broken a jar or pierced a papyrus. He is an anatomical expert, knowing how to match the toe-nails of the mummy of a princess. I recommend also his wife, Layala, who carries baskets of earth on her head with perfect grace, and the offspring, whom I have taken the liberty of naming Babette, Olivette, and Chemisette.

When Layala was left alone, she sighed deeply and began to take stock of the family provisions. Since she had smuggled three piroks into her husband's cloak, there remained an equal number for the children and herself. She felt thankful that the loft was warm—almost, and that plenty of water flowed from the faucet: water as excellent as ever refreshed desperate traveler at an oasis. What else to be thankful for? A thimbleful of tobacco remained in the bowl of the narghile. Although fond of smoking herself, she scraped it out and put it away against her husband's return.

"Is breakfast ready?" piped the fluent voice of Babette from the largest coffee-bag, the one embroidered with a flight of doves.

"Bekus ready—mama—baby!" cried three-year-old Olivette in her incoherent fashion.

"Ooow! Ooow!" gurgled Chemisette, thrusting her tiny toes through the criss-cross of pink sashes that bound her to her bag

The mother chirruped and cooed in response, and took the children out of their nests. Babette only needed the hand being spry as a little monkey. After brief toilet arrangements, the elder children fell to upon the piroks, and the baby sought nourishment in the place where it was to be found.

"I don't like this food," suddenly exclaimed Babette. "Where is my father?"

"Don't like foo-food," echoed Olivette, brandishing her chubby fists.

"Bad ones!" reproved the mother. "The afrits will get you. Keep away, Olivette,—the babe has not enough. . . . These are the days to fast before Christmas. Now go and play."

Ordinarily the children found endless pleasure in rummaging through the mer-

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'AND THE NAME IS PA-EL-SAIDE'"

chandise of the loft. They crawled through dark tunnels of bales, and found their way inside large boxes redolent of camphor or ginger. They climbed mountains of rugs and carpets that touched the rafters, and they dipped their fingers in the bung-hole of a barrel of oil-kept olives and licked them. They twitched the strings of dusty lutes and played doll with gods of jade or ivory. But this morning, between hunger and longing for their father, they did not care for these sports. They began to whimper. Even the baby became fretful and quit her breakfast before the possibilities were exhausted.

"Where is my father gone?" demanded Babette, peremptorily. "I want him—I want him."

"My beloved ones," said Layala, gently, "why should I deceive you? This is a house of mourning. We have but God to depend upon. Your father has gone to find the buried cities—and if he does not find them soon, I do not know what will become of us. . . . We have made Jesus sad, and it is fitting that we should mourn. Yes, He is sad with us."

Awed by these remarks, though scarcely understanding them, the children became silent and permitted themselves to be placed in postures of woe. Layala arranged everything according to the ancient custom. She sat at the head of the divan with downcast brow and gloomy eyes and hands vertically lax; next to her Babette drooped likewise; Olivette imitated less successfully; and the sprawling Chemisette played her part by mere silence and gravity. Thus they remained for a long time, immovable as statues, without a line of expression in their faces. A foreign spectator would have been startled by these frozen attitudes, which would seem to indicate mortal disease; or, noting the jet eyes of the children

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE HAGHIN OF JESUS'"

so keenly fixed, he would be reminded of a brood of little wild animals warned of danger by their dam.

Whether the period of mourning lasted half an hour or all day none of the participants could tell. Outside, the dreary snow kept coming down, and the subdued murmur of the city did not cease. At length Layala arose. The elder children jumped up with squeals of gleeful relief.

"Mother," cried Babette, "when is the camel of Jesus coming? Has father gone to bring it for Christmas?"

"Now, now!" Layala took the little girl in her arms. "You know the camel of Jesus comes only at Easter. It is true thy father thought of having it at Christmas, too; but we cannot tell. There are things to consider, such as fasting for nine days before. Art thou willing to fast and be very pious?"

"Yes, yes," replied Babette, stoutly.

"Ess, ess!" aped Olivette, smirking.

"You see, darlings, the camel of Jesus comes only to good households. If you are evil, he leaves a black mark on your wrist"—the children looked horrified; "but if you are good, there is a beautiful bracelet, and coins in your hair, and many presents. On Christmas morning the door is left ajar, and you hear his hoof-steps coming, trip-trap, far to near, and the sacred one enters."

"Does the camel walk right out of heaven?" asked Babette.

"Na'am—verily. He comes down the Great White Way to visit the little children of the desert. He 's fleeter than the wind—yes, and more lovely than the gazel. A long, long time ago, when the sacred Jesus rose from the tomb, the camel leaped to heaven with him; and wherever his hoofs touched, the earth became white. Wherever he passed, the flowers grew wings like the angels. And now when he comes to earth these angel flowers sing."

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"A SNOWY FIGURE, ARMS LADEN WITH BUNDLES"

Layala's voice was soft as a song, and her large maiden eyes seemed to witness what she told, far away.

"I want him to bring me a doll out of bulrushes with black hair," said the little girl. "And a bracelet, a warm red coat, a temple—and something good to eat."

"I want dwess and lots to eat," echoed Olivette.

"My darlings!" cried the mother, suddenly weeping. "We had plenty to eat in the desert, and now we are in a cold, inhospitable land and near starving to death." She embraced them, bursting into sobs and lamentations. The little girls wept loudly, and the baby howled until she was red in the face.

So they spent three days in alternations of stoical calm and wild outbreakings of sorrow.

Late the third night Raq' came home, travel-stained and weary. His haggard face was inscrutable. Layala guessed that he had had little more to eat than the piroks with which he had set forth. Commanding her forebodings, she quickly placed before him a plate of soup and a piece of bread, obtained in some mysterious

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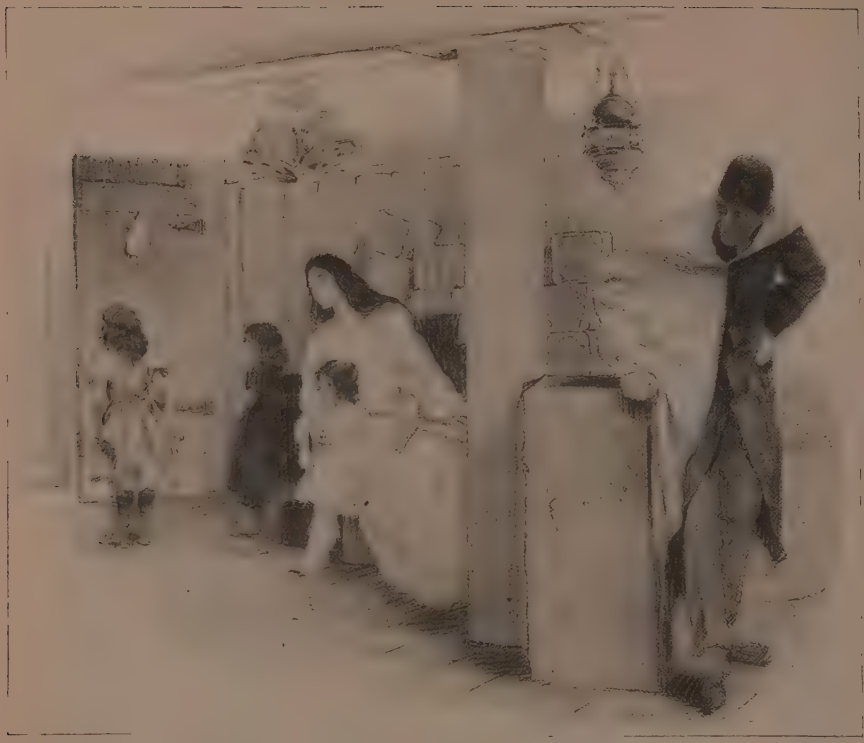
"THE CHILDREN WERE CHRISTENED WITH IMPOSING CEREMONIAL"



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"THE DOOR BEING LEFT PROPERLY AJAR"

manner, and charged the narghile with the thimbleful of tobacco which she had saved. The children were asleep in their bags. After he had taken a few soothing whiffs, Raq' spoke:

"If God wills, my beloved, we shall have the featherlings christened on the eve before Christmas."

"What dost thou say?" she asked, alarmed.

"I have found the buried cities. I have been working. The pay comes at the end of next week."

"Rogue of a husband!" shrieked Layala, and fell into his arms with tears and laughter.

They exchanged endearments. Arm in arm, they visited the nestlings, and he touched lips and made the sign of the cross over each little sleepy head. She pointed out to him the marvelous growth of the children while he had been away.

"Now I will tell of the journey I made," he said as they were seated together on the divan, wrapped in one quilt.

"Didst thou find the desert, and warm?" she interrupted eagerly.

"Nay. It is more like the mountains of the Upper Nile or the quarry where the obelisk lies half cut out. The climate is inclement as here. I took ship to go there."

"What direction and how many leagues is the buried city?"

"It is toward the setting sun, but northerly, and lies on the bank of this same great river, El-Hudson, that flows past our street. I travel a long journey on the stilt railway, probably equal to ten days by caravan. I pass through populous towns and cities with streets numbered so-and-so-many hundreds, meaning miles from the sea. Then I embark on a ship that looks like a scarab and moves by the power of wheel wings on each side. We sail fast and far. At length we arrive. Again there is a long march to the buried city, and the name is Pa-el-Saide."

"Is it the same work we did at Karnak?

Didst thou haply find a mummy or a precious jar?"

"The work is somewhat different. There are no children and no basket-carrying on the head; neither are there women toiling. Only a number of dark-skinned laborers—not as handsome as we Egyptians—whom the red-headed chief excavator calls the dago, with many curses."

"Is the red-headed chief of the same race?"

"Nay. He smokes a short pipe. I know not what he is. I exhibit the letter of the French explorer, and he curses me and speedily puts a pickax in my hand. He gives me hand sandals to protect from the biting of the iron. Afterward I push a wagon on one wheel—thou remember'st the kind that we in Karnak deprived of the wheel and used as baskets. Soon after this there is a signal to run, and a jinn with a voice like thunder blows out the face of the mountain, and I fall upon my forehead praying to God. . . ."

"It is wonderful, wonderful!" said Layala, in a tone of awe. "Lucky thou didst have a piece of the true cross sewn into thy flesh."

"That was my salvation," he replied, and rolling up the sleeve over his right forearm, touched reverently the protuberant skin where a splinter of wood lay embedded.

"Didst thou find any precious jewels?"

"Not yet. In my opinion, the wall we are working on is the side of a pyramid, and there will be rich tombs within. These ignorant toilers will soon find they cannot achieve the delicate tasks which I am accustomed to. Now they laugh because I feel of the rock-shelves and wield the tools gently, lest they injure some papyrus or image. Even the red-headed chief, mistaking my care, shouted at me."

"Ah, thou art a great man! I remember how thou didst find the chip that made the missing letter of stone for the fourteenth dynasty."

Hanno came in at this juncture, and as he heard the tale of the buried city he pulled his white beard in wonderment. He admitted that Raq's story was full of verisimilitude: all might be true, as far as his knowledge went; but he wished to settle doubts by consulting a learned fellow-scholar of the colony. Raq' begged him not to do it. If the news went through the colony, there would be a stampede toward Pa-el-Saide, and there might not be work enough for everybody. As soon as he had secured his position, however, said Raq', apologetically, he would inform his compatriots and let them share in the benefits of the enterprise.

Meanwhile he asked Hanno to act as godfather at the christening of the children next week.

"Oh, and we have promised them the camel of Jesus at Christmas," exclaimed Layala.

"My dear friends, I will gladly perform that rôle also," said Hanno, with a twinkle in his eye. "When I was a boy of seven I remember first seeing the camel of Jesus."

The old man went off in long reminiscences which delighted his hearers no less than himself.

They discussed the costume for the heavenly messenger, and Hanno said he knew a butcher in Washington Market who had a yellow calfskin that would serve the purpose. The camel mask and hoofs could be had from a Damascan store. Shaking with glee, the old man kissed the sleeping children in turn, and his beard tickled their faces so that they half awoke and threw their little arms upward.

The next day the family went to church, and afterward Raq' had a romp around the loft with Babette and Olivette and a game of hide-and-seek among the bales. Both children and parents had convinced themselves that it was piety rather than necessity that confined them to one scanty meal that day. All indeed were elate with the thought of a joyous Christmas. Raq' had not been so happy in months. He took down the "Book of Martyrs"—the only book the family possessed—and looked at the pictures of disemboweled saints, poignarded bishops, and crucified apostles. He believed that these pictures all represented one person, the humble Galilean, enduring endless torments; and the tears ran down little bronze furrows in his cheeks as he murmured:

"How could they treat thee so! Ahk, how could they do it!"

When her husband had gone back to the buried city, Layala was confronted with the task of feeding four mouths for six days on nothing more substantial than Christmas legend. Secretly desperate, she looked forward to the week's end with the

stoical hope of a Bedouin traveler who pushes across the wastes of sand. The first day they were absolutely without food; only Chemisette found partial nourishment. The little girls whimpered and crawled through the tunnels, smelling the bags of dates, Lebanon confections and pastes, licking their fingers thrust into the bung-hole of the olive-barrel—not for mere amusement, as before. It pierced the mother's heart when she heard them wake in the night, crying for food; she was tempted and tormented by a dream about the woman of Fayum who opened her veins to satisfy her offspring. The next morning Hanno brought a temporary alleviation, a handful of sugared figs, and was astonished at the ravenous way the children fell upon them.

Layala apologized for their appetite, saying the nine days' fast was a little too much for them. The old man asked a searching question, which she evaded; but when he had gone away she went to the café and begged the cook for a pailful of scraps for animal pets.

"I am keeping two little dogs—they are homeless," said the mother to the cook, doubly shamefaced.

This made an excellent dinner for the family.

"Tell me more about the *haghin* of Jesus," demanded Babette as she cuddled, one of three, in the maternal arms that evening.

"Dost thou remember the white flowers that sing near where thou wast born?"

"F'owers with ears!" exclaimed Olivette.

"No, little ant," denied Babette, loftily. "Those are angel flowers. I know the story, and they have wings."

"Babette is right," said the mother. "Now we will sing how it happened. You may clap your hands at the end of each line for make-believe cymbals.

"When the holy haghin fle-e-w up to paradise,
All the little flowers that bloomed in Galilee
And in the desert pla-a-ces knew their Lord was nigh,
And, jubilantly singing, white angel wings they grew."

"That does n't tell anything about the zemzemeek," remarked Babette, scanning her reddened palms.

"Tell that! Tell that!" lisped Olivette.

"Now listen. The zemzemeek was the water-bottle of the camel, and it was little when the Saviour started on his heavenly journey; it grew larger and larger and larger, until, when it reached the top, it covered all the sky, and there came out of it a perfumed rain that refreshed the earth. So now in the desert, when good Christians pray, the zemzemeek is tipped and showers fall."

The next morning, while Layala was reciting more histories, Babette interjected mournfully:

"I wonder if the haghin knows we 're hungry."

"Oh, my darlings, if you will close your eyes you can see him starting on his journey from heaven down the White Way, loaded with everything."

"I see him," announced Olivette, after an interval of closed eyes. "He tripped his foots on a star. I smells piroks on him."

"Groo-woo!" crowed Chemisette, kicking Layala in the face.

After this, to pass time and conserve energy, the mother had them repeat the manœuver of going into mourning. But now the postures of grief were more realistic. The mother was gaunt, the children exhausted. During the afternoon Layala again visited the café and obtained food scraps for the little dogs. The cook, noticing her ill looks, asked what was wrong, and she replied in the appropriate formula, meaning nothing and all:

"Jesus is sad at our hearth."

While at the restaurant she met compatriots who had heard somehow of Raq's finding the buried cities. They cast doubts upon the story, and said that in any event he might be cheated out of his wages. How could he be excavating a buried city at this time of year? What justice would he receive from unknown employers, a poor Egyptian unable to speak American? It would have been better if he had stayed in the colony and done odd days' work at the water-front.

These things filled Layala with cruel alarm. She did not mind so much her husband being cheated out of wages—though that would be bad enough—as she apprehended danger in the enchanted labor he was at. She thought with terror of the jinns that tore out the mountain-side with

a loud noise. She recollected the unnatural circumstance of a red-headed chief with a short pipe and a gang of swarthy men not Egyptians. Something was much out of the way. She would have fled instantly to her husband's rescue, only she had not the least idea how to find Pa-el-Saide. Judging from Raq's description of his journey, it might be farther than the Blue Nile.

The weather grew very cold, although it did not snow. For the sake of warmth, Babette and Olivette slept together in one coffee-bag; the mother and Chemisette occupied the divan under a vast covering of rugs. The last three days went by in a delirium. Most of the time they slept or dozed away in a lethargy of exhaustion. The little girls did not seem to be very hungry now, but they cried for their father.

Saturday night found the family huddled together on the divan, half asleep in the attitude of woe. A dreary, cold wind whistled around the corner of the building; occasionally there was borne in an echo of gay chatter or the laughter of compatriots elately bent on Christmas shopping. A mouse with beady eyes ran out from a shelter of matting, and standing on his hind legs, surveyed the desolate group of humanity. Emboldened by the silence, he ran forward and began a vain forage for crumbs. He sniffed Chemisette's shoes and departed unmolested.

At intervals strange noises, like those made by the afrits in a rock tomb, came from the dismal recesses of the warehouse: inexplicable sighs, creakings, whisperings, and again silence.

Suddenly a snowy figure, arms laden with bundles, dashed into the tented room.

Layala did not even turn her head, so sunk was she in apathy and convinced that nothing could avert the fated evil. Babette, however, rose with a shriek and cast herself into her father's arms. After that there were enough tears and smiles and outpourings of emotion to make up for a month of stoical repression.

"My husband, my husband!" wept Layala. "I feared we should never meet again on the shores of life."

"Beloved, there was no cause of fear. Thy love and this sacred wood in my arm kept me."

"I feared lest the jinns of the loud voice, or perchance—"

"Eat now. Do not speak," said Raq', tearful, observing the little girls clawing at the packages.

And for the next fifteen minutes the family was kept busy munching cabobs, which is the spicy apotheosis of roast meat, and swallowing curds bathed in golden honey. Even Chemisette, though but half weaned, zealously helped herself.

"They told me," said Layala at length, caressing her husband's knees, "thou wouldst be cheated and deprived of thy wages."

"Open thy lap, woman!"

The little girls shrieked with glee as they saw a shower of greenbacks, silver, and copper descend into their mother's lap.

"It is as much in ten days," he added carelessly, "as I made at Karnak in a month."

"Arise, my children," said Layala in a solemn voice, as she deposited the wealth in her girdle. "This is no longer the house of mourning. It is the house of rejoicing. We should have known it before. Jesus smiles."

All stood and crossed themselves; even the babe, who, in performing the sacred act, clutching mother's skirt, smudged her little nose with the date in her hand. Then arose the fellaheen cry of joy—a sighing sound that begins adagio at the bottom of the chest and ascends to a quick piercing treble.

"Now hear what the red-headed chief declared to me," quoth Raq', gesturing like a professional story-teller. "He spake thus to me: 'Worthy Egyptian, I salute you. Never have I had such an artist-digger at Pa-el-Saide. I am convinced thou hast stolen neither scarab nor bracelet, and all thy rock shelves have been carefully cleared of their treasures. Thou understand'st the seriousness of this work, and dost not talk back. Therefore receive this opulent bakshish toward the Christmas celebration with thy family. Return unto me the first day of the new moon, and I will keep thee steadily employed. Al Allah.'"

Thus did Raq' enrich the arid speech of Dolan, foreman at the Palisades quarry, which was as follows:

"Ye Aythiopian nigger, here 's yer tin days' wages. I came near firin' ye the firsht day for feelin' the rocks like ye was daft, an' fallin' on yer stomach wid fright

whin the blast went off. But I see ye got the makin's of a wurrkman. Ye don't steal an' ye don't drink an' talk back like thim Guinnys. Go home now, me boy, an' get rousin' full. Reporth to the quarry next wake—New Year's."

The next day, at the Maronite church, a loft furnished with rickety wooden benches and priceless rugs, the children were christened with imposing ceremonial. They were decked in cherry satin, lace, and gorgeous shoes, hair frizzed and curled. Several neighbors had lent ornaments and articles of dress from wardrobes combining the modes of West and East. Hanno, as godfather, held in turn each child in his arms at the threshold of the church, while the Chor-bishop administered a small spoonful of salt—the salt of life. Then at the altar, between gigantic candles, the child was asked whether it hated the devil and believed in the resurrection of Christ: to which questions the venerable sponsor gave a strong affirmative. Moreover, there was baptism with a few drops of water, and each child was anointed with holy oil on the back of the neck.

Esther, Mary, and Martha were substituted for the names lightly bestowed by the French explorer. A delirious odor of incense mingled with the scent of lotus flowers and lilies placed under the lithographs of the saints. The Chor-bishop faced the altar, turning to the congregation his massive back clad in a brocaded amber robe with the Maltese cross in the center. On either side of him a male choir chanted in alternation the ritual, with accompaniment of cymbal and guitar. Their voices rose and fell in fervid rhythm, now a wailing burst and again a smooth, droning passage like the sand-eddying breeze.

On Christmas morning Esther, Mary, and Martha awoke to find themselves marvelously fortunate. There were no black marks on their wrists, not a speck, but instead most beautiful bracelets, and each lock of hair was hung with a coin—new pennies that shone like gold.

"It is because you kept the nine days' fast so well, my darlings," said Layala, kissing them.

"How did the camel of Jesus know which coffee-bag I slept in?" asked Esther, strutting up and down in great pride.

"You can ask him," said Raq'. "He will be here soon."

The door being left properly ajar and a white wing nailed upon it, there was heard the sound of hoofs on the stairs and a gentle tapping at the threshold. The little girls were terrified and ran to hide themselves; but when the sacred beast ambled in, and they caught a glimpse of his magnificent burden, they lost most of their fear. The camel was about three feet high, caparisoned with a fine rug, and with two dom-palms in the saddle-bags hung with candy and varicolored glass balls. He twisted his neck and pouted his lips in a lifelike manner; only his gait was a trifle constrained, as if the joints had a touch of rheumatism, and he sneezed, either like a camel or an old man. Raq' and Layala were almost as entranced as the children, though they could see the deficiencies of calfskin, mask, and hoofs, and knew how difficult it was to comb a white beard to resemble the wool under the haghin's neck.

When the camel of Jesus was unloaded, he departed, saying that he had many other houses to visit, east and west. Esther either forgot or did not dare to ask how he distinguished the coffee-bags. Soon after Hanno came in and romped with the children, praised their gifts, and was a guest at the feast that lasted all day. It was a feast indeed—roast kid, pomegranate jelly, rice with pine-nuts, rosewater sauce, dew candy, and a mince-pie with miniature stars-and-stripes stuck in the center, supposedly the religious Christmas dish of the adopted country.

"What remains we shall give to the poor," said Layala, glancing fondly at her sticky-handed brood.

"It is proper," replied the husband, sighing. His eye had fallen on the "Book of Martyrs."

"My friend," said the scribe to Raq', as they smoked the narghile from twin stems, "God has blessed thee abundantly."

"Yea, He is merciful. There is no end to His goodness. . . . Layala, my soul, in the spring we shall all encamp at the site of the buried city, Pa-el-Saide, and perchance the featherlings may learn to carry the small jars and baskets of earth on the head, making the form beautiful; and so the family be united."

From an oil painting by George Inness, owned by William Macbeth

THE PRINCESS AND THE BOY

BY KATE WHITING PATCH

I

"He found me first when yet a little maid;
. . . . . .
And spake sweet words, and comforted my heart,
And dried my tears, being a child with me."

IT was a very beautiful garden, the most beautiful garden in the principality.

A flight of wide stone steps led down to it from the terrace above, ancient trees made a pleasant shade, royal roses filled the air with fragrance, and in the midst of a marble pool inhabited by goldfish a fountain played unceasingly.

It was a beautiful garden, but the little princess often wearied of it. Sometimes she wandered to the high iron gate which looked out on the dusty highway, and envied the cottage children who could run there at will. If they saw the princess at the gate, the little peasants stared or ran off, so she never could talk with them. When she turned away, they sometimes stole to their side of the iron gate and gazed wistfully in at the beautiful garden and envied the little princess.

One day the little princess sat down on the edge of the marble fountain and sighed so deeply that her nurse looked up.

"Is your highness ill?" she asked.

The little princess nodded. "I am sick of being a princess," she declared; "I wish I were a little peasant child and could run and play with other children and do whatever I chose."

"Fie, fie!" cried the nurse. ".The princess is ungrateful for all that a good Providence has bestowed upon her."

But the princess only pouted. "When I grow up I shall be a peasant and live in a stone hut," she persisted.

"Nay, nay; when your highness is grown, your highness will make a great marriage," replied the nurse. "A handsome prince will come and carry your highness away to rule over some other kingdom. That is what happens to little princesses when they are grown."

"I shall not marry a prince," said the little princess, stoutly; "I am tired of palaces and gardens. I shall marry a road-mender, or a man who drives a cunning little donkey-wagon and sells green things and red strawberries, and I shall do what I please all the rest of my life."

"Tut, tut!" cried the troubled nurse. "Come, your highness; do not sit there any longer. Run and gather roses for your lady mother."

The little princess took up her basket and walked slowly away to the rose-trees. She pulled a few blossoms, and then she threw them down and wandered off to a sheltered spot amid the shrubbery, which she called her bower. Moss grew thick underfoot, and a clambering vine had so twined itself among the low-growing rose-trees as to make a shelter worthy of a princess.

But the princess did not enter her bower to-day, for she found it occupied. Stretched upon the moss, his chin resting in his hands, lay a boy not much older than herself.

As the princess paused in her surprise, he saw her and sprang up, pulling off his round cap most gallantly.

"Are you the princess?" he asked politely.

The little princess was too surprised to reply at once. She stood there, looking at him in silence, until he repeated the question.

"Yes, I am the princess," she said at last,

rather slowly; for although she often talked English with one of her tutors and with guests at the palace, it seemed a strange tongue to her.

"Why, you look just like any other little girl," replied her visitor, frankly.

The princess appeared pleased.

"Are you a prince?" she asked curiously.

"No," said the boy, promptly. "No, indeed."

The princess looked puzzled. "You are not a peasant child," she said at last. "What are you?"

"Oh, I 'm just a plain boy," was the happy reply. "We don't have princes, or peasants either, in my country."

"What is your country?" asked the princess.

The boy took from his pocket a small silken flag and spread it out before her.

"Now you know," he said proudly; but she still looked puzzled.

"I am not sure," she said. "You speak English, but you say there are no princes—"

The boy looked at her in amazement. "You do not know the American flag?" he cried.

The cheeks of the little princess grew hot with mortification. The boy saw it, and his manner of superiority vanished.

"I 'm sorry I said that," he declared apologetically. "Perhaps I do not know your flag, you know."

"How did you get in here?" asked the princess, ignoring the flag question. "No one is allowed in this garden."

"I climbed," said the boy, exultingly. "I heard them say nobody could get in, so I decided I would."

The princess gazed at him admiringly. "I wish I dared climb out," she said.

The boy looked at her in surprise. "Is n't it good fun being a princess?" he asked.

"I have n't any one to play with," returned the princess. "The prince, my brother, is already grown, and I am tired of the garden."

"I 'll play with you," volunteered the uninvited guest. "Let 's play ball. Do you have golden balls to play with, like the princesses in the fairy-stories?"

"No," was the reply, with a shake of the head. "I have read those stories. They are not true."

"Oh, I did n't suppose a frog brought the ball to you every time you dropped it in the fountain," said the boy; "but I thought it might be true about the gold. Do you have a fountain?"

"Yes, I have a fountain," replied the princess, indifferently.

"You don't wear your crown when you are out playing, do you?" he asked next, with a glance at her sunny tresses.

"I have n't any crown," replied the princess. "Or if I have, I never saw it. I told you those stories were n't true."

"Well, I should think a crown would be an uncomfortable thing to wear," said the boy; "but I wish I could have seen you with it on. Perhaps princesses don't wear crowns till they are grown up."

"Perhaps not," said this little princess.

"What 's your name?" he inquired.

"Hildegarde; what is yours?"

"Bernard—Bernard Milton. Do you go to school?"

"I have a governess; she has read me things about your country."

"I go to a big school," said the boy. "It 's vacation now, so we are traveling—my family, I mean. I told the fellows I should see a princess before I got back; and I have, have n't I?"

"What 'll you tell them about me?" asked the Princess Hildegarde, coming a step nearer.

"Why, I 'll tell them that you were like any other little girl, only jollier, 'cause you were n't afraid to talk," replied her guest, a bit embarrassed.

"And will you tell them that I don't wear any crown nor have gold playthings nor glass slippers nor a silver bed? Will you tell them those stories are n't true?"

"Why, I—I suppose so," the boy said, a little doubtfully.

"Oh, please, please do!" pleaded the little princess. "I don't want to be different; I want to be just a plain child, and play with other children. I am not different from you, am I? Oh, please say I am not?"

"'Course you 're not," said the boy, obligingly.

"I wish you would come and see me every day," she went on; but his face fell.

"I can't," he said. "We are going away from this place to-night. I can't ever come again."

The blue eyes of the little princess filled with tears. "Oh, dear," she sighed. "You 're the first plain boy I ever talked

with, and now the garden will be lonelier than ever."

The boy was very sorry for her. It was astonishing to know that a princess could be sad.

"Say, look here," he began at last; "do you ever dream?"

The princess looked up surprised. "Why, when I 'm asleep of course I dream," she said.

"I don't mean that," replied the boy. "Don't you ever shut your eyes in the daytime and dream you are somewhere else, and see the other place just as plain?"

The princess shook her head.

"Try it," urged the boy. "Shut your eyes now, and I 'll tell you what to see. It 's a big white house with green blinds and a piazza all round it. There are vines over the piazza, and stone steps leading down to the garden, and a wide gravel path goes all the way to the gate. That 's our house. My room is right over the side door, and that great hickory-tree grows so near I can climb into it from the piazza roof. Do you see it all?"

"Ye-es," replied the princess. "Oh, yes; I can. Tell me more."

"Well, the stable is back of the house —'way back at the foot of the garden; and my dog Jack lives in the little bit of a house close beside it. That big apple-tree next it is a dandy one to climb. I have a platform built up in the boughs. It was up there I read the princess story about the golden balls."

"Could I climb up there?" asked the princess, eagerly.

"'Course you could; it 's easy as anything."

"Oh, I wish I could go home with you," sighed the princess again.

"That 's just what I was going to tell you," went on the boy. "Now, I can't come here again; but I know you and I know your garden, and when I want to see you I can shut my eyes and dream about it."

"Oh, yes," cried the princess, joyfully; "and I can go and play with you the same way. I need n't stay in the garden all the time—I can go to your garden whenever I please and climb trees with you."

"Won't it be jolly!" said the boy. "A real princess will be better fun than reading about princesses that are n't true."

"But," — and the little Hildegarde looked wistful again,—"sha'n't I ever see you again, really?"

"I don't know," said the boy, doubtfully. "It 's a long ways to come, and I don't believe I shall travel any more till I 'm through school."

"Can't you come then?" pleaded the princess.

The boy's face suddenly brightened.

"Do you know what ten years from to-day will be?" he asked. "It will be my twenty-first birthday. I shall be a man then, and can do whatever I please; and I shall please to come and see you."

"Really!" cried the princess; "do you promise?"

"Yes, I promise," repeated the boy. "Ten years from to-day I will meet you again in the garden here."

"It 's a very long time to wait," said the little princess.

"Never mind," replied the boy, cheerfully; "we can play together when we dream, you know; and that will make the time go faster."

But the face of the little princess suddenly clouded.

"You won't be a little boy then," she faltered. "You won't care to play with me in the garden then."

"Why, you won't be a little girl, either," laughed the boy. "You won't care to play with me. We 'll like to tell each other about the dreams, though; and if we do want to play—why, we just can, you know."

The princess nodded. "I think we shall want to," she said. Then a new thought came to trouble her.

"Will I be grown then?" she asked. "They say that when I am grown a prince will come to carry me away and marry me."

The boy stared. "That sounds more like the stories," he said.

"I don't want to marry a prince," pouted the little princess. Then her face brightened. "Why, *you* can marry me," she cried; "then I won't have to."

"Very well," said the boy, obligingly. "But I should think you would much rather have the prince."

The princess shook her head.

"I would n't," she said.

"P'r'aps you 'll change your mind," he suggested; "but, anyway, you must n't let him carry you away before I come; for I

should be disappointed not to find you in the garden."

"No, I won't let him," she promised solemnly.

"Princess Hildegarde! Princess Hildegarde!"

It was the voice of the nurse calling.

"Yes, yes; I come," replied the little princess, quickly, in her own tongue. Then she turned to the boy. "You must go now," she said.

He arose reluctantly. "Would you like my flag to keep?" he asked, taking it out of his pocket.

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed the little princess. "I 'll give you something, too. "Would you like—this finger-ring? It 's too small, though."

"I can wear it on my little finger," he assured her. "I 'm very much obliged. Well, good-by."

"Good-by. You won't forget to come?"

"'Course I won't," declared the boy. "My birthday will come every year to help me remember."

"Princess Hildegarde!" called the nurse once more.

The little princess stepped nearer and lifted her face for a kiss.

"Good-by," she said again.

The boy stooped to bestow the kiss. "Good-by," he said. "You be sure and be in the garden when I come."

"Yes, I 'll be here," she replied.

The boy turned away with a gay little nod of the head and disappeared in the shrubbery, and the little princess took up her basket of roses and went slowly back to her nurse.

II

"Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess follow'd him."

THE little princess was no longer a sad little princess, she was no longer lonely in her beautiful garden. Imagination, which lies latent in the mind of every child, like the slumbering Beauty in the old nursery tale, had been touched to life at last by the sympathy of another child.

The boy had invaded the garden for one brief hour of a summer day. The little princess was never alone now. He came every day to play with her in the garden, and she wandered about, showing him her favorite haunts and telling him her secrets.

"Boy, what will you play to-day?" she always began.

Sometimes they kept house in the bower; sometimes he taught her to climb trees, if the nurse was not by.

When they wearied of the garden, or if he did not come, she would go to see him. It was very simple—only to lie down on the soft turf in her bower and close her deep-fringed eyes. Then she was hurrying up the gravel walk to the white house, and the boy always ran to meet her, and they would play and play and play.

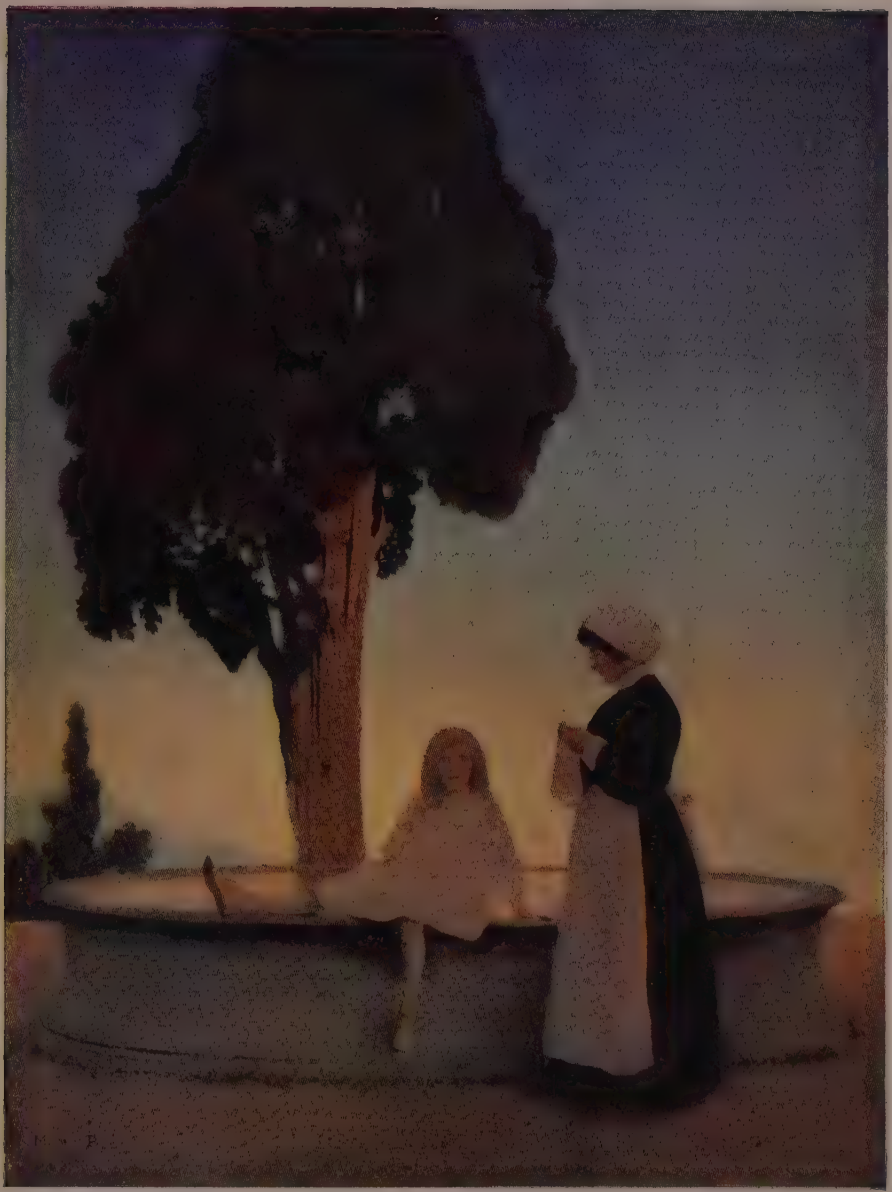
The happy days passed swiftly and the years waxed and waned, each bringing one memorable day in midsummer when the little princess would steal down the stone staircase to her garden and whisper joyously to every happy bird and flower or dear familiar tree: "nine years," "eight years," "seven," "six," and at last, "in five years he will come!"

And although the princess grew and grew like one of her own little rose-trees, and although her dresses were made longer and her yellow hair caught back in yellow braids, she always thought of him as just her boy—a plain boy who, somewhere away across the wide ocean, lived in the big white house with the gravel walk and the stable and the apple-tree which was so grand to climb or to read in.

But there came a day at last which made a difference—a day when they told her that she was no longer a child, that she was almost a young lady, quite old enough to attend fêtes and to peep in for a brief time at gay entertainments given by the prince, her brother.

The little princess wandered down the stone stairway to her garden and looked upon it with new eyes. So she was no longer a child. She was to be admitted to the gay world which she had viewed only from a distance. She was almost a young lady.

"And what are you?" she suddenly asked the boy. She shut her eyes and tried hard to think. "You must be almost grown, too," she said. "Ye-es, I see you. You are tall,—taller than I am,—but your face won't look old one bit. I wonder if you are done with school, or are you going to a university? I must read about your universities."



Color drawing by Maxfield Parrish

"'I AM SICK OF BEING A PRINCESS'"

The little princess was introduced to the gold and glitter of the world, and, being young, she liked it.

She was a fair little princess to gaze upon, and people made much of her. She came to know other young princesses, and wondered if they had beautiful garden secrets like hers. She met gallant young noblemen, and when they bowed before her and made pretty speeches, she thought of her plain boy away across the seas, and wondered how he compared with them.

She never forgot the boy. In the midst of the gayest throng she would sometimes shut her eyes for an instant and ask him a question. And if she grew weary of her companions, she would seek a quiet corner and run away to the white house, or read with him in the apple-tree.

Whenever she felt like being a little girl again, he was always the little boy who had found her in the garden on that midsummer day. It was easier to find him so. To try and see him the youth he must be was always a little difficult. That he might not care to come to her garden now never once occurred to her until one unhappy summer day.

It was *the* day of the whole summer, and the little princess had run down to her garden and whispered gaily to the roses, "Only two years, my blossoms; two years only from this day, and my boy will come!"

She could not have the roses all to herself upon this day. There was to be a fête in the garden.

The afternoon brought fair ladies, who fluttered like brilliant butterflies among the shrubbery; happy young men followed them hither and thither, like eager entomologists; and placid dowagers and their lords rested beneath the old trees or sat in the gay pavilions which had been erected near the fountain.

The Princess Hildegarde, being only sixteen, was still regarded as something of an onlooker upon such occasions; but there was more than one young nobleman who enjoyed watching the shy droop of her eyes and her pretty confusion when he paid her a compliment.

The princess was standing apart near the rose-trees when she saw one of these young men approaching. She did not wish to be disturbed by any admirers upon this day, and as he paused on his way, to speak to the prince, her brother, the Princess Hildegarde glided off among the trees and hid at last in the old bower of her childhood. It was quite overgrown now, and she laughed softly as she sank down on the grass.

"He can't find me here," she said. "Oh, boy, how much more fun it would be to talk with you! *You* will know where to find me this day two years from now."

Suddenly she heard voices approaching.

"And she expected him to remember a promise made years before?"

It was the laughing voice of a young English duchess.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the man who accompanied her. "And why not, pray?"

"You, a man, ask me that question?" cried the duchess. "Does a man ever remember a promise so long as that? No!

> "'Men were deceivers ever;
> One foot in sea and one on shore,
> To one thing constant never.'"

The bantering voices drifted away again, but a white and startled little princess sat up very straight on the grass and clasped her hands together.

It was some moments before she realized that the passers-by had not been speaking of her and of her boy. When she did realize it, however, she was no less miserable. The taunting words of the young duchess still echoed in her heart.

Were men deceivers ever? Did they always forget promises? Well, boys did not forget, she was sure; her boy would not forget. And yet he had told her that he, too, would be a man then.

The little princess was a sadder little princess from that hour; she was paying the price demanded for that wisdom which must come to all maidens, whether they be princesses or no.

She no longer visited her garden with thoughtless joy singing at her heart. When she entered the happy dream-world in which she and the boy lived together she told herself that it was just dreaming. She watched the young men she knew, and saw them smile first upon one girl and then upon another; she read books which told her the same sad story. The boy must have seen a great many little girls since that summer day when he had found her in the garden. Perhaps he had forgotten.

Yet the years had taught her one other thing; they had taught her that a little

princess is not quite like other little girls, no matter how much she may want to be. It was possible, then, that the boy might remember his promise to a princess when he would forget a promise to a plain girl. And while it might be all a dream, it was a dream that had made her childhood very sweet, and she was not going to let it go altogether until the fateful day had come and gone, leaving the promise unfulfilled.

So the Princess Hildegarde continued to grow like the rose-trees, and her fresh beauty unfolded slowly and gently, like the petals of the rose.

The world of gold and glitter claimed her and bowed before her more and more, but the world of her own thoughts remained as pure and sweet as the thought-world of the little child princess in the garden.

She did not forget the boy, although she often smiled at herself for remembering. When the next anniversary came she went to the green bower in the garden and said as of old, "One year from this day, only one year, and he will come." But this time she added with a sad little smile, "perhaps."

And on this day something happened.

The princess returned to her own apartments, and while she was bending over a favorite book she was startled by the voice of the prince, her brother.

"My sister, I would have a word with you," he said.

The princess closed her book and dismissed the little maid in waiting. "Well," she said.

Her brother smiled into the upturned face. "Do you know how old you are?" he asked.

"Not yet eighteen," replied the princess, returning the smile.

"A child no longer," he went on. "Nay, quite a woman."

The princess glanced into the long mirror opposite.

"Well?" she said again.

The prince hesitated a moment; then, "Do you realize that you are quite old enough to be thinking of marriage, my dear?" he asked.

"Marriage!" The little princess sprang up, startled. She remembered suddenly the old tale of her nurse—the tale of the grand prince who would come and carry her away to his kingdom. She looked anxiously over her brother's shoulder, as though she feared to see the royal suitor standing there.

"I have no wish to marry," she declared wilfully.

"Ah, that is a pity," remarked her brother, lifting his eyebrows, "since there are those who would wish to marry you. Be serious, my sister; for I have come to you as ambassador of no less a person than that worthy prince whose principality adjoins our own. He has done us the honor to request your hand in marriage."

The Princess Hildegarde turned frightened eyes upon her brother.

"That old man!" she gasped.

"He is not so old," replied the prince.

"He is very ugly," returned the princess; "and he looks very wicked. I do not desire to marry him."

"Tut, tut!" cried the prince. "It would be a wise and advantageous marriage. My sister must not be hasty in her decisions. A princess has to regard the good of the state when she marries."

The little princess turned her wretched eyes to the casement. "O that I had never been born a princess!" she cried bitterly.

"But you were born a princess," said her brother, firmly. "The Princess Hildegarde shall never have an unwelcome marriage forced upon her, but she will do well to regard the pleasure of her people."

The little princess looked down into her garden, and a wave of heartsick despair swept over her. Suddenly she remembered the day. Before her rose a vision of the boy, and he was a boy no longer.

She faced her brother resolutely. "Your highness," she began, "it is an unwelcome marriage; any marriage would be unwelcome. I am too young; I will not give myself even to please my people. I crave of you one great boon—that you will not speak to me on this subject, or any akin to it, for a whole year."

"And is this the answer that I am to carry to the prince?"

"It will do very well," she said.

Her brother laughed scornfully. "And you think that the worthy prince will wait a whole year for you to make up your mind?"

"I do not desire him to wait," replied the little princess. "Until one year from this day I will say no more."

She turned back to her contemplation

of the garden, and, for all his annoyance, the prince could not but admire the firm little chin and the erect head.

"She is little, but she is mighty," he murmured. Then, "The lady mother tells me that the Princess Hildegarde reads too many English books; that she has opinions and a will of her own. My sister, I fear me she is right."

"Yes, I fear me she is right," returned the little princess.

III

"He travels far from other skies—
. . . . . .
He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks:
He breaks the hedge: he enters there:
The color flies into his cheeks:
He trusts to light on something fair;
For all his life the charm did talk
About his path, and hover near
With words of promise in his walk,
And whisper'd voices at his ear."

It was the day for which she had been waiting the ten longest years of her life—for the years of childhood and early youth are always long. The Princess Hildegarde stood at her casement window, and her heart beat fast as she looked down into the garden.

"My last day of freedom," she whispered. "For this one day I will dream the old dream and be happy. To-morrow—" she shuddered and turned to her maiden in waiting.

"Janet," she said, "you may go to the housekeeper and bid her put up a luncheon in a basket—a dainty luncheon for a picnic. I am going on a little holiday all by myself. Tell her to be quick, please."

The surprised maiden turned away to do her bidding, but the princess spoke again. The maid could not see her face, for she was gazing from the casement.

"Let it be a generous luncheon, Janet," she said; "I am likely to be hungry."

When the basket was brought in, the princess took it in her own hand. She had tied on a broad-brimmed sun-hat over her yellow hair, and stood waiting when the maid returned.

"I will take it myself," she said in answer to the questioning in Janet's eyes. "I desire to go alone. If any one inquires, you may say that I am spending the day in my garden and do not wish to be disturbed."

So saying, she took up a book, and with the little basket on her arm went slowly down the stone stairway to the garden. Her heart was beating furiously, and she pressed her hand against it.

"You little fool! you little fool!" she kept repeating, but the words were a hollow mockery. In the depths of that fluttering heart she believed as firmly that he would come as she had ever believed it.

And because of this unadmitted belief her heart trembled with fear also—fear for what his coming would mean; fear for his personal safety. It was no light thing for a stranger to enter by stealth the garden of the prince. Ah, if he were seen and taken before he reached her, and she should never know—never be able to help him! Or suppose he did come and they should be discovered! She had dared give no further orders, lest suspicion be aroused in her brother's breast.

And what if he came and they were not discovered? What could it mean, this meeting? Would he be still the boy of her long dream, or only a disappointment? And if he were the boy? She smiled pitifully as she thought of the childish troth so carelessly plighted. No one knew better than she the impossibility of its fulfilment. Yet she went resolutely on to keep the tryst.

"I wish I knew when he would come," she murmured to herself. "It was in the morning before, but it may not be in the morning now. Oh, I wish I knew!"

She reached the rose bower and set her basket down. Then she sank on the grass herself and opened her book, but she could not read. Her eyes were constantly wandering to that spot in the shrubbery where the boy had disappeared ten years before.

An hour passed, and another, when she sprang to her feet at last, startled by breaking twigs.

The forester stood before her, hat in hand. "A thousand pardons, your highness," he began, "I fear that I alarmed you. I am in search of a young doe that has strayed from the park. Your highness has not seen her?"

"No, no," returned the princess, a little quickly. "But you did startle me. Please search in some other quarter of the grounds. The doe is not about here."

The man bowed low and retreated, and the princess sank back upon her grassy seat.

"Little fool! little fool!" she murmured aloud, and then she lifted her eyes and saw him.

"It is the Princess Hildegarde?" he said, and he stepped out from the shadow of the trees.

But the tongue of the little princess refused to move. The color faded from her cheeks and then rushed back again, and her frightened eyes scanned his face.

He stepped nearer and bent over her. "Have you forgotten?" he said.

The eyes she met were frank, fearless eyes —the eyes of the boy. Indeed, his face was singularly boylike still, as in her vague dream-vision. He had outgrown knickerbockers and round collars, that was all.

"You are—you are my boy," she whispered faintly. "You did come."

"Of course I came," he replied cheerfully. "I said I would, you know. Did n't you expect me?"

"I did not know," she faltered; then she looked up courageously. "I knew you would," she said.

"Of course," he replied. "I had a scramble to do it, though. Sailed right after graduation. I thought at first I should have to cut that, but there was no way of explaining it, you see. When I reached this side of the water, I had a merry chase to reach here on time. Only arrived an hour ago. Well, do you want to play? Are the golden balls ready?"

He laughed gaily, and the last bit of frightened shyness passed away from the little princess.

"Oh," she sighed happily, "you *are* the boy!"

"Did you doubt it?" he asked. "Well, I suppose I have changed a bit." And he glanced down at his long legs. "I have something to identify myself, however." And dropping lightly on the grass beside her, he pointed to a little circlet of turquoise which hung upon his watch-chain.

"My ring!" she cried. "And you kept it all this time?"

He smiled into her eyes.

"Do you think a fellow values so lightly the gift of a princess?" he asked.

"Do you remember what you gave me?" she said. "See, I brought it in my pocket to show you." And she spread out on the grass between them the small silk flag.

He touched it gently. "And you have kept it all this time?"

"One does not value lightly the gift of a plain boy," she said. And then they both laughed happily.

She looked at him a little wistfully at last. "It 's so real, your being here," she said; "too real to be true. It is like one of the dreams."

"Ah, the dreaming?" he asked eagerly. "We were to talk of the dreams, were n't we, if we did n't care to play?"

"How much you remember!" she said admiringly. "They said—I thought men always forgot such things."

"What about the dreams?" he asked again.

She looked down at him as he lay there at her feet, and smiled happily. "I suppose it seems so natural because of them," she said; "for of course you 've been here every day, or I 've been there."

"At my place? Good!" he cried. "I was afraid it had not been the same with you."

"Then you dreamed, too?" She waited breathless for his confirmation.

"Did n't I tell you how?" he cried. "Of course I dreamed."

"It is strange," she said solemnly. "Are you real? Is n't this a dream, after all? Oh, hush!" And she sprang up, her finger on her lips, and peered through the bushes.

"I thought that meddlesome forester was coming this way again," she said at last, the alarm fading from her eyes.

"I had to dodge him," said her guest, with no trace of uneasiness. "It was lucky he had no dog. I had been standing behind that tree for some time, watching you. I wanted to be sure that you were you before I came out, you see."

"Oh, suppose he had seen you!" gasped the princess.

"What then? Should I have been bound in chains and cast into a dungeon cell? That sort of thing is rather out of date, is n't it?"

"I hope so," said the princess; but she did not smile. "I do not know just what would happen, but I am sure it would not be well for you. Oh, I suppose it is dreadful of me to be meeting you so. I suppose it is—not a proper thing."

The boy looked at her, surprised.

"Is not the Princess Hildegarde at liberty to receive whom she pleases?" he asked.

She shook her head. "And this is hardly

'receiving,' is it?" she said. "Is it not what one would call a clandestine meeting?"

"Perhaps so," he laughed; "but does n't that make it more fun? I came this way because I promised to meet you here. Should I have gone to the front door and pulled the bell, or have knocked at the portal, or whatever you call it, and presented my card?"

"No, no," she cried. "Oh, that would never do, but—" She hung her head shyly.

The smile died from her visitor's lips. "Princess," he said, "ten years ago we promised each other this little meeting. Is it wrong to fulfil a promise? Why not enjoy our little adventure as long as we are here? You are a princess, to be sure; but I hope that I am a gentleman—and anything is forgiven an American! Shall we play together, or would you rather I went away? I will go this minute if my presence here is likely to cause you embarrassment."

She looked up with sudden courage in her eyes. "You are right," she said. "I will not be afraid any more. It is my last happy day, and I shall spend it as I choose."

"Your last happy day?" he repeated questioningly.

"Oh, never mind that little—figure of speech, do you call it? See, the sun is quite overhead. Is it not time for luncheon?" And she opened the little basket and spread a snowy napkin between them on the grass.

"How jolly!" he declared, as she set forth the dainty repast and ordered him to begin.

> "'Underneath a bough,
> A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
> Beside me.'"

"Was n't I thoughtful?" she said, showing her dimples. "Was it not good of me, even on this day, to remember that boys are always hungry?"

"Do you know," he said, smiling contentedly, "I am afraid I am horribly disrespectful, but I can't seem to make myself feel awed in your presence. A fellow should use a different sort of language, should n't he, in addressing royalty?"

"Oh, please don't," cried the princess, dismayed. "It is because you have always treated me like a plain girl that I like you so well. I am so very tired of hearing 'your highness' this, and 'your highness' that. You—oh, you must n't, you know!"

He laughed. "I 'm immensely relieved," he said; "for really I 'm not at all familiar with the code. In our country we have no kings and princes, except those of oil and sugar, and we do not address them with proper reverence."

The princess looked puzzled.

"That was nonsense," he explained; "but really I suppose I might be in awe of you if I had not been your playmate every day for ten years."

Her face lighted up. "Oh, let us talk of that," she cried, and began to ply him with eager questions.

"And you did go to the university?" she said at length.

"Yes, it is the regulation thing in our family: Harvard; three months abroad; then business or a profession. It will be business in my case."

"Oh, then you will follow a trade?" she asked.

"If you like," he smiled. "My trade will be banking."

"Are there—are there many girls in America?" she asked next.

"Well, a few." And the corners of his mouth twitched.

"I suppose you know very many?"

"Very many, but—"

"But?"

"But there is no princess among them."

"No, you have told me before that there are no princesses in America."

"Pardon me," he said; "there is a princess for every man—when he finds her."

"Oh," she said, "you have not met her, then."

"Yes," he replied; "but not in America."

The princess took up a rose that he had pulled and dropped in her lap. "You talk puzzles," she said; but her eyes met his shyly for an instant. "Am I—am I so much changed from the little girl?" she asked impulsively.

He scanned her face with his clear, fearless eyes.

"No," he said at last. "I knew you from the first glance; but then I have your picture, you know."

"My picture!" she exclaimed.

He opened his watch and showed her a little engraved head cut from some illustrated paper.

"Ah, I forgot," she sighed. "A princess

is public property. The people may steal her pictures; they may even steal herself; when she is all unused to the world they say: 'Come, you are no more a child. You must marry to please us. We have a suitable alliance all prepared for you.'"

The boy sat up, and the merriment faded from his eyes.

"So he has come?" he said in a very still voice.

The princess met his questioning glance. "You mean—" she began.

"The mighty prince who was to come and carry you away. He has come, you say?"

His tone alarmed her a little.

"He came a year ago," she said, with an effort to smile; "but I would not let him carry me away until I had kept my promise to you."

His eyes fell and he plucked a handful of grass and scattered it to the winds.

"Is he the valiant and handsome prince of the old stories?" he asked.

The princess laughed bitterly. "Oh, so handsome!" she said. "He is old and ugly and wicked and unvaliant, and—and I loathe him!"

The boy turned suddenly, and his clear eyes held hers.

"Princess," he said in that same low, tense voice, "do you remember?"

The color swept her face, but she did not look down.

"I remember," she said, "I proposed marriage to you. I begged you to—to save me from the prince." And she smiled again.

"Yes, and I—"

"Why, you were a gentleman," she interrupted him quickly; "you agreed to the request of a lady. You were a most obliging boy."

The mocking laugh died from its own artificiality and a tear trembled on the long lashes.

The young man saw it, and his hand instinctively closed over hers.

"My princess," he said, with boyish impetuosity, "I stand ready to fulfil the promise."

They looked into each other's eyes, half frightened at the words; then the princess drew away her hand with a pitiful shake of the head.

"You are very generous," she faltered. "I thank you, boy."

"I suppose I am a fool," he blurted out; "but I 've got to tell you. Do you think I came all this distance just for a bit of childish nonsense? Do you suppose I ran into open danger for a mere foolhardy adventure? I came to tell you that you are my princess; that you have been mine ever since that day when I first saw you here; that I 've carried your face in my heart, and always shall carry it there, even though I never see you again. The thought of you has kept me from caring a rap for the prettiest girls that ever came my way. I 'm a romantic donkey, no doubt; I am aware that it is all hopeless and unheard of, but it can't hurt even a princess to know that a fellow has given her the whole honest love of his heart."

"Oh, but it does hurt!" whispered the little princess. "Oh, but it does hurt!"

He looked up in her eyes.

"Why?" he demanded.

"It hurts—it hurts, because—because I *am* a princess," she faltered, "and because you are—my boy, and because I hate the prince."

He sprang up and moved restlessly back and forth.

"You will marry him?" he asked.

"I do not know," she said miserably. "It is my brother's wish."

"But," he remonstrated, "surely he will not force such a man upon you."

"No," she said, "he will not insist; but what difference will it make? I should hate the next one just the same."

She arose and leaned wearily against the trunk of a great tree.

"It is horrible!" he cried, pausing before her. "You are a girl as well as a princess. Do you—do you not think it wicked to marry so?"

Her poor wet eyes met his hopelessly, and gave him courage to take her hands in his.

"Dear—what is the use?" he whispered.

They stood there so, looking into each other's unhappy face like helpless children. Then suddenly the princess snatched away her hands and turned from him.

"Oh, I am wicked now," she cried—"so very, very wicked! But you are the only one who has ever understood. I could n't help it; and I do thank you. You must not be miserable for me. I shall always remember you. It is a happy thing to know one person that did not mind my being a

princess. But you must go away. I can never see you any more."

His young face was very white. "I cannot go," he said.

"You must," she insisted; but he did not move. Suddenly he threw his head back boldly.

"Why should I go?" he cried.

The little princess trembled.

"You are only a girl, after all. We love each other. What right has any one to come between us? 'What God hath joined together let not man—'"

"Hush! hush!" she whispered.

He shook himself and laughed a little hollow laugh.

"Forgive me," he said. "I am a presumptuous kid. Good-by, my princess."

"Good-by," she said gently. But he turned as suddenly.

"I will see you once more," he exclaimed. "This day cannot end so. It must last me forever, don't you see? And I 'm so horribly young. I shall be here again to-night."

"No, no," she said. "You must not. There are to be guests at the palace to-night." And she shuddered.

"I shall come," he said, "and so will you." But she shook her head.

"It is good-by now," she said sadly. "Good-by forever."

She held out her hands to him, and he lifted them to his lips.

"I want to ask one thing"—she smiled, though her eyes were wet—"one foolish question. Are you sure you—cared—just for *me?* Were n't you a little bit romantic because—because I *was* a princess?"

He nodded. "Yes, because you were *my* princess," he said. "But—if you were just you and a peasant girl, you would be my princess just the same, you know."

"Good-by," she said.

"I shall come to-night," he replied.

"I shall not come," she said. "Oh, boy, good-by!"

IV

"I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the rose,
'For ever and ever, mine.'"

THE little princess stood before a long mirror and glanced indifferently at the picture she saw there—the vision of a slender girl in flowing robes of pale blue, with pearls on her snowy neck, pearls in her yellow hair, and the misery of youth in her eyes. She tried to smile as she turned away and passed slowly down the staircase to the saloon. Her brother was entertaining that worthy prince who had renewed his offer for the hand of the Princess Hildegarde, and the Princess Hildegarde had agreed to meet him.

Her brother regarded her with anxiety as she entered, and when, later, he beheld the cold greeting which she bestowed upon her noble suitor an angry light burned in his eyes.

She indeed consented to open the dance with him, but no flush of maidenly pleasure lighted her face. She was a little princess of snow.

The princely lover pressed her hand gently and smiled to himself. "She is shy—afraid," he thought. Could he have read the terror in the poor young heart, he might in pity have gone quietly away—who knows? But he did not read it. He dwelt with pleasure on her pretty face, her lithe young figure. It was well to have one's consort good to look upon.

The hours dragged miserably on. People talked to her, and she heard herself replying as though she were some one else. She dared not look ahead; she tried not to look back; the music sounded as music in a dream, the men and women about her seemed like painted figures. Was all her life to be such a numb, fleeting show; the only reality, that unceasing ache at her heart?

Ah, but there was another reality to-night, the knowledge which chained every thought even while she seemed to live in the gaiety about her—the knowledge that out there beneath the stars, amid the roses, some one waited—some one with a young heart filled like her own with tempestuous longings, some one whom she could never meet again.

Almost faint with the weariness of suffering, she at length sought seclusion in a quiet corner behind a screen of flowers, and leaned her poor little head against the marble balustrade.

She thought she was alone, but very soon the consciousness of another presence grew upon her, and lifting her eyes fearfully, she met the ardent gaze of the prince her suitor.

There was something in his eyes that filled the unlearned heart of the little princess with womanly revolt. The color rushed to her face, and she sprang up, her hand to her heart.

The prince bowed low. "A thousand pardons!" he smiled. "I startled her highness. Will the princess forgive?"

But her highness did not smile.

"I was startled," she said coldly; and, despite her youth, there was a dignity in her face that dismissed him.

He turned away, angered, baffled; and the little princess stood there, very white and still. She could see nothing but the look with which he had regarded her, and her eyes fell in maidenly shame before the memory of it. Was she to sacrifice her womanhood to a man who could look at her with such evil pleasure in his glance? Did a kingdom hold the right to ask it? No, a thousand times no! her pure young heart made answer.

What should she do? She thought. Where could she turn? She was only a little child, after all; a little child who was afraid of the dark.

Shuddering, she moved near the open window and leaned faintly against the casement. The cool night fragrance of the garden was there to greet her; the breath of the dewy roses was waiting to comfort her.

Suddenly she lifted her head, her eyes aglow, her lips parted breathlessly. She gave one startled glance about her, and slipped from the room.

Down in the old garden the boy waited in the rose bower. He sat and thought of her: of her yellow hair; her shy blue eyes, so happy, so miserable; her soft, cool hands; her smile; her words; her gown—what did he not think of? He thought of the love he had seen in her glance, and as he thought of it his eyes burned with the hot tears of youth.

She would come—he knew she would come; but it was weary waiting. The splashing of her fountain fell upon his ear, and he made bold to go to it. He had been still so long, a desire for action overcame caution.

He moved to the edge of the fountain and looked down in its depths. There were the goldfish that received bounty at her hand. He glanced up at the lights of the palace, and strains of dance-music were wafted down to the garden.

"She will come," his boyish heart exulted. "They cannot keep her much longer. She will come to me—Jove, she is coming now!"

Yes, she was coming. He saw her hurrying along the terrace and down the stone staircase. The moonlight touched her now and then, revealing the golden hair, the snowy neck, the white face. He waited, his heart thumping wildly as she hurried over the smooth grass. Her beauty, her splendor, dazzled him, but as she stepped into the moonlight near him he saw the trouble in her face.

"Princess!" he whispered, and with a glad little cry she sprang toward him.

"Boy!" she cried. "Oh, boy, you *are* here?"

"Of course I am here," he replied. "I told you I would come."

She moved nearer, lifting an appealing face to his. "And you will save me?" she whispered.

"Save you?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, from that man—you promised, you know. You will keep your promise?"

He looked down at her, anxious, amazed.

"You mean—" he gasped.

"To marry me!" she faltered. "You said you would. Oh, you must, boy."

She looked so miserable, so little, so unprotected! His boyish face grew suddenly manly with strength and tender resolve, but he did not touch her.

"Princess," he said, "do you—do you love me, you know?"

She hesitated an instant. Then she met his eyes bravely. "Yes," she whispered; "always, always!"

Time stood still in the old garden for a brief space. Then the little princess started.

"We must go," she whispered.

"Go?" he said. "No, no! A fellow can't let you off yet, you know."

She lifted startled eyes to his. "It is n't safe to wait," she said. "You must take me now—the way you came. We can find a priest—a pastor—can we not?" and her glance fell.

"You—you want to go now?" he said.

"Yes," she said. "I am prepared. See, I brought a little bundle. People always carry things in a pocket-handkerchief, don't they, when they run away?" She laughed softly and held up a package tied in a silken kerchief.

The boy smiled, too, as he gently touched her snowy shoulder.

"Yes, and on the stage they always run away in ball-gowns. You have dressed well for the part, my princess."

She looked down at her silken robe, for the first time aware of it.

"You like it?" she asked, with girlish anxiety for his approval. "I am told that blue is my color. Do you—do you think it becomes me?"

"It is perfect," he declared. "You are a dream, a queen—and yet I dare—"

But she stirred uneasily again. "Come, boy, we must—you know."

"Did you mean to go now—just like this, without telling your people, or anything?" he asked, troubled.

She lifted amazed eyes to his.

"Telling!" she cried. "Of course I cannot tell. Do you think they would let me go? Oh, boy, hurry, hurry, or they will make me marry that man."

"Never!" he said between set teeth; but he did not move.

"I am sorry I wore this gown," she whispered. "I should have changed it, but I did not think; I did not dare to wait; I—was afraid; I wanted—you."

His young arms closed about her protectingly, but the boyish face that bent over the yellow hair was full of trouble. The boy was changing to the man very rapidly.

"Princess," he cried at last, "I don't like it."

She lifted her face, frightened. "You mean you will not keep your promise?" she gasped.

"I will keep my promise," he declared; "but I cannot keep it so. I love you too well for that."

"And you will not take me away to-night?"

He drew in his breath, and then he said firmly, "No—I cannot."

"Oh!" she cried, and tried to turn from him; but he would not let her go. She did not struggle, but she became very cold and still in his arms.

"Of course, if you do not want to," she said. "It is not a promise that—"

"I *do* want to!" he cried hotly.

"Then, why?" She lifted a cold glance to his.

"Because it would not be right," he said.

The color rushed over her face, and she hid it in her hands as she leaned away from him.

"I see," she murmured. "Forgive me and let me go! I have been unmaidenly so to trust your love for me—your courage. I was a foolish little child, but I have grown wise again. The Princess Hildegarde, in terror at a royal marriage, turned mad and forgot her duty, her self-respect. Will you let me go, sir?"

"Sweetheart," he cried, wincing, "don't say such things! You know they are not true." And hearing the hurt in his voice, the little princess was just a common girl again, weeping her grief out on her lover's breast.

"Don't you see how it would be?" he said miserably. "You could not escape unnoticed as you are; and you are known far and wide throughout your kingdom. We could find no man who would marry us; we should be detected, and you would be carried home again. Don't you see? And there would be mean things said, and I—I should lose you for always. I could n't do that. I could n't make you the talk of a world that sees things crooked, and disgrace my own people, too."

"And what do you mean to do?" she asked.

"I mean to do what a gentleman should," he declared stoutly. "We love each other; we can't give it up—can we, dear? And so we ought to be married and live happily ever after. That is what I shall tell your brother; and if he loves you, he can't be unreasonable long."

"You are going to the prince, my brother?"

"Of course," he said.

She gave a little hopeless laugh. "And do you know what will happen?" she asked.

"I suppose there will be considerable of a row at first, but I guess I can manage him."

"Oh, you American!" she cried sadly; "there *will* be a 'row,' and you will be banished, and I shall be disgraced, and we shall indeed lose each other for always."

His arms tightened about her. "No," he said, "never that. If he will not listen, if he is unreasonable, we must take our own way, for then he would be in the wrong, you know; but we must try the right thing first."

She wept silently for a little space, and then she said softly: "Boy, you are good. Oh, I am so glad you are good!"

He kissed her. "It is you," he said. "A fellow would have to be good when he was with you."

"But I—I was so foolish," she faltered.

"No," he said; "you just did n't think. A man knows the world better. That 's all right."

"And you don't think I was wicked?"

"You!"

"What must I do now?" she asked, turning humbly to him for direction.

"You must go back," he sighed, "before they miss you. I will stay here and wait until the morning. It will not seem long. I must think, you know."

"And in the morning?"

"You will come and take me to your brother, when it is time."

"Oh!" she faltered faintly.

"Come, be plucky," he said. "I am not at all afraid. How can I be when I think of what you have given me?"

Then he kissed her again and sent her in.

V

"How very wise these roses seem
Who think they know, and only dream!"

The prince was pacing his apartments in considerable vexation of spirit. The entertainment of the evening before had been decidedly disappointing in its results. Was ever a lovely princess more blind to her own interests than the Princess Hildegarde?

The door opened and the Princess Hildegarde stood before him.

The prince paused in surprise. "What!" he exclaimed. "My sister awake? After last evening's gaiety we fancied she would still be slumbering. You are pale, princess; you would have done well to have prolonged your beauty sleep."

The little princess stood before him, very pale and still.

"Your highness," she began at length, "I crave a favor. There is one waiting who desires audience with your highness. It is my wish that you should grant it. May I bring him in?"

The prince smiled. "How very formal we are!" he said. "Has the forester's son broken a law again? Is your favorite, the old gardener, in difficulties? I am in no mood to grant favors; but since I am here, I cannot well refuse."

"It is neither the forester's son nor the old gardener," replied the princess, faintly; "it is a gentleman who desires to speak with your highness, a gentleman who is my friend—my dear friend."

She drew back the curtain to the entrance-hall as she spoke, and the prince glanced up in astonishment to meet the frank gray eyes of a perfect stranger. This stranger came forward with a bow which was neither cringing nor defiant; such a salute as any young gentleman might bestow upon one somewhat his elder.

"I am pleased to meet your highness," he said, with cordial good will in his young voice; and he held out his hand, which the prince in his surprise touched slightly.

The little princess retired trembling to the window, and her brother turned to her questioningly.

"Will the Princess Hildegarde inform us what this young gentleman desires?" he asked.

"There is no reason why the princess should be troubled," interrupted the young man. "I am very willing to state my own errand, and will do so at once, with your permission."

His highness nodded, frowning.

"It will doubtless surprise you," began the boy, and his eyes did not swerve. "Since you were not aware of my existence, you would naturally be surprised; but, to cut the matter short, I love your sister, sir, and—well, she loves me; and since you are her guardian, I have come to ask your consent to our marriage."

The prince sank back in his chair, amazement, incredulity, and growing anger making his face dark.

"Hildegarde!" he commanded, "will you explain this piece of impertinence?"

The little princess turned frightened eyes toward her lover, and he smiled reassuringly.

"No need to trouble the princess," he said again. "I will tell you briefly of our meeting. Ten years ago I was traveling with my parents, and we stopped here. One morning, in a spirit of childish adventure, I found my way into the old garden and discovered the little princess. We played together for an hour or so, and when we said good-by I promised to come

again in ten years and meet her in the same spot. Well, I came yesterday, and when it was time for parting again, why—we both knew. I can't just explain it, but if you have ever loved any one yourself, you will understand how it is; if you have n't, I can't tell you; but time does not count for much when you meet the right one. We know we care, and so we want to be married some day, of course."

The prince had been very angry, but there was in his nature a strong sense of humor, and humor turned back the rising anger now.

"Might I inquire," he began, with amused sarcasm, "the young gentleman's claims and titles to an alliance with the Princess Hildegarde?"

The youth drew himself up proudly. "I have the claim of an American gentleman, the son of an American gentleman. My title to the alliance is that I love her and that she loves me."

The simple, manly words touched the prince in spite of his mingled emotions. Perhaps they reached some hidden chamber of his own heart. He turned and silently regarded the little figure in the window, and the princess came forward.

"Yes, my brother; I love him," she faltered.

The prince drew her toward him with an unwonted display of affection. "You poor babes!" he smiled. "Do you not know that a little princess may not always wed where she chooses?"

"A princess is a woman first of all," declared the boy, stoutly. "It would be wicked to marry without love."

"It might be possible for a princess to be wicked, as you call it, in marrying where she most loved," replied the prince as stoutly.

"You have never loved, or you would know that is untrue," returned the young man, fearlessly.

The face of the prince went crimson and then very pale.

"The Princess Hildegarde should warn her young friend that he is not in America," he said in a voice made unsteady by sudden passion.

"I beg your pardon," said the boy, manfully. "I meant no offense. I did forget for a moment that I was not in a land where freedom of speech is a man's birthright. But I meant every word, sir."

"Do you love this country of yours, young man?" asked the prince, a new calmness possessing him.

"Of course I love it," was the surprised reply.

"Would you not make all sacrifices for it—lay down your life, if need be?"

"Yes, sir; gladly."

The prince turned to his sister. "You hear this young man speak," he said. "Is your royal heart less valiant, princess? Do you not love your kingdom?"

"I love it—yes," she faltered.

"And can you hesitate to sacrifice your life—yourself for the good of your kingdom?"

The little princess dropped her eyes, but she did not reply, for the boy stepped to her side and took her hand in his.

"Your highness," he said, "there is one thing which I would not sacrifice to my country."

The prince stood baffled before them. He was astounded most of all at his own tolerance. Why did he permit himself to argue with this unknown youngster? Why did he not order him from his presence? There was something in the very fearlessness and honesty of the lad that compelled respect, that withheld anger.

"You are very young," he said, smiling pityingly. "This will seem like a pretty dream to you in a few months. Then you will thank your protecting angels that the brother of a princess was so tolerant when he declined your suit."

The boy stood pale but resolute.

"Then I am to understand that you withhold your sanction?"

"Most certainly; I can do nothing else."

A little cry escaped the princess: "Ah, boy, I told you so!"

The prince turned toward her, smiling. "I thought the Princess Hildegarde considered herself too young to marry. I quite agree with her."

"You did not agree when you wished me to marry that bad man," cried the little princess, angrily.

"Ah, that was quite another thing," returned her brother. "The prince is old enough to care for you, and he is not bad, my dear."

"He is odious," repeated the princess, "and I will never marry him. Did any happiness ever come of such a marriage? Was our mother happy? Are you happy?"

Again the prince looked stern. "I would bring this interview to a close," he said. "Indeed, I do not know why I have suffered it to continue so long, except that it has afforded me novel entertainment. But my patience is exhausted, and I am ashamed of my sister, the princess. I must dismiss the subject."

The face of the young man before him was hot with indignation. "I ask your pardon," he began. "I came to you as one gentleman to another; but I have only to say in taking leave—"

He was stopped by the lifted hand of the princess.

"My brother," she said gently, "when I was a very little girl I once saw a lovely young woman—a young woman who was not a princess. I heard you call her Emilie."

The prince started, and his face worked with suppressed emotion.

"My sister, what would you have of me?" he asked, at length, in a voice which was surprisingly gentle after its recent sternness.

"I would have you show to me the kindness which you denied her," said the Princess Hildegarde, quietly.

The prince arose and paced to and fro for some minutes. Then he turned to the silent young people before him.

"You are babes," he said; "but you think you know all things now. Listen, then: this lad must go away—home to his own people, and he must stay away for five years. He must not communicate with the Princess Hildegarde during that time, nor she with him; but if at its expiration he still cares to return and finds her free, I will no longer refuse my sanction, provided she still desires it. Do you accept the condition?"

The young people turned to each other with joy in their eyes. What were five years?

The prince smiled pityingly again. "You think it will be the same; but five years is a long time when one is young," he said.

"It will be the same," declared the boy. "We accept your condition, sir."

"Hold! Let me finish," went on the prince. "It is only fair for me to add that I shall exert every influence in my power to cause my sister to forget this folly. No unwelcome marriage shall be forced upon her, but I shall strive to make her see her duty and regret this step."

The boy smiled into her true blue eyes. "I am not afraid," he said.

"I would add, also," went on the prince, "that I have not the smallest notion that you will ever come to claim my promise. You are a very young man, and there are other lovely ladies in the world. I have been told that there are many in your own land."

The boy flushed indignantly. "It is well for you to understand that I shall return," he said. "Is your promise a serious one? You have agreed, when I come here five years from to-day,—no, from yesterday,—to consent to my marriage with your sister, the Princess Hildegarde, provided she still desires it. Do you give me your hand on this promise?"

The prince smiled in amusement.

"Yes, since that seems to be the custom of your country, I give you my hand. Do you wish to bind me further?"

"No, your highness; I trust we are both gentlemen."

He took from his pocket a small russia case.

"Here is my card," he said. "I will add the address. You might wish to communicate with me, you know."

"Thank you," observed the prince, amused. "I think we shall hardly have occasion. The public press will inform—Mr. Milton in the event of the Princess Hildegarde's marriage. I can think of nothing else we might wish to say which could possibly be of interest to Mr. Milton."

The young man bowed. "I thank you for your courtesy," he said; "and I wish you good day."

Then he stepped quickly to the side of the little princess. He had been talking to the prince in his own tongue, but now the more ready English sprang to his lips.

"Good-by, sweetheart," he said in a voice that was not very steady.

She gave her hands to him, and her blue eyes met his bravely.

"Not good-by," she said; "not good-by—auf Wiedersehen."

"That is better," he smiled; "auf Wiedersehen until that day. I will meet you in the garden, dear."

"Yes, I know," she said. "I will be there."

"I shall go back now," he said. "I must

get to work, you know. I must make a little home for my princess."

"It is only five years," she smiled; "we had to wait ten before."

"Only five," he repeated.

"And there are the dreams," she said.

"And the memories," he added; "and we can dream of our own little home now."

Then he put his arms about her and kissed her on the mouth while her brother stood by.

"Auf Wiedersehen, my sweetheart."

"Auf Wiedersehen, my boy!"

He bowed again to the prince, and walked swiftly from the room without once looking back.

The prince stood silent, a gentle memory softening his stern eyes.

"Poor babes!" he murmured half aloud. "Ah, well, it is good to be young!"

But the Princess Hildegarde did not heed him. She had moved to the open casement, and stood there watching a lithe young figure swinging resolutely away beneath the tall trees of the avenue.

There were no tears on her lashes; there was only peace at her heart. She knew her boy. He would not forget.

BALLAD OF TWO SAINTS

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

THERE are two saints in paradise
Who spake of little earth,
And wonderful they are and wise,
And know their wisdom's worth,
Though the years they lived are cold and blown
Like ashes from a hearth.

And one: "Within a market-place
I spake a certain word,
And hatred shone on every face,
And they reviled who heard;
Yet spake I but on earth to-day,
How earth were thrilled and stirred!"

And one: "Unto a crownèd king
I spake a word of fear,
And I was broken for this thing—
Yea, scourged with scorn and jeer;
Yet spake I upon earth to-day,
How men would weep to hear!"

There are two saints in paradise—
Now if they came again
To walk before the careless eyes
And listless heed of men,
I wonder if myself would go
To kneel before them then.

1802 1803 1804

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

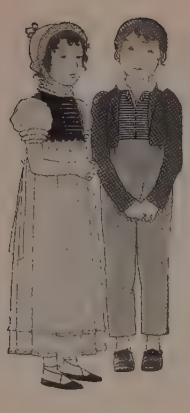
(FROM 1800 TO 1870)

BY ROGER BOUTET DE MONVEL

WITH DRAWINGS BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL

TO speak with precision, children's costumes do not begin before the closing years of the eighteenth century. Up to that time it was thought sufficient to dress the little folk, according to sex, in garments reproducing exactly those of the father and mother. Such clothes must, assuredly, have been very uncomfortable for creatures whose movements call for ease, and whose turbulence does not well accord with the stiffness of the eighteenth-century ruff, or the majestic amplitude of those perukes whose solemnity appears to overshadow the intimate life of our progenitors. It is to be observed in this connection that wherever, in our day, ancient costumes have survived the invasion of the railroad and of what we are generally agreed to call progress, this manner of dressing children still continues. Anywhere in Brittany, in Holland, or in certain remote parts of Switzerland and the Tyrol, one may meet boys and girls from five to six years old promenading

1801 1802 1803



1806

1807

1810

gravely in the habiliments of grown-up persons. And one perceives that such a fashion springs from an undeveloped conception of early youth, a conception which does not measure properly all the distance that separates the man from the child.

As a matter of fact, the child, before the nineteenth century, counted for nothing in society. People did not think about children, and, if they thought about them, it was to judge them severely. La Bruyère sums up their case very cavalierly. "They are curious," he tells us, "turbulent, indiscreet, changeable, untruthful, uncleanly, meddlesome, destructive." And La Fontaine, usually so kindly, is scarcely more indulgent. Hence one sees them relegated to the servants' quarters, under the eaves, or to the porter's lodge, as in the case of the little Duc de Beauvilliers. Louis XIV himself, future King of France, spends all his childhood in the kitchens of Saint Germain, and sleeps at night in worn-out sheets: his valet finds him, "his legs through the holes, lying on the bare mattress."

Moreover, there is no transition between the child and the man. As soon as the boy is thought to be able to understand, he is prepared for action. He is to make himself useful as quickly as possible, at an age when our own unfortunate collegians, riveted to their benches, are fairly started upon the insipid round of their examinations. Jean de Gassion goes to the wars at the age of sixteen and is made maréchal of France at thirty-four. La Rochefoucauld begins his military career at fifteen with the rank of "maistre de camp." Condé wins the battle of Rocroi, a general-in-chief at twenty-two. We find the same thing in the bourgeoisie. Omer Talon, avocat-général to the Parliament of Paris, began pleading cases at eighteen, and was immediately celebrated. The young Arnauld d'Andilly, finishing his studies (and what complete and solid studies they were!) at sixteen, was intrusted with a public mission, received at court, and very soon permitted to stand behind the king's chair in financial councils, where he might hear weighty opinions and form his mind for great affairs.

1805

1806

1808

It is easy to see that there was no time at such a period to assign a special uniform to little boys and girls. Most commonly they were attired, as convenience might have it, in any of their parents' cast-off clothes, cut over, well or ill, to fit their size. Later, when the moment had come to exhibit them, the great object being to train all these small persons to bow, to courtesy, not to trip over their sword, and to turn a compliment gracefully, the quickest method to attain these ends appeared to be to dress them like men and women.

What strikes one most forcibly in this mode of education—we insist upon a point which touches our theme rather closely—is the

absolute absence of parental tenderness. Fathers and mothers concern themselves only in the smallest degree about their offspring. If there are examples which tend to prove the contrary, such as that of Pascal's father, who was an admirable educator, or of the father of Montaigne, who carried solicitude to the point of having his son awakened every morning by the sound of harmonious instruments, they are very exceptional instances. The father of the family faces his son like a military commander, and the latter never addresses him except as "monsieur." As for the daughter, the most that she is authorized to do is every morning to kiss her mother under the chin, that she may not derange the paint of which the ladies of the time were so lavish. Madame de Maintenon remembered being kissed by her parents only two or three times.

It took the tirades of a phrase-maker—who, however, did not hesitate to put his own children in the hospital whenever it suited him—to rouse the dormant sense of paternity. Rousseau stimulated a new interest in all this question of education. All these great personages suddenly discovered the charm and naïveté of childhood, and the pleasure that they were systematically depriving themselves of by keeping their sons and daughters at a distance. Princesses and marchionesses, seized with aspirations toward the old-time maternal servitudes, rejected mercenary aid and became the nurses of their own infants. Children's faces crowded into novels, pictures, and family portraits; and when Madame Vigée Lebrun went to the Trianon to paint Marie Antoinette, the Dauphin, the Duc de Normandie, and Madame Royale, she posed them all in a tender group, mother and children together, after the fashion of her own portrait of herself and her daughter. For the first time we see a dauphin of France dressed in light stuffs, with a frill cut away from the neck, and loose trousers. There is nothing to indicate his birth and rank but the ribbon and order of the Saint Esprit. And how comfortable is this style of dress when one reflects upon what his father and grandfather wore at the same age: embroidered coat, short breeches, peruke, sword on thigh, and high-heeled shoes! To be sure, that was a charming costume, and its factitious elegance pleases the eye; but how very inappropriate, in truth, for a child's limbs, with all their need of freedom! All these kings' sons, all these little princesses, have in their portraits the constrained and sullen mien of youngsters who are being punished, and the smiling naturalness of childhood returns only with Madame Vigée Lebrun. Probably Marie Antoinette, who, in spite of the coarse and puerile inventions of republican partizans, was a most tender mother, did more than any one else to put an end to the reign of ceremonial in the juvenile world. Her own education at the homelike court of Maria Theresa led her to introduce a more intimate note in the bringing up of her children, and to dress them more sensibly.

1811

With the end of the eighteenth century, then, the costumes of children, while they still followed the fashions of the day, became lighter and simpler and more and more adapted to the needs of youth. During the Revolution, and until the Directory, people did not have the leisure to give much attention to the dressing of little people. But as soon as the salons began to open again, and, with the coming of summer, society began to live more out of doors, every mother was again seized with the desire to dress up her little family with coquetry. These years of the Consulate and the Empire were happy ones for those who had the means to satisfy their fantasies. Behold now the reign, the triumph, of lingerie: a veritable debauch of lawn, gauze, organdie, and percale! The little women are in gowns of thin light stuffs, in muslins, batistes, Holland linen, "toile de Jouy," made in *fourreaux* which cling to the body, and are trimmed with plaitings, ruffles, and laces. And yet those that were the least trimmed seemed to be the most charming. Even in cold weather there was an avoidance of all those heavy materials that were kept for

1813

Color drawing by Maurice Boutet de Monvel

IN THE TIME OF THE RESTORATION

1814

the street; outdoor garments were redingotes, or *douillettes*, lined with fur for the winter. Given a lowering of the temperature indoors, a fichu was thrown over the child's shoulders, or a spencer, a species of shirred body which, when without sleeves, went by the name of *canezon*.

But though the costume was simple in its ensemble, the head-gear was to take on, for many years, the most intricate and unexpected forms. To describe these forms would be impossible; a few sketches will give a more exact idea of some of the fashions in hats at the beginning of the century. What funny bonnets and caps, round and pointed and with barbs, or tied under the chin; what delightful beguins and what an infinite variety of round toques made of lace or of tulle; and how many English pokes in percale, or faille, or bazin; and how many collarets with triple or quadruple rows of plaitings or ruchings! And imagine all this running and playing about in the alleys of the Tuileries, then called the National Garden; or in the Parc Monceau, which at that time still possessed the marvelous decorative effects of its temples, ruins, colonnades, and statues; or under the trees of the Palais Royal, then called the Palais Égalité; or along the Champs - Élysées, where the crowds poured down in the dust from the Longchamps races, even as they do to-day.

The costume of the boys was not very elaborate. In the first years they wore a sort of body with sleeves, to which was buttoned an ample pair of breeches reaching to the calf of the leg. Later this body became a jacket. To it was even added a waistcoat, cut very short, as was the mode with the dandies of the epoch —the *merveilleux*, the *incroyables*, whose waistband came under the armpits, whose muslin cravats were tied under their chins, and who, every night, exhibited their airs and graces, at the public balls of the Hôtel de Longueville, or at Frascati's, the favorite confectioner. The warlike tastes of the approaching Empire also had their effect, and many boys wore the military uniform: there were Polish lancers, and hussars of the guard, in red jackets with yellow froggings; and youthful voltigeurs with white breeches, high gaiters, and a policeman's hat on the ear. Little guards of honor were to come, further on. But this last costume belongs to the years of the imperial reverses, and is a sign of the end of the Napoleonic era.

1816

Presently the Bourbons returned, and with them a crowd of émigrés. After twenty years of exile in Germany or in Austria, they had kept all their habits and all their whilom modes of dress. Louis XVIII had no sooner become installed in the Tuileries than he was assailed by this crowd of devoted servitors, all without resources; during the summer of 1814 the approaches to the palace bore the aspect of a carnival. The astonished and mocking Parisians looked on a motley collection of "ancien régime" garments. Here were marquises of the last century, in pigeon-

1822 1824 1825 1826

1830

1831 1832

wing powdered wigs, rapier at side; they were dressed in three-cornered hats and satin waistcoats. At the fall of the Bastille they had joined the young Comte d'Artois at Koblenz. There were other phantoms of the armies of Condé, in sky-blue uniforms, with orange revers and silver galloons; they had fought for the king at the battle of Valmy. And then again there were long-haired Bretons with embroidered jackets and loose breeches, who had been among the Chouans of Cathelineau and Charette.

Still, the majority of the nobles were returning from England, where their tastes had undergone some alterations. The *merveilleux* had become "fashionables," and everywhere throughout Paris, on the Boulevard des Italiens and along the Palais Royal, there were quantities of English hats and coats to be seen, and plaid scarfs and turbans. The Parisian ladies began to wear plumes on their heads, and the charming lingerie of the Empire to take on ornamentations of a dubious taste. Even the pretty *cornettes* assumed insensibly the aspect of invalids' caps.

All these changes affected juvenile dressing. This is the time when pantalets began to be worn by women; and though the fashion was resisted not a little by the ladies, it was welcomed with enthusiasm for small girls. We now see them muffled in these long white pantaloons, which impeded their movements, and which, embroidered, belaced, and befrilled, continued to hang about their feet until the first years of the Second Empire. At that period the pantalets were gradually shortened until they reached the length of the short skirt itself. Under the Restoration the tight-fitting skirts spread into a greater fullness. In 1819 the line of the waist, which had

1833

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1836

reached well up under the arms, slipped a little lower. Transparent tissues were supplanted by heavy fabrics covered with various patterns, and white, the favorite color of the Empress Josephine, gave place to more somber hues. The curls of the period disappeared at the same time under hats that became every day more voluminous.

In boys' fashions there was no great change to be noted until the leg-o'-mutton sleeve—that famous sleeve, broad at the top and narrow at the bottom, that held its own with various modifications for a dozen years. The little short jackets now had added to them a skirt plaited all about the waist and reaching to the knees. The broad collaret gave way frequently to a small ruff framing the cheeks and surmounted by a cravat-bow. Finally, the stovepipe hat was introduced, and appeared in straw in summer, as we may yet see it in Miss Kate Greenaway's illustrations, and in beaver in winter, as it is still worn by French mail-coach drivers. A most curious sight they must have been, these lads behind their hoops, and with their tops and balloons, never separated from their inexplicable and monstrous head-gear! The same fashion still persists to-day in a certain number of English colleges.

To return again to the leg-o'-mutton, if it took the place of a tight sleeve with the lads, it did so still more quickly with the lassies. Now, indeed, the feminine outlines, such as the fashions of the beginning of the century had conceived them, disappeared absolutely to make room for a totally new

1837

1838

1840

ideal of the human form. The extraordinary exaggeration of the sleeves added to the breadth of the shoulders, and the cape, with rigid points on each side, emphasized the effect. From year to year these changes became more marked in the dress of the women, and therefore of the little girls also. Designs and colors were created and made fashionable by celebrated tailors and modistes. In 1820 Paris was inundated by such hues as "mahogany," "London smoke," and "Spanish tobacco"; in 1823 there appeared two consecrated colors, "amorous toad" and "frightened mouse." In 1825 little girls began to wear pretty pinafores, either of embroidered linen or of silk, with some form of trimming. In its ensemble the feminine silhouette as it then existed remained stationary for fifteen years. It did not change to any noticeable extent until about 1838, and it was not the capture of the Tuileries, nor the abdication of Charles X, nor the vapid declamations of the two Chambers which brought about the alterations in skirts and hats. Little did fashion reck of political questions just then. Orleanist France wore the leg-o'-mutton of Legitimist France with all the good grace in the world. There is only one detail to be noted, and that is that the fullness of the sleeves dropped forward toward the elbow, thus lengthening the line of the shoulders—a detail, by the way, for which the *élégantes* of the day had every reason to be thankful.

There was nothing new to speak of in the costume of the boys, except that, after the age of ten, there was a return of the short English jacket with waistcoat; but it was worn longer than under the First Empire. The head-gear was still a curious thing. Contemporary hatters appear to have given their imagination the widest license. There was one cap very much in vogue at the time, the shape of which suggests that of the present Russian *kepi*, but with a fuller crown, a longer vizor, and a big tassel topping the whole and dangling on one side.

1842

Prévet, Place de la Bourse, had no equal in his inventions in hats for the small boy whose clothes came from Humann or Scorcury, both of whom had shops in the rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs. For girls the fashionable modistes were Madame Lepetit, rue Grange Batelière, and Madame Rome, passage Choiseul; while Madame Carcher, rue Vivienne, Madame Hippolyte, rue Louis-le-Grand, and Madame Romain Delanoue, rue Sainte Anne, were

1844 1845 1846

1849 1851

generally conceded to be the cleverest dressmakers. All these tradespeople were grouped around that somewhat narrow quarter which formed the center of the fashionable Paris of the day, between the Bourse, the Palais Royal, the Boulevard des Italiens, and the rue Louis-le-Grand. The center has moved more and more toward the west in recent times, and especially under the Second Empire, until now its pivot is the rue de la Paix.

There is a persistent tendency toward the fantastical in the dressing of children at the period we speak of. If we take up the "Magasin des Demoiselles," the "Theory of the Tailors' Art," and other fashion papers, toward the year 1840 we find many examples of this exaggeration. The second half of the reign of Louis Philippe was marked by an increase in the width of the skirts, and this went on until 1850, when two, three, and four rows of flounces, plain or pinked out, were built up on them. Just then the pantalets of the little girls were creeping up. In a few years they barely showed below the skirt. The head-gear was almost uniformly the poke, which framed the face, hid the profile, and was worn with flat bandeaux and English curls over the ears.

We now reach the Second Empire. Louis Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor of the French December 2, 1852, and the following year he married Mademoiselle de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba. It was she who from that moment on was to direct all fashions, and, by her dazzling beauty and her marvelous instinct for what was decorative, to become the authority in all matters of elegance. Paris gave up its parliamentary discussions, its barricades, and its riots, and made great show of its equipages, lackeys, and toilets. The fashionable world had money in plenty, and wishing to react against the slightly bourgeois and parsimonious habits of the preceding reign, it proceeded to display majestic materials, heavy cashmere shawls, pelisses, and becoming mantles. What would one not have done to look even a little like the young and incomparable sovereign! Thus when she appeared the first time in a crinoline, all Paris adopted the notion; and this innovation, which strikes us as so extraordinary to-day, was embraced for little girls as well as for their elders, and pronounced in the last degree *chic*. (This word, by the way, dates from the Empire.) The Louis Philippe poke continued to hold its own, though slightly reduced in size, freeing the forehead, and tied by long strings under the chin. But by and by all the ladies began to wear the Pamela hat, perfectly simple, perfectly flat, with the broad soft straw brim tipping negligently behind. The whole taste of the day leaned toward breadth and majestic curves, toward quantity in both height and width. But, while the skirts were growing, sleeves were putting on puffings and widening at the wrist, which was just the opposite of the famous leg-o'-mutton of the Restoration. The singular thing was that the larger the crinoline became, the greater also became the glory and power of the French Empire. That was the day of the Crimean and Italian campaigns, of the triumphal return to Paris of the victorious armies, the time when, in the language of the newspapers of the period, "France presided

1853 1854

1856

1858 1859 1861

over the destinies of Europe." There came an hour, however, when the popularity of the Empire waned, when opposition awakened in the Chamber, when the external situation grew complicated, and together with this political movement we see the subsidence and decadence of the crinoline. A few Parisians of the fashionable world, chief among them the Princess Metternich, had already attempted to turn the tide in 1866; still the crinoline was not definitely abandoned until the following summer, when the Empress, surrounded by foreign sovereigns who had come to visit the Exposition, appeared at Longchamps in a "peplum," which was a short corselet with a square basque attached before and behind, and very long on the sides.

Immediately imitating their mamas, we see the little girls in tight skirts, very short, made of light materials, uncovering the leg, and showing small Polish boots with tassels. Nor did they hesitate to adopt those tiny toques surnamed "toquets mon colonel," or those "saucer hats" which it was considered good form to wear far down on the forehead, with two long ribbons floating behind—ribbons so funnily called "follow-me-young-man." Under the toque the hair was confined in a silk net, tied on the top of the head with ribbons of the same color. This is the time when all young girls wore the zouave jacket and the bolero cut short above the waist, and showing a bit of the white chemisette; and also the time of the Garibaldi blouse, made of foulard, or of white, red, blue, or Havana brown taffeta, for colors varied infinitely just then, and ranged from the solferino, marengo, and ox-blood reds to the golden yellows, the "jaunes aventurins," the "beetle-back browns," and the peculiar Bismarck shade, a reddish tint much in vogue and which created a furor in Paris, particularly during the year of the Exposition.

As for the small boys, during the few years before the Empire they had been buttoned up in short jackets pinched in at the waist and frequently trimmed with frogs; a cap completed the outfit. Before 1855 a stovepipe took the place of the cap. But that was to be its last appearance. It seemed decided that this sort of headgear was really too impracticable and inconvenient for boys. Moreover, there was a tendency toward greater and greater simplicity. From the age of four to six the boys generally wore the zouave jacket like the little girls, and with the same puffed-out chemisette, the little turnover collar, and the plaid skirt. When they were a little older that skirt became a little pair of breeches, and that, in time, became a pair of pantaloons. It is easy to follow these successive changes in the different photographs of the Prince Imperial, when he does not wear his voltigeur uniform or the uniform of a grenadier of the guard. One photograph in particular, which dates from the year 1867, shows him in knickerbockers, long stockings, jacket, and vest, very like the youths of our own day. Often, too, a simple blouse, drawn in at the waist by a sash, and with a turnover collar and cuffs of lace, was worn instead of the jacket. In short, every effort was made to dress children easily; and from now on the

styles are never far removed from the sailor suit, which tends to absorb all other styles at present, and which, be it said in passing, is by no means a style to be deplored. Only the unfortunate collegians (and heaven knows they were numerous at that period) kept their erstwhile uniform intact, and thus they continued to do for many years, whether they were six years old or eighteen; it was always that same tunic which their fathers had worn, that same frock-coat with its rows of buttons, plaited in at the waist, padded out like a mattress, and as stiff as cardboard. They were also compelled to keep to the straight military collar, when even the fashionables of the Empire, the *cocodès*, wore the neck free and moved about comfortably in their long, floating top-coats with "pagoda" sleeves.

The war of 1870 put an end to all the somewhat extravagant fashions of the Second Empire, and the first reverses, soon followed by the invasion and the siege of Paris, proved an abrupt and painful awakening for the youth of France. For many long months there were more serious things to be thought of than the creation of new costumes; and while great ladies and their little daughters wore their last year's gowns, the cocodès had only time to strap on their knapsacks, and to don the glorious but by no means becoming uniform of the Gardes Mobiles.

1863 1864 1866 1868 1870

THE UNCROWNED KING

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD

OR God or Mammon, as he serves
Straight to his goal he cuts his way.
Perhaps on some vast continent
His hand was closed but yesterday.

"Aye, yesterday," you say. "But Death—"
Because one died is all life done?
The uncrowned monarch never dies.
The sun hath set—there springs the sun!

Nor shall his power be the less
If in his childhood's bygone peace
The gutter cradled him, nor may
A statelier birth his strength increase.

He is. For good or ill, he is;
And woe to those who blindly cling
Unseeing to the ancient thrones,
And reck not of the Uncrowned King!

KERRIGAN'S CHRISTMAS SERMON

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

WITH PICTURES BY MARTIN JUSTICE

KNOCKING gently on the slide of the companionway, Kerrigan, at the sharp call of the captain, descended slowly into the cabin, with his cap in his hand.

"Seeun' 's the b'ys is goun' ashore, sir," he began in his caressing Irish speech, "I thought I 'd like to tak' the run mesilf, sir. Me shoes is thot bad, me toes is blushun' from the shame av their barefaced immodesthy." He held up a huge foot, disclosing a shoe near to dissolution. "So, sir—"

"All right, all right," grunted the captain. "How much do you want?"

"Only a thrifle, sir," Kerrigan answered, "for me shoes, an' a shirt or two, an' some socks, seeun' 's these is kapun' company wid me shoes in exposun' me fate. Tin dollars will dó, sir, ef ye plaze, an' thank ye kindly."

It was half-past six and a December evening, and only a few lights were flickering along the water-front of the Southern city. The bark lay off in the stream, tugging at her chain. She had reached her anchorage too late that afternoon to haul into her berth, and the eyes of every man aboard were circled with dusky rims from their hard, sleepless battle with a three days' gale outside.

"It beats me why you boys want to go ashore to-night," the captain grumbled good-naturedly, as he leaned far back to take his wallet from his trousers pocket. "Have n't slept much or any for two nights, have you? Have n't scarcely been dry for a week, either; and now you want to go carousing about town all night! Huh!"

Kerrigan shook his head in gentle sympathy, putting himself outside the captain's depreciation.

"Ut 's the trut' ye 're sayun', cap'n—God's trut'; but ut 's the young blood av thim, sir, thot 's cryun' for the fale av the land, an' will 'not let thim rist. But I 'll kape an eye on thim, sir, an' hustle thim aboard in the airly avenun'. I 've no mind to stand battun' me eyes on the strates, waitun' for a lot av callow b'ys, while me bunk is a-callun' me. Thrust to me to bring thim back airly an' sober, sir."

He took the money the captain gave him, and backing deferentially away, went slowly up to the deck and over the side of the vessel into the yawl, where his three companions on shore-leave waited impatiently for him. Two of the crew who were to bring the yawl back sat listlessly on the thwarts, yawning sleepily.

As he sank to his place in the stern, he took his pipe from his pocket and proceeded to fill it.

"Now pull, ye divils, pull!" he said genially, as the boat splashed away toward shore. "Ut 's me thot the ol' mon 's putt over ye, to kape ye out av harrm's way an' fetch ye off airly. 'Tom,' says he, 'get

thim b'ys aboard as soon as they do be gettun' the kinks out av their legs. Ut 's young an' tinder they are, an' I 'm thrustun' to yer discretion.' ''T is a sacred thrust, sir,' says I. 'Ut 's faather an' mither an' all I 'll be to thim, sir—the dirthy sons av say-cooks.'"

Frithjof, the big-shouldered, silent Swede, looked over his shoulder and grinned, while the eyes of Nicolao, the Cape Verd islander, sparkled as he murmured: "Missa Kerrigan, nussa-maid for lit' child'en; bes' o' ref'ence." But Sam, the young New-Englander, scoffed back:

"Father and mother! And what do you know of that, you bog-trottin', back-door Moses, found on the steps of a windy mornin'?"

"A Moses, is ut?" answered Kerrigan. "'T is the thrue worrd; for ut 's me that will be l'adun' ye out av the Agypt yon." The yawl bumped against the landing-stairs, and he began to cough—a pumped-up sort of spasm that would not have deceived a child. "An' the dust av ut!" he groaned, as he climbed to the wharf. "Holy Mither! the Agypt dust av ut, an' not an oæsus in sight!"

The oases were found later in satisfying number. The swinging doors that opened to them had swung so often before their joyous progress that as the clocks of the city were striking nine they came, in the pride of their strength, to the glittering front of one for the third time, only to have the doors slammed and locked in their faces.

The four looked at one another in grieved, incredulous surprise. Then Kerrigan's brown, good-natured countenance flattened itself against the glass of the door, and he tapped gently on the pane with his huge, tar-stained fingers.

"Whisht, me sons," he said to the grinning attendants inside; "the joke 's on yez. 'T is over-airly for the closun'. Ye 're thot cross-eyed ye do be seeun' the clock over yer shouldhers an' r'adun' ut backwards. 'T is nine o'clock, an' ye think ut a quarther past twilve. Turn yer backs to ut, an' pretind ye 're comun' whin ye 're goun'; 't will be aisier for ye." He shook the door

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'I 'M TRAVELUN' INCOGNATHO'"

with a touch of impatience. "Open, I say! Are ye—"

An important-looking, round little man came strutting up, and jerked down the shades, stopping Kerrigan's speech like a blow in the face. He looked at the door blankly and then at his companions.

"Ye 're not wantud, lads," he said harshly. "'T is for yer betthers. 'T is mistook ye are for naygurs an' little yellow min."

Now a sailor's mind is trained to the meeting of sudden emergencies with incredible swiftness, and with a unanimity that would have been impossible in landsmen, the four seamen, without parleying, met the obstacle in their path.

Two doors below, a row of new buildings was going up, with lumber piled at the edge of the sidewalk. Hot with the insult, as they thought it, they hurried thither, seized a floor-beam, and swung back to the closed door. The next moment it fell inward before their battering-ram, with a jingling of glass and splintering of wood.

Out of the uproar of the room the little round man came, furious to confront the four. Kerrigan gave the sign to his shipmates, and the beam dropped to the floor with a crash that sent the man into the air with a leap that he probably had not equaled for years.

"Me card," said Kerrigan, smiling sweetly and pointing to the beam; "putt ut in yer card-resaver. I 'm the descindant av kings in me own right, but not too proud to know ye."

Choking with rage, the little man turned to his waiters, crying: "Call the police! Do you hear? Call the police!"

"The polace!" echoed Kerrigan. "'T is nadeless an' too great an honor. I 'm travelun' incog*nat*ho, as we say,—which is our custhom among infariors,—an' shunnun' the pomps an' thrappun's av coorts. Let the polace be; they do be overworrked an' too dom extraneous."

Two white-aproned waiters slipped past him, making for the door; but Frithjof blocked the opening, with Sam and Nicolao at his shoulders. All the Swede's normal good-nature was gone. Flushed with anger at what he considered an insult, his face had an ugly look. Nicolao was smiling, but he stood like a cat ready to spring, and the New-Englander's eyes were dancing with the joy of battle. Behind them, the watching crowd in the street momentarily increased, and it shouted with the ecstasy of joyous expectation when two policemen pushed through the door, shouldering the huge Swede from their path.

Now Frithjof was not a man to be shouldered when in a rage, and discretion was not his foible. Like the arms of a windmill, his great paws swung wide and crashed down upon the heads of the guardians of the peace, smashing their helmets over their eyes.

Kerrigan, turning, saw it all, and the faces of the officers before they went into eclipse.

"Naygurs!" he roared, with a beautiful simulation of horror. "They 're naygurs! The shame av ut!" Then he rushed joyfully into an entangling alliance with his friends.

It was an unequal struggle, and the officers were already down when some excited creature turned out the lights. In the sudden darkness Kerrigan kept his head.

"'T is the fa*nat*ly," he whispered hoarsely to his shipmates. "Kape togither, but run!"

As they dashed out into the street the crowd broke and scattered. It was a light-hearted assembly, and its interest was the interest of pleasure, not correction. Laughingly it cheered the fugitives on, and saw them passing unobstructed into outer darkness at the edge of the city market, and was turning away when Kerrigan fell. He had been lumbering on behind his comrades, and had almost gained a refuge under the dark corridors of the market, when his foot slipped. For an instant he lay stunned; then, before he could rise, two policemen pounced upon him from out the shadow of the dark wall, and the crowd's interest had revived and was sending them hot-foot to view his downfall.

Kerrigan was still blinking from the shock when he was led back over the road he had come, the two policemen pertinaciously demanding an explanation of his haste.

"I was lookun' for yez," said Kerrigan.

"Ye found us," answered one of them, laconically. Kerrigan looked up sharply.

"Ye 're an Irishman," he declared.

"Ye 're no liar," replied the other—"for wance."

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'COME BACK, YEZ! AIN'T YEZ GOUN' TO GIVE THE CHILDER THEIR PRISINTS?'"

"I tak' shame for ye consortun' wid naygurs," said Kerrigan, sadly. "I came to tell ye so."

"I 'm consortun' wid worse this minut'," said his captor.

"Ye know yer mates," Kerrigan replied genially, looking at his other guard. "I 've small likun' for Dootchmin mesilf. Do they call the foorce the mixed pickles?"

He received no answer, and, the pleasure of the social instinct gone, through half-closed eye he looked about him discontentedly. They were rapidly approaching the wrecked saloon, a tail of idlers at their heels. On their left, protected only by planks laid over barrels, yawned the dark abyss of the cellar under the unfinished row of buildings. Kerrigan glanced down, saw nothing but black void, and felt anew the thrill of life.

"What 's ut?" he asked, jerking his head toward the unfinished row, and was answered that his captors neither knew nor cared.

"'T is shameless ignorance," declared Kerrigan; "we 'll investhigate," and wheeling suddenly, freeing himself, he leaped into the black pit, carrying the barriers with him.

There was a crash below of falling barrels and timber, and then an awe-inspiring silence; but, ten minutes later two sad guardians of the peace crawled out of the abyss, extinguished their lanterns, and went preyless back to their beat.

At the same time, in a narrow street on the other side of the market, his leaderless companions, making their way down to the water-front, came upon Kerrigan, sitting sadly on the curb, communing with the past. They hailed him with joy, but he only shook his head sadly at sight of them.

"Here 's me wages unspint," he mourned, "an' ivery rasort av pleasure closed to us by the folly av min! 'T is shameful!" Then he began to sing dolorously:

"'The harp that wance through Tara's halls
The sowl of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if thot sowl were fled.'

"Oh, the harps av the ould counthry," he murmured; "an' the eyes av sloe, an' the mists on the hills av a marnun'! Ut all comes back to me so swate, so swate! An' niver a dhrop to dhrown me sorrow!" From his lowly seat he waved his hands to his comrades in farewell. "L'ave me wid me dead, b'ys! L'ave me!"

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'LASTHLY AND FINALLY'"

The three looked at one another in doubt, then Frithjof growled:

"Ay tank you big dom fool!" Stooping suddenly, he seized Kerrigan by the shoulders and lifted him to his feet, adding: "Coom on, now!"

"All right, Swaden," said the sad Kerrigan; "I go, but me heart 's bruk."

It was not so completely shattered as to leave him wholly oblivious of the shell, when, as they turned into a lighter street, two girls came laughingly along the path. He twisted his mustache and gazed at them sadly.

"Eyes av sloe, eyes av sloe," he murmured—"ut all comes back to me so swate—so swate!"

He shook his head mournfully at the retort discourteous that he received, but Sam and Nicolao giggled. He gazed at them reprovingly.

"'T is a harrd worrld," he declared, "whin me—" He stopped short, for they had come to the lighted front of a theater-like building, and from within there floated the sound of singing, and then the applause at its close.

"Heh!" cried Nicolao, excitedly. "Behol' de theayter! Coma 'long een!" Without a moment's hesitation, he entered the vestibule, followed by the others, and, opening an inner door, passed into a darkened room.

Out of the gloom by the entrance an usher stepped softly, and touching Nicolao on the arm, led the way up the aisle, followed by the sailormen. Into a side seat at the very front of the hall he swept them with an elaborate bow, and tiptoed away as an unseen orchestra played the opening strains and a full choir of voices broke softly into the hymn:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."

As the words of the last line swelled into a rich crescendo of sound, veiled lights began to glimmer above the stage, and with a creaking of a tackle and fall there slowly descended into view a white-clad figure with shining wings, holding a green palmetto-leaf aloft.

The living picture stepped lightly to the stage from the little platform on which she had stood, and, with a profound bow, lowered the palmetto-leaf as the lights of the hall blazed out, and the audience broke into wildly excited applause.

"Holy Mither!" cried Kerrigan, under his breath, "'t is a naygur!"

He glanced swiftly at the audience, now for the first time revealed: every shining face of delight in the hall except their own was that of a negro.

In a sort of wonder, he turned to his companions. Nicolao was wildly applauding, Frithjof was staring stolidly at the stage, and Sam's face was down in his hands, his body shaking with a violent coughing fit.

He looked up at length with a grave face, and caught Kerrigan's eye.

"What is ut?" asked the Irishman.

His shipmate nodded toward a pine-tree at the back of the stage, decked with candles and gifts.

"Christmas eve and a Christmas tree," he replied. "It 's a darky church."

"I was beginnun' to have me suspicions thot ut was a Dootch ball," said Kerrigan, with biting sarcasm. He looked about him. "I tak' ut," he went on, as the result of his observation, "thot we hold the sates of honor."

"Yes," answered his mate.

"Then ut 's a dacent lot of haythen they are," he declared emphatically, "barrun' the shlight invidjusness av a coffee-colored angel. So let the prosadun's prosade." He began to applaud with all the vigor of his mighty hands.

Kerrigan grew more and more enthusiastic as the exercises went on, and his loudly spoken comments, if frank, were for the most part satisfactorily laudatory. Not till near the close did a momentary cloud appear.

They were lighting the tree, and a file of small children had lined up in front of it to repeat Bible verses. They stood, a twisting line, looking over their shoulders at the gathering glory behind them, impatient for their gifts, and repeating parrot-like the rapid words that were to set them free. Near the middle of the line one stumbled over a long quotation, but came smoothly to a close with the words, "but the scriptions must be 'filled." The speaker's small finger went swiftly to her mouth, and she dropped demure eyes. The next child was cannier.

"Now we see th'oo er glass dark'y," he lisped, and looked triumphantly at his next neighbor, who said in a high voice:

"An' Ab'am said, I wull sw'ar."

An audible stir ran through the audience, and a wrinkled little man near the stage rose quickly to his feet and held up a warning hand.

"Mistah Sup'inten'ent," he cried excitedly, "Ah rise foh ter appoint an ordeh."

The superintendent bowed affably, after a momentary hesitation.

"'Scuse me," said the interrupter, "but Ah 'm 'bleeged foh ter ask whar yo' go'n' fin' dem wuds. Dey don' soun' lak da wuds of ouah Lohd and Mahsteh—er lak da Bible."

The superintendent turned to the young woman who had marshaled the children upon the stage.

"Miss Pickney," he said, "are dem wuds f'om de Holy Book? Dey soun' familious, but Ah cayn't say right offhan' whar dey come f'om. Are dey?"

"Yesseh," she snapped; "dey 's co'ect.

Ab'aham said 'em, lak he *said* he said 'em." She glanced scornfully at the doubter. He was not to be crushed so easily, however.

"Den all Ah kin say," he went on excitedly, "is dat den dat chile ain' said enough. He ain' 'splain da 'casion. An' dat ain't all; an' heah 's da p'int,"—he held up a polemic finger, and faced the audience,—"Ab'am he done lib unner da ol' dispinsatioms, an' some of ol' man Adam was een 'im yit."

He paused so long in his triumph that the next child in line, thinking the incident closed, began to repeat:

"Consider the lilies—"

Unheeding, the voice of the man went on:

"So Ab'am say he w'u'd sw'ar. Mebbe some things done gone wrong with 'im, er he had some er Job's troubles; but he ain' done right, an', lit' chillen, dem ain' no advices foh yo'—no, ma Lohd!"

He was in full swing now, his voice rising, his arms swinging wildly about his head. Kerrigan, looking from him to the stage, saw the sorrowful, uneasy line of little children turning back toward the tree, now fully lighted, and guessed their dismay at the interruption. He turned to the exhorter once more, and leaped into the fray.

"Let the little naygur g'wan!" he called roughly.

A sea of angry eyes flashed upon him, but he heeded it not.

"G'wan, little tiger-lily!" he roared. "G'wan wid yer worrds!" And with the instinct of implicit obedience to the voice of a white man, the child ran glibly through her quotation, and the line filed from the stage.

Marching off, with his eyes upon the tree, a heedless boy ran into the frail upright supporting an elaborate arch of paper roses, which, falling on the candles, ignited, and then dropped in a serpent of fire among the children and flamed up toward the roof along the uprights still standing.

Instantly the house was in a wild panic, sweeping toward the door and windows; but Kerrigan saw only the child that he had bidden speak. The last of the line, the blazing wreaths inwrapped her and fired her flimsy white dress. He leaped to his feet, but was borne backward by the maddened rush of screaming creatures making toward the windows behind him.

It was only for an instant. Catching at the back of a seat and bracing himself, he lowered his head, and with a roar like that of an angry bull plowed his way through the frenzied mob and fell sprawling across the stage. The next moment he sprang through the blazing streamers, caught up the child, and holding her face against his breast, smothered the flames or beat them out with his hands.

Another blazing streamer fell across his own shoulders before he had extinguished the burning dress of the child, firing his coat and scorching his cheek; but not until the child was safe did he fling it off impatiently, pull down the remaining uprights, and stamp out the flames. Then blackened with soot, and scorched, still holding the sobbing child against his breast, he turned and roared:

"Come back! Come back, yez! Ain't yez goun' to give the childer their prisints?"

They crept into their seats presently, excited and hysterical; and not till then did Kerrigan leave the stage with the child, sobbing with fright, but little hurt. Going down to his shipmates, he stood the child before them:

"'T is Christmas ave, an' a little child in throuble," he said; "hand out yer ducuts!"

Smiling, they did as they were bidden, while the audience crowded about them, watching. Kerrigan took their bills with a dissatisfied frown.

"Iv'ry cint, ye thavun' sailormin! Is ut av yersilves ye 'd be thinkun' whin a little child 's in throuble? Empty yer pockuts, as I 've done mesilf," he ordered.

When he was certain that not a cent was left to the four, he tied the collection in his neckerchief and put it in the hand of the bewildered child.

"'T is for a new dhress, an' a dolly, an' pink ice-crame, an' whativer," he told her; "an' a merry Christmas to ye!"

Then he turned to the wildly applauding audience with a deprecatory wave of the hand.

"G'wan wid ye!" he said good-naturedly, and with the first touch of diffidence mortal had ever seen on his face. "Don't ye know the childer is a-waitun' for their prisints?"

The tree was stripped, the last song sung, a prayer of thanksgiving and grati-

tude to Kerrigan spoken by the pastor, and the audience was making ready to depart, when the superintendent stepped upon the platform, lifted his hand, and said:

"Befoh we depaht, we desiah to signify our appreciatioms of the splendid cou'age of our visitant among us to-night, an' the gen'rosity dis gemman and da balumps of 'em have individualized." He bowed, and a male quartet marched solemnly upon the stage, sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and then, as an encore, bowing to Kerrigan, with spirit sang "The Wearing of the Green."

Kerrigan had nodded through the stripping of the tree, but he was thoroughly awake now. His head and foot kept time to the song, and as the last strain ceased he sprang to his feet.

"I niver made a spache in me life, b'ys,—an' the l'ave av yez,—barrun' some incidenthial remarks I might have inthrojuced into a coort av justus the marnun' after, by raison av lookun' upon the wine whin ut was red, which is a fagure av spache, me dhrink beun' whisky, which some av ye may know is a horse av anither color, and not bad for the hilth, though betther lit alone, owun' to the carelissniss av min in the use av high explosives; but I wan' to tell ye, in wan worrd, that I tak' ut kindly—yer singun' a song in me honor, an' yer reciption, an' the holy ruction ye gave us, whereby I worrked off me sadness av heart by raison av beun' in an inhospithable counthry. Now I wan' to say, we hope we 're not inthrudun'. We tho't ut was a show whin we perambulathed in amongst ye, which ut was av a kind, an' as amusun' as a baskut av kittuns an' lively as a counthry fair in me ancesthral kingdom, though not what we ixpicted.

"Now we 've heard yer songs an' yer spaches, an' sane yer angel descind, which was marvelous, an' we 've listhened to yer advice, which ut was as good as anny I 've iver had to contind wid—an', by the same token, as harrd to follow. For thot 's the quare thing about advice: the betther ut is, the laste likely we are to hade ut, an' thim as nades ut laste hades ut most, an vicy versy, which is Frinch for the road 's no longer wan way than t' ither way about.

"Likewise, ut 's the nature av the good to be too good an' the bad to be worse nor they nade be, the which I learned by lookun' in me own heart an' makun' philosophical faces at mesilf in me conthrition. So wan thing I 've learned—niver to putt more sthrain upon me stren'th than ut will bear wid dacency.

"Lasthly an' finally, as the pr'achers say, I like yer singun' betther nor yer courage, which ye have n't anny; but in discretion ye 're great. An' thot 's uts good points, too, for ut lades away from throuble, an' throuble 's a bad neighbor. But ye sing marvelous, an' I say, Sing all ye can, for ut makes the road short an' the worrk aisy; an' ye niver can absthract a hin from uts roost whin a song 's on yer lips, which is wan snare the less for the legs av thim thot walk in darkness, if the trut' 's been tould av ye. An' thot 's allegory.

"An' ye, little childer, alwiys honor yer faathers an' yer mithers, for thot the Good Book tills ye; likewise, ut 's common sinse; an' lasthly, tin to wan ye 'll be lathered if ye don't, an' thot hurts."

He ended abruptly, and turned away from the laughing, good-natured throng, already on its slow march to the door. An alarm had been turned in at the first call of fire, but the firemen had come and gone without entering, and the police had come no farther than the door. It was a glimpse of their helmets at the rear of the hall that had brought Kerrigan to a sudden close. Now he turned to the superintendent.

"Docthor," he whispered, "have yez a back dure? There was a little fri'ndly ruction on the strate a little while pravious, in which me fri'n's here participathed, an' me fri'n's the polace are yon. Ut 's a harrd lot they have, an' I 'd spar' thim throuble willun'. If we shlipped out unbeknownst—" He winked, and the superintendent bowed.

Back of them extended a little side addition, and into this the man led them, opening a window.

"It 's no door," he began, but Kerrigan caught him up.

"Ut 's all wan," he said, as he thrust a long leg through the opening; "dure or windy, ut 's a hole for daliv'rance. I was niver wan to scorn the shmall neck av a bottle whin the bung was not contaguous."

A moment later the four were swiftly following the directions of their adviser over a fence and across an open lot to a quiet street.

They traveled fast for a space, and then,

easy in mind, went on more slowly toward the water-front by roundabout ways.

The New-Englander, as was befitting one with an inherited conscience, was the first to speak.

"'T was good advice," he said.

"The which?" asked Kerrigan.

Then another inherited tendency in the Yankee awoke—a sense of the humor of things.

"Any of it," he answered, grinning. "That whisky was good for a man, but better let alone; that it was n't worth while being too good, or just as well not to be bad. Oh, you had a crumb of comfort for every one, Kerrigan."

"An' why not—on Christmas ave, ye carpun' Yankee?" demanded Kerrigan. "Is ut a time for missions an' pinances?"

"Or for the fast?" asked Nicolao, nudging the New-Englander.

For once Kerrigan was silent, remembering his thirsty but penniless state. Then suddenly he smiled, recalling his triumphant oratory.

"Thomas Kerrigan," he said to himself, "if I 'd 'a' caught ye airly, ut 's a man I 'd 'a' made av ye—barrun' the thirst, which is a dethriment."

Then in silence he went on through the echoing streets, under the quiet stars, with his equally silent shipmates.

A CHRISTMAS FOLK-SONG

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

DE win' is blowin' wahmah,
An' hit 's blowin' f'om de bay;
Dey 's a so't o' mist a-risin'
All erlong de meddah way;
Dey ain't a hint o' frostin'
On de groun' ner in de sky,
An' dey ain't no use in hopin'
Dat de snow 'll 'mence to fly.
It 's goin' to be a green Christmas,
An' sad de day fu' me.
I wish dis was de las' one
Dat evah I should see.

Dey 's dancin' in de cabin,
Dey 's spahkin' by de tree;
But dancin' times and spahkin'
Are all done pas' fu' me.
Dey 's feastin' in de big house,
Wid all de windahs wide—
Is dat de way fu' people
To meet de Christmas-tide?
It 's goin' to be a green Christmas,
No mattah what you say.
Dey 's us dat will remembah
An' grieve de comin' day.

Dey 's des a bref o' dampness
A-clingin' to my cheek;
De aih 's been dahk an' heavy
An' threatenin' fu' a week,
But not wid signs o' wintah,
Dough wintah 'd seem so deah—
De wintah 's out o' season,
An' Christmas eve is heah.
It 's goin' to be a green Christmas,
An' oh, how sad de day!
Go ax de hongry chu'chya'd,
An' see what hit will say.

Dey 's Allen on de hillside,
An' Marfy in de plain;
Fu' Christmas was like springtime,
An' come wid sun an' rain.
Dey 's Ca'line, John, an' Susie,
Wid only dis one lef';
An' now de curse is comin'
Wid murder in hits bref.
It 's goin' to be a green Christmas—
Des hyeah my words an' see:
Befo' de summah beckons
Dey 's many 'll weep wid me.

From a water-color by Winslow Homer

ON THE HOMOSASSA RIVER, FLORIDA

CHAPTERS FROM MY DIPLOMATIC LIFE

EMBASSY AT BERLIN (1897–1902): I

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

ON the 1st of April, 1897, President McKinley nominated me ambassador to Berlin; and, the appointment having been confirmed by the Senate, I visited Washington to obtain instructions and make preparations. The Secretary of State at this time was Mr. John Sherman. I had known him somewhat during his career as senator and Secretary of the Treasury, and had for his character, abilities, and services the most profound respect. I now saw him often. He had become somewhat infirm, but his mind seemed still clear.

An important part of my business during this visit was to confer with the proper persons at Washington, including the German ambassador, Baron von Thielmann, regarding sundry troublesome questions between the United States and Germany. The addition to the American tariff of a duty against the sugar imports from every other country, equivalent to the sugar bounty allowed manufacturers in that country, had led to special difficulties. There were also looming up several other questions no less difficult, those relating to the exportation of American products to Germany and the troubles already brewing in Samoa being especially prominent, so that it was with anything but an easy feeling that on the 29th of May I sailed from New York.

PRESENTATION AT COURT

ON the 12th of June I presented the President's letter of credence to the Emperor William II. The more important of my new relations to the sovereign had given me no misgivings, for during my stay in Berlin as minister, eighteen years before, I had found him very courteous, he being then the heir apparent; but with the ceremonial part it was otherwise, and to that I looked forward almost with dismay.

For since my stay in Berlin the legation had been raised to an embassy. It had been justly thought by various patriotic members of Congress that it was incompatible either with the dignity or the interests of so great a nation as ours to be represented simply by a minister plenipotentiary, who, when calling at the Foreign Office to transact business, might be obliged to wait for hours and even until the next day, while representatives from much less important countries, who ranked as ambassadors, went in at once. The change was good; but in making it Congress took no thought of some things for which provision should have been made. As regards the presentation, the trying feature to me was that there was a great difference between this and any ceremonial which I had previously experienced. At the presentation of a minister plenipotentiary, he goes in his own carriage to the palace at the time appointed, is ushered into the presence of the sovereign, delivers to him, with some simple speech, the autograph letter from the President, and then, after a kindly answer, all is finished. But an ambassador does not escape so easily. Under a fiction of international law he is regarded as the direct representative of the sovereign power of his country, and is treated as such.

Therefore it was that, at the time appointed, a high personage of the court, in full uniform, appeared at my hotel, accom-

panied by various other functionaries, with three court carriages, attendants, and outriders, deputed to conduct me to the palace. Having been escorted to the first of these coaches, myself in plain citizen's dress on the back seat, my escort in gorgeous uniform facing me, and my secretaries and attachés in the other carriages, we took up our march in solemn procession, carriages, outriders, and all, through the Wilhelm Strasse and Unter den Linden. On either side was a gaping crowd; at the various *corps de garde*, bodies of troops came out and presented arms; and on our arrival at the palace there was a presentation of arms and beating of drums, which for the moment somewhat abashed me. It was an ordeal more picturesque than agreeable.

The reception by the Emperor was simple, courteous, and kindly. Neither of us made any set speech, but we discussed various questions, making reference to our former meeting and the changes which had occurred since. Among these changes I referred to the great improvement in Berlin, whereupon he said that he could not think the enormous growth of modern cities an advantage. My answer was that my reference was to the happy change in the architecture of Berlin rather than to its growth in population; that during my first stay in the city, over forty years before, nearly all the main buildings were of brick and stucco, whereas there had now been a remarkable change from stucco to stone and to a much nobler style of architecture. We also discussed the standing of Germans in America and their relations to the United States.

On my remarking that it was just eighteen years and one day since the first Emperor William had received me as minister in that same palace, he spoke of various things in the history of the intervening years, and then ensued an episode such as I had hardly expected. For just before leaving New York my old friend Frederick William Holls, after a dinner at his house on the Hudson, had given his guests examples of music written by Frederick the Great, and one piece had especially interested us. It was a duet in which Mr. Holls played one part upon the organ and his wife another upon the piano, and all of us were greatly impressed by its dignity and beauty. It had been brought to light and published by the present Emperor; and after the performance some one of the party remarked in a jocose way, "You should express our thanks to his Majesty, when you meet him, for the pleasure which this music has given us." I thought nothing more of the matter until, just at the close of the conversation above referred to, it came into my mind, and on my mentioning it, the Emperor showed at once a special interest, discussing the music from various points of view, and dwelling upon the musical debt of Frederick the Great to Bach, and the special influences of Bach upon him. This conversation recurred to me later when the Emperor, in erecting the statue to Frederick the Great on the Avenue of Victory, placed on one side of it the bust of Marshal Schwerin and on the other that of John Sebastian Bach, thus honoring the two men whom he considered most important during Frederick's reign.

After presenting my embassy secretaries and attachés military and naval, I was conducted with them into the presence of the Empress, who won all our hearts by her kindly, unaffected greeting. On my recalling her entrance into Berlin as a bride, in her great glass coach, seventeen years before, on one of the coldest days I ever saw, she gave amusing details of her stately progress down the Linden on that occasion; and in response to my congratulations upon her six fine boys and her really charming little daughter it was pleasant to see how

> One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—

her eyes lighting up with pride and joy, and her conversation gladly turning to the children.

It may be added here that the present Empress seems to have broken the unfortunate spell which for about half a century has hung over the queens and empresses of the house of Hohenzollern. I remember well that, among the Germans whom I knew in my Berlin University days, all the sins of the period, political and religious, seemed to be traced to the influence of Queen Elizabeth, the consort of the reigning King Frederick William IV; and that during my first official stay in the same capital, as minister, a similar feeling was shown toward the Empress Augusta, in spite of her most kindly qualities and her

devotion to every sort of charitable work; and that the crown princess, afterward the Empress Frederick, despite all her endowments of head and heart, was apparently more unpopular than either of her two predecessors. But the present Empress seems to have changed all this, doubtless mainly by her devotion to her husband and her children, which apparently excludes from her mind all care for the great problems of the universe outside her family. So strong is this feeling of kindness toward her that it was comical to see, at one period during my stay, when she had been brought perilously near a most unpopular course of action, that everybody turned at once upon her agent in the matter, saying nothing about her, but belaboring him unmercifully, though he was one of the most kindly and attractive of men.

These presentations being finished, our return to the Kaiserhof Hotel was made with the same ceremony as that by which we had come to the palace, and happy was I when all was over.

Of the other official visits at this time, foremost in importance was that to the Chancellor of the Empire, Prince Hohenlohe. Although he was then nearly eighty years old, and bent with age, his mind in discussing public matters was entirely clear. Various later conversations with him also come back to me—one, especially, at a dinner he gave at the Chancellor's palace to ex-President Harrison. On my recalling the fact that we were in the room where I had first dined with Bismarck, Prince Hohenlohe gave a series of reminiscences of his great predecessor, some of them throwing a strong light upon his ideas and methods. On one occasion, at my own table, he spoke very thoughtfully on German characteristics, and one of his remarks surprised me: it was that the besetting sin of Germans is envy (*Neid*), which struck me as a curious confirmation of Tacitus. He seemed, at times, rather melancholy; but he had a way of saying pungent things very effectively, and one of these attributed to him became widely known. He was publicly advocating an important canal bill, when an opponent said: "You will find a solid rock in the way of this measure." To which the Chancellor answered instantly: "We will then do with the rock as Moses did: we will smite it and get water for our canal."

THE NEW CHANCELLOR, VON BÜLOW

As to the next visit of importance, I was especially glad to find at the Foreign Office the newly appointed minister, Baron (now Count) von Bülow. During the first part of my former stay as minister, I had done business at the Foreign Office with his father, and found him in every respect a most satisfactory representative of the German government. It now appeared that father and son were amazingly like each other, not only in personal manner, but in their modes of dealing with public affairs. With the multitude of trying questions which, as I write, have been pressing upon me as ambassador during nearly six years, it hardly seems possible that I should be still alive were it not for the genial, hearty, kindly intercourse at the Foreign Office and elsewhere with Count von Bülow. Sundry German papers indeed attacked him for yielding too much to me, and sundry American papers attacked me for yielding too much to him; but both of us exerted ourselves to do the best possible, each for his own country, and at the same time to preserve peace and increase good will.

Interesting was it to me, from my first to my last days in Berlin, to watch him in the discharge of his great duties, especially in his dealings with hostile forces in Parliament. No contrast could be more marked than that between his manner and that of his great predecessor, the Iron Chancellor. To begin with, no personalities could be more unlike. In place of an old man, big, rumbling, heavy, fiery, minatory, objurgatory, there now stood a young man, quiet, self-possessed, easy in speech, friendly in manner, "sweet reasonableness" apparently his main characteristic, bubbling at times with humor, quick to turn a laugh on a hostile bungler, but never cruel; prompt in returning a serious thrust, but never venomous. Many of his speeches were masterpieces in their way of handling opponents. An attack which Bismarck would have met with a bludgeon, Bülow parried with lighter, but in some cases really more effective, weapons.

Interesting especially was an occasion when the old charge of "Byzantinism" was flung at the present régime, to which he replied, not by a historical excursus or political disquisition, but by humorously

deprecating a comparison of the good, kindly, steady-going, hard-working old privy councilors and other state officials of Berlin with the fanatics, conspirators, and assassins who played leading parts at Constantinople during the decline of the Eastern Empire. In the most stormy discussions I never saw him other than serene; under real provocation he remained kindly; more than one bitter opponent he disarmed with a retort, but there were no poisoned wounds. The German Parliament left to itself can hardly be a peaceful body; the lines of cleavage between parties are many, and some of them are old chasms of racial dislike and abysses of religious and social hate; but the appearance of the young Chancellor at his desk seemed, even on the darkest days, to bring something of geniality and sunshine.

Occasionally during my walks in the Thiergarten I met him on his way to Parliament, and no matter how pressing public business might be, he found time to extend his walk and prolong our discussions. On one of these walks I alluded to a hot debate of the day before and to his suavity under provocation, when he answered: "Old ——, many years ago, gave me two pieces of counsel, and I have always tried to mind them; these were: 'Never worry; never lose your temper.'"

A pet phrase among his critics is that he is a diplomatist and not a statesman. Like so many antitheses, this is misleading. It may be just to say that his methods are, in general, those of a diplomatist rather than of a parliamentarian, but certain it is that in various debates of my time he showed thoroughly statesmanlike qualities, and notably at the beginning of the war with China and in sundry later contests with the Agrarians and Socialists. Even his much-criticized remark during the imbroglio between Turkey and Greece, picturing Germany as laying down her flute and retiring from the "European Concert," which to many seemed mere persiflage, was the humorous presentation of a policy dictated by statesmanship. Nor were all his addresses merely light and humorous; at times, when some deep sentiment had been stirred, he was eloquent, rising to the heights and taking broad views.

No one claims that he is a Richelieu, a William Pitt, or a Cavour, but the work of such men is not what the German Empire just now requires. The man needed at present is the one who can keep things *going*, who can minimize differences, resist extremists, turn aside marplots, soothe doctrinaires, and thus give the good germs in the empire a chance to grow. For this work it would be hard to imagine a better man than the present Chancellor; his selection and retention by the Emperor prove that the present monarch has inherited one of the best qualities of his illustrious grandfather: skill in recognizing the right man and firmness in standing by him.

TRIALS OF A HOMELESS AMBASSADOR

The next thing which an ambassador is expected to do after visiting the great representatives of the empire is to become acquainted with the official world in general.

But he must make acquaintance with these under his own roof. On his arrival he is expected to visit the Emperor and the princes of his family, the Imperial Chancellor and Minister of Foreign Affairs; but all others are expected to visit *him*. Hence the most pressing duty on my arrival was to secure a house, and, during several weeks following, all the time that I could possibly spare, and much that I ought not to have spared, was given to excursions into all parts of the city to find it. No house, no ambassador. A minister plenipotentiary can live during his first year in a hotel or in a very modest apartment; an ambassador cannot. He must have a spacious house fully furnished before he can really begin his duties, for, as above stated, one of the first of these duties is to make the acquaintance of the official world—the ministers of the crown, the diplomatic corps, the members of the Imperial Parliament, the members of the Prussian legislature, the foremost men in the army and navy, and the leaders in public life generally; and to this end he must give three very large receptions, at which all those personages visit him. This is a matter of which the court itself takes charge so far as inviting and presenting the guests is concerned, high court officials being sent to stand by the side of the ambassador and ambassadress and make the introductions to them. But, as preliminary to all this, the first thing is to secure a residence fit for such receptions,

and for entertainments in connection with them.

Under the rules of European nations generally, these receptions must be held at the ambassador's permanent residence; but, unfortunately, such a thing as a large furnished apartment suitable for a foreign representative is rarely to be found in Berlin. In London and Paris such apartments are frequently offered, in Berlin hardly ever. Every other nation which sends an ambassador to Berlin—and the same is true as regards the other large capitals of Europe—owns a suitable house, or at least holds a long lease of a commodious apartment; but although President Cleveland especially recommended provision for such residence in one of his messages, nothing has yet been done by the American Congress, and one consequence of this is that every ambassador has to lose a great amount of valuable time, effort, and money in securing proper quarters, while his country loses much in its proper prestige and dignity by constant changes in the location of its embassy and by the fact that the American representative is not infrequently obliged to take up his residence in unfit apartments and in an unsuitable part of the town.

After looking at dozens of houses the choice was narrowed down to two; but as one was nearly three miles from the center of the city, the selection was made of the large apartment occupied by me during nearly four years, and which was bought from under my feet by one of the smallest governments in Europe as a residence for its minister. Immediately after my lease was signed there began a new series of troubles. Everything must be ready for the three receptions by the eighth day of January, and, being at the mercy of my landlord, I was at a great disadvantage. Though paying large rent for the apartment, I was obliged at my own expense to put it thoroughly in order. The vexations and difficulties seemed unending, but, at last, carpenters, paper-hangers, electric-light men, furniture men, carpet-layers, upholsterers, and the like were driven from the house just five minutes before the Chancellor of the Empire arrived to open the first of these three official receptions! Happily they all went off well, and thereby began my acquaintance with the leaders in various departments of official life.

AN EMBITTERED FEELING AGAINST AMERICA

On settling down into the business of the embassy, it appeared that the changes in public sentiment since my former stay as minister, eighteen years before, were great indeed. At that time German feeling was decidedly friendly to the United States. The Germans had sided with us in our Civil War, and we had come out victorious; we had sided with them in their wars of 1866 and 1871, and they had come out victorious. But all this was now changed. German feeling against us had become generally adverse and, in some parts of the empire, bitterly hostile. The main cause of this was, doubtless, our protective policy. Our McKinley tariff, which was considered almost ruinous to German manufactures, had been succeeded by the Dingley tariff, which went still further; and as Germany in the last forty years had developed an amazing growth of manufactures, much bitterness resulted.

Besides this, our country was enabled by its vast extent of arable land, as well as by its cheap conveyance and skilful handling of freights, to sweep into the German markets agricultural products of various sorts, especially meats, and to undersell the native German producers. This naturally vexed the landed proprietors, so that we finally had against us two of the great influential classes in the empire, the landowners and the manufacturers.

But this was not all. These real difficulties were greatly increased by fictitious causes of ill feeling. Sensational articles, letters, telegrams, caricatures, and the like, sent from America to Germany and from Germany to America, had become more and more exasperating, until, at the time of my arrival, there were in all Germany but two newspapers of real importance friendly to the United States.

One of the main charges constantly made was that in America there was a *Deutschen Hetze*. Very many German papers had really persuaded themselves, and apparently had convinced a large part of the German people, that throughout our country there existed a hate, deep and acrid, of everything German, and especially of German-Americans. The ingenuity of some German papers in supporting this thesis was wonderful. On one occasion a

petty squabble in a Roman Catholic theological school in the United States between the more liberal element and a reactionary German priest, in which the latter came to grief, was displayed as an evidence that the American people were determined to drive out German professors and to abjure German science. The doings of every scapegrace in an American university, of every silly woman in Chicago, of every blackguard in New York, of every snob at Newport, of every desperado in the Rocky Mountains, of every club-loafer anywhere, were served up as typical examples of American life. The municipal governments of our country, and especially that of New York, were an exhaustless quarry from which specimens of every kind of scoundrelism were drawn and used in building up an ideal structure of American life, corruption, lawlessness, and barbarism being its most salient features.

Nor was this confined to the more ignorant. Men who stood high in the universities, men of the greatest amiability, who in former days had been the warmest friends of America, had now become our bitter opponents, and some of their expressions seemed to point to eventual war.

Yet I doubt whether we have any right to complain of such attacks and misrepresentations. As a matter of fact, no nation washes so much of its dirty linen in the face of the whole world as does our own, and, what is worse, there is washed in our country, with much noise and perversity, a great deal of linen which is not dirty. Many demagogues and some "reformers" are always doing this. There is in America a large class of excellent people who see nothing but the scum on the surface of the pot—nothing but the worst things thrown to the surface in the ebullition of American life. Or they may be compared to people who, with a Persian carpet before them, persist in looking at its seamy side and see nothing but odds and ends, imperfect joints, unsatisfactory combinations of color, the real pattern entirely escaping them. The shrill utterances of such men rise above the low hum of steady good work and are taken in Germany as exact statements of the main facts in our national life.

Shortly after my arrival at my post, letters and newspaper articles began coming, deploring the conduct of the Germans toward me, expressing deep sympathy with me, exhorting me to "stand firm," declaring that the American people were behind me, etc., all of which puzzled me greatly until I found that some correspondent had sent over a telegram to the effect that the feeling against America had become so bitter that the Emperor himself had been obliged to intervene and command the officials of his empire to present themselves at my official reception; and with this statement was coupled a declaration that I had made the most earnest remonstrance to the imperial government against such treatment. The simple fact was that the notice was in the stereotyped form always used when an ambassador arrives. On every such occasion the proper authorities notify all the persons concerned, giving the time of his receptions, and this was simply what was done in my case.

THE OPEN DOOR IN CHINA

During the early days of my embassy, Russia had, in one way and another, secured an entrance into China for her Trans-Siberian Railway, and seemed to have taken permanent possession of the vast region extending from her own territory to the Pacific at Port Arthur. Germany followed this example and, in avenging the murder of certain missionaries, took possession of the harbor of Kiao-chau. Thereby other nations were stirred to do likewise, England, France, and Italy beginning to move for extensions of territory or commercial advantages, until it looked much as if they were to parcel out the Celestial Empire among the greater European powers, or at least hold it in commercial subjection, to the exclusion of those nations which had shown more deference to international law.

Seeing this danger, our government instructed its representatives at the courts of the great powers to request them to join in a declaration in favor of an "open-door policy" in China, thus establishing virtually an international agreement that none of the powers obtaining concessions or controlling "spheres of influence" in that country should assert privileges infringing upon the equality of all nations in competing for Chinese trade. This policy was pushed with vigor by the Washington cabinet, and I was instructed to secure, if possible, the

assent of the German government, which, after various conferences at the Foreign Office and communications with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, some more, some less satisfactory, I was at last able to do. The assent was given very guardedly, but not the less effectively. Its terms were that Germany, having been from the first in favor of equal rights to all nations in the trade of China, would gladly acquiesce in the proposed declaration if the other powers concerned would do so.

The Emperor William himself was even more open and direct than his minister. At his dinner to the ambassadors in the spring of 1900, he spoke to me very fully on the subject, and, in a conversation which I have referred to elsewhere, assured me of his complete and hearty concurrence in the American policy, declaring, "We must stand together for the open door."

Finally, on the 9th of April, 1900, I had the satisfaction of sending to the Foreign Office the proofs that all the other powers concerned, including Japan, had joined in the American declaration, and that the government of the United States considered this acquiescence to be full and final.

It was really a great service rendered to the world by President McKinley and Secretary Hay; their action was far-seeing, prompt, bold, and successful.

THE SPANISH WAR

As the war with Spain drew on, animosities, so far as the press on both sides of the water was concerned, grew worse. Various newspapers in Germany charged our government with a wonderful assortment of high crimes and misdemeanors, but happily, in their eagerness to cover us with obloquy, they frequently refuted each other. Against President McKinley every sort of iniquity was charged. One day he was an idiot, another day the most cunning of intriguers; at one moment an overbearing tyrant anxious to push on war, at another a coward fearing war. It must be confessed that all this was drawn mainly from the American partizan press, but it was, none the less, vexatious.

In the meantime President McKinley, his cabinet, and the American diplomatic corps in Europe did everything in their power to prevent the war. Just as long as possible the President clearly considered that his main claim on posterity would be in maintaining peace against pressure and clamor. Under orders from the State Department, I met at Paris my old friend General Woodford, who was on his way to Spain as minister of the United States, and General Porter, the American ambassador to France, our instructions being to confer regarding the best means of maintaining peace, and we agreed in recommending that everything possible be done to allay the excitement in Spain; that no claims of a special sort, whether pecuniary or otherwise, should be urged until after the tension ceased; that every concession possible should be made to Spanish pride, and that, just as far as possible, everything should be avoided which could complicate the general issue with personal considerations. All of us knew that the greatest wish of the administration was to prevent the war, and if that proved impossible, to delay it.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S OPINION OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "MAINE"

But there came the destruction of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana, and thenceforward war was certain. The news was brought to me at a gala representation of the opera at Berlin, when, on invitation from the Emperor, the ambassadors were occupying a large box opposite his own. Hardly had the telegram announcing the catastrophe been placed in my hands when the Emperor entered, and, on his addressing me, I informed him of it. He was evidently shocked, and expressed, as I fully believe, a regret which was sincere. He instantly asked, with a piercing look, "Was the explosion from the outside?" My answer was that I hoped and believed that it was not, that it was probably an interior explosion. To my great regret, I was afterward obliged to change my mind on the subject; but I still feel that no Spanish officer or true Spaniard was concerned in the matter. It has been my good fortune to know many Spanish officers, and it is impossible for me to conceive one of their kind as having taken part in so frightful a piece of treachery; it has always seemed to be more likely that it was done by a party of wild local fanatics, the refuse of a West Indian seaport.

The Emperor remained firm in his first impression that the explosion was caused

from the outside. Even before this was established by the official investigation he had settled into that conclusion. On one occasion, when a large number of leading officers of the North Sea squadron were dining with him, he asked their opinion on this subject, and although the great majority—indeed, almost all present—then believed that the catastrophe had resulted from an interior explosion, he adhered to his belief that it was from an exterior attack.

RELATIONS WITH THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR

On various occasions before that time I had met my colleague the Spanish ambassador, Señor Mendez y Vigo, and my relations with him had been exceedingly pleasant. Each of us had tried to keep up the hopes of the other that peace might be preserved, and down to the last moment I took every pains to convince him of what I knew to be the truth: that the policy of President McKinley was to prevent war. But I took no less pains to show him that Spain must aid the President by concessions to public opinion. My personal sympathies, too, were aroused in behalf of my colleague. He had passed the allotted threescore years and ten, was evidently in infirm health, had five sons in the Spanish army, and his son-in-law had recently been appointed minister to Washington.

Notice of the declaration of war came to me under circumstances somewhat embarrassing. On the 21st of April, 1898, began the festivities at Dresden on the seventieth birthday of King Albert of Saxony, which was also the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession, and in view of the high character of the King and of the affection for him throughout Germany, and indeed throughout Europe, nearly every civilized power had sent its representatives to present its congratulations. In these the United States joined. Throughout our country are large numbers of Saxons who, while thoroughly loyal to our republic, cherish a kindly and even affectionate feeling toward their former King and Queen. Moreover, there was a special reason. For many years Dresden had been a center in which very many American families congregated for the purpose of educating their children, especially in the German language and literature, in music and in the fine arts; no court in Europe had been so courteous to Americans properly introduced, and in various ways the sovereigns had personally shown their good feeling toward our countrymen.

It was in view of this that the Secretary of State instructed me to present an autograph letter of congratulation from the President to the King, and on the 20th of April I proceeded to Dresden, with the embassy secretaries and attachés, for this purpose. About midnight, between the 20th and 21st, there came a loud and persistent knocking at my door in the hotel, and there soon entered a telegraph messenger with an enormously long despatch in cipher. Hardly had I set the embassy secretaries at work upon it than other telegrams began to come, and a large part of the night was given to deciphering them. They announced the declaration of war, and instructed me to convey to the various quarters interested the usual notices regarding war measures, blockade prohibitions, exemptions, regulations, and the like.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, court carriages having taken us over to the palace, we were going up the grand staircase in full force, when who should appear at the top, on his way down, but the Spanish ambassador with his suite! Both of us were of course embarrassed. No doubt he felt, as I did, that it would have been more agreeable, just then, to meet the representative of any other power than of that with which war had just been declared; but I put out my hand and addressed him, if not so cordially as usual, at least in a kindly way; he reciprocated the greeting, and our embarrassment was at least lessened. Of course during the continuation of the war our relations lacked their former cordiality, but we remained personally friendly.

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A MONARCH

On the third day of the festivities came a great review, and a sight comparatively rare. To greet the King there were present the Emperor of Germany, the Emperor of Austria, and various minor German sovereigns, each of whom had in the Saxon army a regiment nominally his own, which he led past the Saxon monarch, saluting him as he reviewed it. The two emperors certainly discharged this duty in a very handsome, chivalric sort of way. Thomas

Jefferson's famous letter to Governor Langdon describing royal personages as he knew them while minister to France before the French Revolution no longer applies. The events which followed the Revolution taught the crowned heads of Europe that they could no longer indulge in the good old Bourbon, Hapsburg, and Braganza idleness and stupidity. Modern European sovereigns, almost without exception, work for their living, and work hard. Few business men go through a more severe training or a longer and harder day of steady work. Republican as I am, this acknowledgment must be made. The historical lessons of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and the pressure of democracy are obliging the monarchs of Europe to fit themselves for their duties wisely and to discharge them intelligently. But this is true only of sundry ruling houses. There seems to be a survival of the fittest. At numerous periods in my life I have also had occasion to observe with some care various pretenders to European thrones, among them the husband of Queen Isabella of Spain; Prince Napoleon Victor, the heir to the Napoleonic throne; the Duke of Orleans; Don Carlos, the representative of the Spanish Bourbons; with sundry others; and it would be hard to conceive creatures more utterly unfit or futile.

DIFFICULTIES DURING THE SPANISH WAR

As to the conduct of Germany during our war with Spain, while the press, with two or three exceptions, was anything but friendly, and while a large majority of the people were hostile to us on account of the natural sympathy for a small power battling against a larger one, the course of the imperial government, especially of the Foreign Office under Count von Bülow and Baron von Richthofen, was all that could be desired; indeed, they went so far on one occasion as almost to alarm us. The American consul at Hamburg having notified me by telephone that a Spanish vessel, supposed to be loaded with arms for use against us in Cuba, was about to leave that port, I hastened to the Foreign Office and urged that vigorous steps be taken; with the result that the vessel, which in the meantime had left Hamburg, was overhauled and searched at the mouth of the Elbe. The German government might easily have pleaded, in answer to my request, that the American government had generally shown itself opposed to any such interference with the shipments of small arms to belligerents and had contended that it was not obliged to search vessels to find such contraband of war, but that this duty was incumbent upon the belligerent nation concerned. This evidence of the fairness of Germany I took pains to make known, and in my address on the following Fourth of July, at Leipsic, declared my belief that the hostility of the German people and press at large was only temporary and that the old good relations would be restored. Knowing that my speech would be widely quoted in the German press, I took even more pains to show the reasons why we could bide our time and trust to the magnanimity of the German people. Of one thing I then and always reminded my hearers—namely, that during our Civil War, when our national existence was trembling in the balance, and our foreign friends were few, the German press and people were steadily on our side.

The occasion was indeed peculiar. On the morning of the Fourth, when we had all assembled, bad news came. Certain German presses had been very prompt to patch together all sorts of accounts of American defeats and to present them in the most unpleasant way possible; but while we were seated at table in the evening came a despatch announcing the annihilation of the Spanish fleet in Cuban waters, and this put us all in good humor.

One circumstance may serve to show the bitterness at heart among Americans at this period. On entering the dining-hall with our consul, I noticed two things: first, that it was profusely decorated in a way I had never seen before and had never expected to see—namely, by intertwined American and British flags; and secondly, that there was not a German flag in the room. I immediately sent for the proprietor and told him that I would not sit down to dinner until a German flag was brought in. He at first thought it impossible to supply the want, but at last remembered the flag floating over his house. This was speedily given a place of honor among the interior decorations of our hall, and all then went on satisfactorily.

As the war with Spain progressed, various causes of difficulty arose between Ger-

many and the United States, but I feel bound to say that the German government continued to act toward us with justice. The sensational press indeed continued its work on both sides of the Atlantic. On our side it took pains to secure and publish stories of insults by the German admiral Diederichs to the American admiral Dewey, and to develop various legends regarding these two commanders. As a matter of fact, each of the two admirals, when their relations first began in Manila, was doubtless on his guard against the other; but this feeling soon yielded to different sentiments.

The ineffably foolish utterances of various individuals spread by sundry American papers were heartily echoed in the German press, the most noted among these being an alleged after-dinner speech by an American officer at a New York club, and a congressional speech in which the creature who made it declared that "the United States, having whipped Spain, ought now to whip Germany." Still the thinking men intrusted with the relations between the two countries labored on, though at times there must have come to all of us a sense of the divine inspiration of Schiller's words, "Against stupidity even the gods fight in vain."

PROTECTING THE NATURALIZED AMERICAN CITIZEN

Of course the task of the embassy in protecting American citizens abroad was especially increased in those times of commotion. At such periods the number of ways in which American citizens, native or naturalized, can get into trouble seems infinite; and here, too, even from the first moment of my arrival in Berlin as ambassador, I saw evidences of the same evil which had struck me during my previous missions in Berlin and St. Petersburg—namely, the constant and ingenious efforts to prostitute American citizenship. Among the manifold duties of an ambassador is the granting of passports. The great majority of those who ask for them are entitled to them; but there are always a considerable number of persons who, having left Europe just in time to escape military service, have stayed in America just long enough to acquire American citizenship, and then, having returned to their native country, seek to enjoy the advantages of both countries and to discharge the duties of neither. Even worse were the cases of the children of such so-called Americans, most of them born in Europe and not able even to speak the English language; worst of all were the cases of sundry Russians—sometimes stigmatized as "predatory Hebrews"—who, having left Russia and gone to America, had stayed just long enough to acquire citizenship and then returned and settled in the eastern part of Germany, as near the Russian frontier as possible. These were naturally regarded as fraudulent interlopers by both the German and the Russian authorities, and much trouble resulted. Some of them led a life hardly outside the limits of criminality, but they never hesitated, on this account, to insist on their claims to American protection. When they were reminded that American citizenship was conferred upon them not that they might shirk its duties and misuse its advantages in the land of their birth, but that they might enjoy it and discharge its duties in the land of their adoption, they scouted the idea and insisted on their right, as American citizens, to live where they pleased. Their communications to the embassy were, almost without exception, in German, Russian, or Polish; very few of them wrote or even spoke English, and very many of them could neither read nor write in any language. For the hard-working immigrant, whether Jew or Gentile, who comes to our country and casts in his lot with us, to take his share not only of privilege but of duty, I have the fullest respect and sympathy, and I have always been glad to intervene in his favor; but intervention in behalf of those fraudulent pretenders I always felt to be a galling burden.

Fortunately the rules of the State Department have been of late years strengthened to meet this evil, and it has finally become our practice to inform such people that if they return to America they can receive a passport for that purpose, but that unless they show a clear intention of returning they cannot. Very many of them persist in their applications in spite of this, and one case became famous both at the State Department and at the embassy. Three Russians of the class above referred to had emigrated, with their families, to America, had, after the usual manner, stayed just long enough to acquire citizen-

ship, and had then returned to Germany. One of them committed a crime and disappeared; the two others went to the extreme eastern frontier of Prussia and settled there. Again and again the Prussian government notified us that under the right exercised by every nation, and especially by our own, these "undesirable intruders" must leave Prussian territory or be expelled. Finally we discovered that a secret arrangement had been made between Germany and Russia which obliged each to return the undesirable emigrants of the other. This seemed to put the two families in great danger of being returned to Russia, and sooner than risk a new international trouble, a proposal was made to them, through the embassy, to pay their expenses back to America; but they utterly refused to leave, and continued to burrow in the wretched suburbs of one of the German cities nearest the Russian border. Reams of correspondence ensued—all to no purpose; a special messenger was sent to influence them—all in vain: they persisted in living just as near Russia as possible, and in calling themselves American, though not one of them spoke English.

From time to time attacks appeared, in our own country, against the various American embassies and legations abroad for not protecting such American citizens, and a very common feature of these articles was an unfavorable comparison between the United States and England, it being claimed that Great Britain protects her citizens everywhere, while the United States does not. This statement is most misleading. Great Britain, while she is renowned for protecting her subjects throughout the world, bringing the resources of her fleet, if need be, to aid them, makes an exception as regards her adopted citizens *in the land of their birth*. The person who, having been naturalized in Great Britain, goes back to the country of his birth does so at his or her own risk. The British government considers itself, under such circumstances, entirely absolved from the duty of giving protection. The simple fact is that the United States goes much further in protecting adopted citizens than does any other country, and it is only rank demagogism which can find fault because some of our thinking statesmen do not wish to see American citizenship prostituted by persons utterly unfit to receive it, who frequently use it fraudulently, and who, as many cases prove, are quite ready to renounce it and take up their old allegiance if they can gain advantage thereby.

PROFESSOR MOMMSEN'S FEELING TOWARD AMERICA

In my life at Berlin as ambassador there was a tinge of sadness. Great changes had taken place since my student days in the city, and even since my later stay as minister. A new race of men had come upon the stage in public affairs, in the university, and in literary circles. Gone was the old Emperor William, gone also were the Emperor Frederick, and Bismarck and Moltke, and a host of others who had given dignity and interest to the great assemblages at the capital. Gone, too, from the university were Lepsius, Helmholtz, Curtius, Hofmann, Gneist, Du Bois-Reymond, and Treitschke, all of whom, in the old days, had been my guests and friends. The main exceptions seemed to be in the art world. The number of my artist friends during my stay as minister had been large, and every one of them was living when I returned as ambassador; the reason, of course, being that, as a rule, when men distinguish themselves in art at all, they do so at an earlier age than do high functionaries of state and professors in the universities. It was a great pleasure to find Adolf Menzel, Ludwig Knaus, Carl Becker, Anton von Werner, and Paul Meyerheim, though grown gray in their beautiful ministry, still daily at work in their studios.

Three only of my nearest friends of the older generation in the Berlin faculty remained; and as I revise these lines the world is laying tributes upon the grave of the last of them, Theodor Mommsen. With him my relations were so peculiar that they may deserve some mention.

During my earlier stays in Berlin he had always seemed especially friendly to the United States, and it was therefore with regret that on my return I found him in this respect greatly changed. He had become a severe critic of nearly everything American; his earlier expectations had evidently been disappointed; we clearly appeared to him big, braggart, noisy, false to our principles, unworthy of our opportunities.

These feelings of his became even more

marked as the Spanish-American War drew on. Whenever we met, and most often at a charming house which both of us frequented, he showed himself more and more bitter, so that finally our paths separated. There comes back to me vividly one evening when I sought to turn off a sharp comment of his upon some recent American news by saying, "You must give a young nation like ours more time." At this he exclaimed: "You cannot plead the baby act any longer. More time! You have *had* time; you are already three hundred years old." Having sought in vain to impress on him the fact that the policy of our country is determined not wholly by the older elements in its civilization, but very largely by newer commonwealths which must require time to develop a policy satisfactory to sedate judges, he burst into a tirade from which I took refuge in a totally different discussion.

Some days later came another evidence of his feeling. Meeting an eminent leader in political, and especially in journalistic, circles, I was shown the corrected proof-sheets of an "interview" on the conduct of the United States toward Spain, given by Mommsen. It was even more acrid than his previous utterances, and exhibited sharply and at great length our alleged sins and shortcomings. Certainly a representative of the American people was not bound to make supplication in such a matter even to so eminent a scholar and leader of thought, and my comment was simply as follows: "I have no request to make of Mommsen or of anybody in the premises. The article will of course have no effect on the war; of that there can be but one result—the triumph of the United States and the liberation of the Spanish islands of the West Indies; but may there not be some considerations of a very different order as regards Mommsen himself? Why not ask him simply where his friends are: his readers, his old students, his disciples? Why not ask him whether he finds fewer clouds over the policy of Spain than over that of the United States; of which country, despite all its faults, he has most hope; and for which, in his heart, he has the greater feeling of brotherhood?"

How far this answer influenced him I know not; but the article was never published; and thenceforth there seemed some revival of the older kindly feeling. At my own table and elsewhere he more than once became, in a measure, like the Mommsen of old. One utterance of his amused me much: my wife happening, in a talk with him, to speak of a certain personage as "hardly an ideal man," he retorted: "Madam, is it possible that you have been married some years and still believe in the ideal man?"

His old better feeling toward America came out especially when I next called upon him with congratulations upon his birthday—his last, alas! But heartiest of all was he during the dinner given at my departure. My speech was long, for I had a message to deliver and was determined to give it—a message which I hoped might impress upon my great audience reasons for a friendly judgment of my country. As I began, Mommsen came to my side, just back of me, his hand at his ear, listening intently. There the old man stood from the first word to the last, and on my conclusion he grasped me heartily with both hands—a demonstration rare indeed with him. It was our last greeting in this world.

(To be continued)

TOPICS OF THE TIME

LIVING UP TO CHRISTIANITY

A LAY SERMON FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

ONCE on a time a conversation took place between two friends, one a Jew, the other a Christian. Said the Jew, or, as it happened, the Jewess, a very able and brilliant woman, by the way:

"Come, let us get up a fine new religion: let us take a little of your religion, and a little of my religion, and a little of Chunder Sen's religion, and make up a fine new religion of our own."

"No, my good friend," said the Christian; "I cannot do it. I am like Stockton's man who was too old to change his diseases. I am too old to change my religion; and, besides, I have never yet quite lived up to it. When I have thoroughly exhausted Christianity as a working religion, I may return to your proposition and assist in the attempt to make a better religion than the one to which I was born."

There is a class of religionists whose happy creed it is to believe not only in entire sanctification, but in their own perfect holiness. We remember the confession, on the part of a kindly and somewhat humorous pastor, of the fearful trouble given him by a superlatively virtuous person, whose peskiness seemed to increase in direct proportion to her piety. Not that (God forbid!) this is always the case; but outside of the ranks of the "wholly sanctified" there are few born or adoptive Christians who are not of the state of mind of the above-quoted respondent,—feeling that, with all their efforts, occasional or continuous, they are still grievously unsatisfactory as Christians. The best of men are apt to be those most convinced of being chief among sinners.

And Christendom as a whole,—in its corporate capacity, so to speak,—as it comes in contact and conflict with heathendom, how far it deviates from Christian ethics is a by-word in heathendom and Christendom alike.

A church-going neighbor of ours, talking the other day about the standards of orthodoxy, stated facts in his own experience tending to prove, what all intelligent persons are well aware of, that during the last thirty years the standards have changed, or there has come a change in their interpretation and application,—a lessening of stress. The condition of things indicated is notorious; to some honest souls, to some scholarly, capable, and consistent controversialists, it is deplorable.

Deplorable, unquestionably, it would be if any change in the standards of orthodoxy meant a lessening of the hold of Christian principles upon individuals and nations.

We believe that the Christian spirit does not forbid utterly the use of force between nations or men, but the tendency of the Christian spirit is to wipe out war and cruel strife everywhere.

It is more, and not less, Christianity that the world needs as between peoples and between people, in diplomacy, in public and private business, in all affairs of the state, the family, and the individual. Unselfish kindness, helpfulness, courtesy, gentlemanliness, honorable dealing among men,—these are all practical versions of the Golden Rule, and genuine products of the Sermon on the Mount.

In the secret soul there are apprehensions and appreciations of the hidden truth, the deep humanity, of even the dogmas which are so often spoken of, nowadays, with scornful and superior criticism by those who have not studied their philosophical significance or felt their meaning in spiritual experience. The doctrine of atonement, by so many deemed outworn,—how many souls it has helped to cast off an impairing and degrading past, some encumbering sin of the inherited flesh! How many, in dashing aside the shell of form and tradition, despoil themselves of some inner treasure, fit and needful for the spirit's food!

More, and not less, of genuine Christi-

anity is the need of this world. Every intelligent religion may have something to impart to those born to Christianity; but those so born, and the nations thus cradled, will arrive at nobler destinies in the increasing endeavor to follow the spirit of the teachings of the world's one inimitable prophet.

A RECORD WHICH IS A PUBLIC SERVICE

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S "PRESIDENTIAL PROBLEMS"

IN Andrew D. White's remarkable paper in the November CENTURY, giving his reminiscences of St. Petersburg at the time of his ministry there, he refers to the consternation among American and Russian friends of liberty occasioned by the insurrectionary strike in Chicago in the year 1894. But, he adds, "When the American people, represented by their President and constituted authorities, firmly grasped that attempted anarchy and ended it, they gave lovers of liberty, not only in Russia but throughout the world, new hopes that well-regulated American freedom may be perpetual."

This reference puts in its proper historical light the great service rendered not only to his country, but to "ordered liberty" and civilization everywhere, by President Cleveland and his administration in the manner of dealing with the Chicago riots. It is fortunate that Mr. Cleveland has lived to tell the story of that crisis so fully, so clearly, and so dispassionately as in the second division of his just published volume entitled "Presidential Problems."

Throughout this highly valuable record of four important incidents of his administration, the appeal is never to partizanship, but always to the broadest patriotism. The record is in itself a public service. In reading of the relation, from the executive point of view, of the circumstances of Mr. Cleveland's struggle for "The Independence of the Executive," of the part of "The Government in the Chicago Strike of 1894," of "The Bond Issues," and of his action in "The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy," the unprejudiced reader, whether in all details agreeing or not, recognizes the conviction and sense of responsibility of a strong, conscientious, and courageous nature.

It is extremely interesting to observe, in an authoritative contribution to modern history like this, the growth of the sense of nationality and of national supremacy in the American commonwealth, as exhibited in successive acts of executive authority. Of peculiar significance is the fact that these particular acts have been by an Executive belonging to that party whose "strict construction" of the Constitution has at times been considered by its opponents a menace to the proper domination of the central authority. The action of President Cleveland in the Chicago strike, in the face of the remonstrance of the governor of the State, his "careful promptness" and "conservative but stern activity" (to use his own phrases),—this action contrasts strikingly with President Buchanan's halting treatment of the beginnings of secession,—and yet back of that was Jackson's rough and effective handling of nullification.

Another interesting observation in this connection is the position incidentally taken by the Supreme Court of the United States in support of the executive action, on the appeal of the prisoner Debs and his associates. Says Mr. Cleveland: "In the opinion read by the learned justice, the inherent power of the government to execute the powers and functions belonging to it, by means of physical force, through its official agents, and on every part of American soil, was amply vindicated by a process of reasoning simple, logical, unhampered by fanciful distinctions, and absolutely conclusive."

This opinion was fortunately unanimous, and, being in line with other historic decisions of the court, adds to the debt of gratitude due that body by the American people for its part in the creation of a true nation of and in these "United States of America."

The chapters on "The Bond Issues" and on "The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy" touch, with perfect good humor, upon events about which there has been bitter controversy. Both subjects have been obscured in the popular mind by sensational gossip. It would seem to be a duty on the part of those who have engaged in, or even listened to, such gossip, as well as those who have criticized the ex-President, without full knowledge of his own views, to take the opportunity now offered of reading the plain story of how the two

emergencies took form in the mind and impelled to action the "Chief Executive" himself. Indeed, no fair-minded person should go on talking or writing about the bond issues and the Venezuelan affair, either favorably or unfavorably, without acquainting himself, as may now be done, with the facts as understood by the principal actor in these important events.

As we have said, the very record of the events Mr. Cleveland has here so carefully chronicled is a public service, and will be appreciated as such by all thoughtful citizens, regardless of party affiliations. Certain it is that the contribution to the history of our own times made by the ex-President in this book has an altogether unique value.

THE NEXT STEPS IN FORESTRY REFORM

WILL some senator and some representative on the first day of the approaching session of Congress obligingly introduce the following resolution:

> That, in view of the overwhelming importance of the conservation of American forests, the sergeant-at-arms be and he is hereby directed to purchase for each member of this body, and attach to his desk by a chain, a copy of the latest edition of George P. Marsh's "Man and Nature; or, Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action."

The extraordinary value to our lawmakers of having, so to speak, compulsory access to this volume—a comprehensive study of the subject in its historical, economic, and practical aspects—may be inferred from the following passage on pages 327, 328:

> When we consider the immense collateral advantages derived from the presence, the terrible evils necessarily resulting from the destruction, of the forest, both the preservation of existing woods, and the far more costly extension of them where they have been unduly reduced, are among the most obvious of the duties which this age owes to those that are to come after it. Especially is this obligation incumbent upon Americans. No civilized people profits so largely from the toils and sacrifices of its immediate predecessors as they; no generations have ever sown so liberally, and, in their own persons, reaped so scanty a return, as the pioneers of Anglo-American social life. We can repay our debt to our noble forefathers only by a like magnanimity, by a like self-forgetting care for the moral and material interests of our own posterity.

No one can read this remarkable and convincing volume, the first edition of which appeared in 1864, without wondering that twenty-five years could elapse before its warnings were heeded by the United States government and a beginning was made of a scientific policy of forest conservation. One of the first steps was the creation of the Yosemite National Park in 1890, and since then the map of the trans-Mississippi region has been spotted with green representing forest reserves created by Presidents Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt. Public sentiment has been awakened and Congress has responded. Much, however, remains to be done.

First, an efficient system of patrol and guard service must be established, for a forest reserve only on paper is no reserve at all. Conflagrations, lumber thieves, and sheepherders must be fought on the reserves, and not merely at Washington, and no effective patrol can be accomplished under the favoritism of the spoils system (ominous name!). Nor can much be expected while the reserves are in the tripartite control of the Interior, Agriculture, and War departments. The President's declared policy of placing them under the single control of the Bureau of Forestry of the Department of Agriculture is wise and timely, and Congress owes it to the country to make the transfer.

Secondly, it is rumored that, moved by the admirable conduct and supervision of the Yosemite National Park, the State of California is likely, at the approaching session of its legislature, to re-cede to the United States the smaller Yosemite grant of 1864, which is in the park, but not of it. It is absurd and wasteful that there should be two jurisdictions within one boundary, and the people of California are to be congratulated on the prospect of this wise consummation, which Congress should facilitate by a prompt acceptance of the duty of caring for the whole of the Yosemite wonderland.

Thirdly, the time has come when initial steps should be taken for the extension of the reservation policy to the Eastern mountain-ranges. California has learned—hap-

pily not too late—that the upper altitudes of forested mountains are more valuable as conservators of water-supply than as grazing-grounds or lumber-camps. How long will it be before the unrestrained greed of capitalists—now busy in many quarters of the Eastern mountains—will bring the slopes of these ranges to the margin of peril? Fifty years from now vested interests may be so intrenched that they may defeat the wisest theory by their actual folly. If any one thinks this suggestion premature, let him read in Marsh's pages—leaves of the true sibyl!—his warnings to his countrymen based on the calamitous history of all Mediterranean countries. If the cis-Mississippi States are wise, they will lose no time in setting on foot a policy similar to that so fortunately carried out by the national government. Almost the whole of the higher Sierra has been reserved: why not reserve the whole of the higher Appalachians?

SWORDS AND PLOWSHARES

ONE of the most noteworthy things about the present year is the remarkable trend of European and American public opinion against the barbarity of war.

This tendency has shown itself most practically in the organized support of the principle of arbitration by a large number of American and foreign boards of trade and chambers of commerce and by workingmen's associations on both sides of the Atlantic; also, in the great Peace Congress at Boston, a conference of distinguished and representative delegates of many lands, which is sure to have great influence in the furtherance of all forms of international good will; and, particularly, by the various arbitration treaties which have been negotiated between European powers, and in the announced intention of our own government to invite such treaties with every other country; and, furthermore, in the favorable reply by the President of the United States to the request that he should call another conference of The Hague Tribunal. We believe that the sentiment of America will ratify every such treaty, and that formal ratification by the Senate will give the people an opportunity once more to be proud of that body. When the nations of the earth shall have been thus intertwined with the silken bonds of peace, disarmament will follow as a corollary, and the world will breathe more freely.

The state of public opinion on this subject in America is well indicated by one significant feature of the presidential campaign: on the one hand, the prominence given in Mr. Parker's canvass to the evils of so-called "militarism"; and, on the other, the prompt disavowal of any such tendency or desire by Mr. Roosevelt's distinguished Secretary of State. For himself, Mr. Hay, in his address before the Peace Congress, has made a cogent and impressive presentation of the evils of war which is sure to have, for many days to come, a conservative effect both at home and abroad.

Among other recent influences that have gone to augment this public opinion are Tolstoi's great philippic against war, and the world-wide revulsion of horror at the unprecedented carnage in the Russo-Japanese conflict. One need not accept the novelist's theory of non-resistance to feel the terrible absurdity of the resort to arms as pictured by him. The despatches from Port Arthur, Liao-yang, and Mukden have awakened Europe to the realization of war raised to the *n*th power. Wholesome are the uses of horror, and the awful destructiveness of dynamite, the machine-gun, and the sunken bayonet has gone far to convince the world at large of the futility of war and of the shorter cut to justice afforded by arbitration.

The wide-spread interest awakened in the religious world by the Peace Congress has been creditable to the churches, and the approach of the great Christian anniversary may well be utilized by the pulpit to remind hearers anew that it celebrates the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

INTENSIVE WARFARE

THOUGH deprecating the ghastly and unnecessary slaughter of the Russian-Japanese war, the world does not fail to admire the new and highly scientific methods of transportation, etc., practised by the Japanese. An analogy of these methods so precise, so neat, sensible, and expert, may be found in their delicate art manufacture.

But perhaps a still closer analogy may be noted in the realm of agriculture. The

London "Globe" says that an automobile going fifty miles an hour could skirt in eleven hours an area of ten thousand square miles, which is the extent of the arable land of Japan. This limited area, owing to the minute and scientific methods of Japanese agriculture, supplies the millions of that people with their food. It is Japanese intensive farming that does the business at home, and it is Japanese intensive warfare in Manchuria that has interested and astonished the world.

OPEN LETTERS

Alonzo Cano's Madonna and Child, known as "Our Lady of Bethlehem"

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS: SEE PAGE 240)

ALONZO CANO was one of the greatest artists of Andalusia. He was born at Granada in 1601, two years after Velasquez; and after studying and working much at Seville and at Madrid,—at the latter place being aided and befriended by Velasquez,—he returned to Granada, and died there in 1667. Besides painting, he excelled in sculpture and architecture. He is described as a restless spirit of wayward habits and of a tempestuous nature, characteristics which are by no means reflected in his works, which, on the contrary, breathe a feeling of peace and serenity. Notwithstanding his restlessness, he is said to have been indolent, and to this is ascribed his preferring rather to appropriate the ideas of others than to bestir himself to original research and invention. He borrowed from every source, however insignificant, and of his own few motives made numerous repetitions. He had, however, periods of inspiration, when he produced work like "Our Lady of Bethlehem." This is one of his very latest pictures, and was painted, on one of his visits to Malaga, for a gentleman who, being a minor canon of the Cathedral of Seville, made a present of it to that church, where it still remains in its original place, a small chapel to the left of the door leading to the court of orange-trees.

Next to the Madonnas of Murillo, this is probably the most beautiful picture of its kind ever executed in Spain. It undoubtedly is the artist's masterpiece. Nothing could be more simple or effective as a composition. Cano, more than any other painter of his day, aimed at cutting short the details and accessories of his art with a view to expression; and to this end also he abbreviated his values of light and shade, and reduced his pigments to the fewest possible. He carried this idea to the verge of inanity and emptiness, thereby rendering much of his work abortive. This canvas, however, leaves nothing to be desired. In coloring it is a luminous and harmonious ensemble, rich, and with a soft, warm glow. The cool, umbery background, of atmospheric depth, moving and tender; the lovely, quiet blue of the Madonna's mantle, into which this is delicately and insensibly modulated; the scarcely perceptible note of crimson of the robe beneath the mantle; the pearly bit of white linen; and the mellow, subtle flesh-tones—all these, quite impossible to describe, lie steeped in a soft envelop of light, very gratifying to the eye. The finish of hands and feet were refinements that always distinguished the work of Cano. The hand of the Child, extended in blessing, is subdued in its value, evidently that it may interfere as little as possible with the expression of the head of the Virgin. The combination of sweetness and gravity in the precocious Child is well expressed. This picture is painted on canvas, and the figures are life-size.

T. Cole.

Evolution of the Horse: A Correction by Professor Osborn

IN the November number of THE CENTURY, on page 9, appears a figure described as Przewalsky's horse, which is, unfortunately, incorrect. The animal figured possesses a forelock. It actually represents not a true Przewalsky, but a wild or semi-wild Mongolian pony which happened to be herded in the Zoölogical Park with the true Przewalsky, which has no forelock coming down over the forehead; its mane is erect and terminates between the ears. This is a very important difference, because none of the prehistoric horses figured by the stone-age artists, as represented on page 15 of the same article, exhibits the forelock, which is a distinctively modern horse character. The development or evolution of the forelock probably took place between the stone age and historic times, because every modern species or type of true horse possesses a forelock.

H. F. Osborn.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by William Balfour Ker

ON SANTA CLAUS'S PICKET-LINE

A Christmas Warning

DEY says de beas'es knows de signs—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high;
'Ca'se fros' is on de punkin vines,
An' yaller is de papaw rin's,
An' dat mean Chris'mus come, I fin's—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high.

You 'd bettah sleep wid one eye shet—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high;
An' leab one yeah to heah wid yet,
Or you 'll be yanked off fer a pet.
Now min' you, chicken, don' furget—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high.

'Ca'se Chris'mus is a-comin' roun'—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high;
An' sperits—Lawd! you jes be boun'
Dey 'll be a-snoopin' on de groun'
To ketch whateber kin be foun'—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high.

Mah mouf 's a-wat'rin', whe'r or not—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high;
An' when you 's b'ilin' in de pot,
Don't tell me dat you 's mighty hot,
An' dat mah 'vice you cl'ar furgot—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high.

Mary Fairfax Childs.

The Turnings of a Book-Worm

A DIALECT-WRITER is not without honor save in his own country.

Incidents will happen, even in the best-regulated novels.

A good title is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Too many books spoil the cook.

Love levels all plots.

One touch of nature makes the whole book sell.

The author who collaborates is lost.

The more haste, the less read.

A little sequel is a dangerous thing.

Where there 's a will, there 's a detective story.

A book in the hand is worth two in the library.

Rarity covers a multitude of sins.

An ounce of invention is worth a pound of style.

Ye cannot serve art and Mammon.

The love of money is the root of all evil literature.

Carolyn Wells.

A Complication

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT (BHARTRIHARI i. 2)

THE maid my true heart loves would not my true love be;
She seeks another man; another maid loves he;
And me another maid her own true love would see.
Oh! Fie on her and him and Love and HER and me!

Arthur W. Ryder.

A Difficult Guest

OF inviting to dine, in Epirus,
A Centaur, a dame was desirous;
But her servants demurred:
"He 's no man, beast, nor bird;
To feed such a freak you can't hire us."

Carroll Watson Rankin.

Mrs. Harrigan Telephones

By the author of "Talk on Tap"

(*Mrs. Harrigan at the telephone. Busy doctor at the other end, five miles away. Mr. Howson makes the connection, and Mrs. Harrigan takes the receiver.*)

Mrs. Harrigan. Oh, doctor, is that yoo sayin' "Hello"? Sure yoor voice is as thin as a sick chicken. . . . What 's that? Yes, it 's Mrs. Harrigan. But how did yoo know? Can yoo see me? . . . Ah, doctor, yoo 're a flatterer. "Only one wid my voice," is it? . . . What 's that? . . . Yoo 're in a hurry. Well, then yoo 're like me — in the middle of washin'. Sure ain't it funny tarkin' so far an' so manny hills between us? . . . What do I want of yoo? What does anny one want of a doctor? I want to ax yoo to come up to see me b'y Jimmy as soon as yoo can hitch up. He 's very hot an' white, an' I 'm afraid he has scarlet fever. He was so upset yistiddy to hair of the deat' of his dear fri'nd Hiram Whitlock. He hated to lose him; he was one of his best customers in the berry season. . . . What 's that? Yoo must be goin'? Sure it 's comin' I want yoo to be. Doctor, I wisht I had one of these t'ings in me own house. It 's manny a time I 'd be tarkin' to ye. I wonder could ye sind med'cine over it? If it 'll carry wurruds it ought to carry pellets; they 're so weeny. . . . Oh, doctor, wait. Will yoo bring up yoor stummick-pump? The kitchen sink is all shtopped up, an' I hate to sind for McCormack, the plumber, because he chairges so high, an' the lasht time he kem he shtepped backwids into me bes' bonnet. 'Dade, it 's me own fault, for me man Mike tould me it was lyin' on the kitchen floor in the marnin', but I was so busy fryin' doughnuts for the baby. An' sure, doctor, ye might bring somethin' for him. He does n' ac' right. I think he 's cuttin' his first toot'. That 's 'most as bad as cuttin' yoor foot on a scythe. Me man Mike left the scythe on the barn floor, an' the horse he was after buyin' lasht week shtepped on it, an' it lamed him. I tell him if he had put the horse out to pasture it would n't have happened. Say, doctor, it 's awful funny tarkin' in these t'ings. Somethin' is ticklin' me ear that feels like the sound of a trolley-car. . . . Have I annything more to say? Sure I have, an' it 's aisier tarkin' in this than phwin yoo come up, yoo 're always in such a hurry to get away. . . . Yoo 're goin' to ring off! What 's that? I suppose some of that slang that me b'y Jimmy does be gettin' in the village. Doctor, could a person tark t'rough wan of these in a fog? It was arfil foggy this marnin', an' if Jimmy had took sick anny airlier I 'd have made Mike hitch up for fear I could n't rache yoo; but Mr. Howson tould me I could use his telephone, an' it 's aisier than havin' Mike drive down, for the onions needs weedin' an' Mike says they 're so backwids he 's not goin' to bother wid thim. Lasht year we had illigant onions. Sure, and to be sure, I sint yoor wife a prisint of thim, an' she paid me tin cints a quart for thim, an' I tould her nine cints was enough, but she 's arlways that ginerous. . . . Hello, here 's Jimmy now. He 's not lookin' so sick, do ye think, doctor? Ha! he wants to tark to yoo.

Jimmy. Hello, doctor. (*The doctor having hung up the receiver and gone away, there is no response.*) Hello, doctor. Never mind what mother says; I 'm not sick now. Say, doctor, say somethin'. I want to hear how it sounds. Sure it 's blissid little sound there is, only buzzin'.

Mrs. Harrigan. It 's the tarkin' in it yoorself that 's the sport. Here, yoo don't know how to tark. (*Takes receiver.*) Doctor, never mind comin' if yoo 're busy. Jimmy 's better. But anny time yoo want to tark wid me ax Mr. Howson an' he 'll sind for me. Good-by.

(*But the doctor is ordering his horse "hitched up" for the long drive.*)

Charles Battell Loomis.

Our Church Fight

I 'M that nigh near disgusted with the fight in
our old church,
Where one half 's 'g'in' the t'other, an' the
Lord 's left in the lurch,
That I went an' told the parson if he 'd jine
me in a prayer,
We 'd slip out 'mong the daisies an' put one
up from there.

He married me an' Mary, an' he buried my
old folks;
He 's sprinkled all our children, an' he 's
laughed at all my jokes;
An' when we needed comfortin', somehow he
seemed to know,
For he 'd drop in like a soothin' breeze with
no sign of a blow.

He 's come a many a time when we had sent
him an invite
To jine our friends an' fambly in a sort o'
reunite;
An' when he asked a blessin' on the good
things Mary got,
He had the sense to make it short, remem-
berin' they was hot.

Chance times I 've got in fixes where I slipped
and lost my grip,
The devil got the under hold an' had me on
the hip;
Old parson laid his hand in mine—says he,
"I 've been there, too;
Go try ag'in, an' your old soul will be as good
as new."

An' so he keers fer souls he 's reaped; they
need his tender care
To keep the grain from shakin' out and scat-
terin' everywhere:
I know my crops need tendin', though I 've
got them under shield,
And a bushel in the bag is worth a dozen in
the field.

An' now a lot of young folks wants to turn
the old man out;
They say he does n't "gather souls" as many
as he mought.
I raythe think that his account up yander
with the Lord
Don't need no fixin' by young folks, ner any
vestry board.

I don't mind, in the Scriptures, where it says
a man 's too old
To do the biddin' of the Lord, an' do it as
he 's told.
The t'other side may jaw an' lie an' think
they 're doin' right:
I stand fer peace inside the church, but derned
if I won't fight!

Charles McIlvaine.

Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

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THE HOLY FAMILY

BY

MURILLO

From the original painting by Murillo in the Prado Museum, Madrid. See "Open Letters"